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By Gael Greene



THE ULTIMATE FLEA MARKET

By Rene Chun

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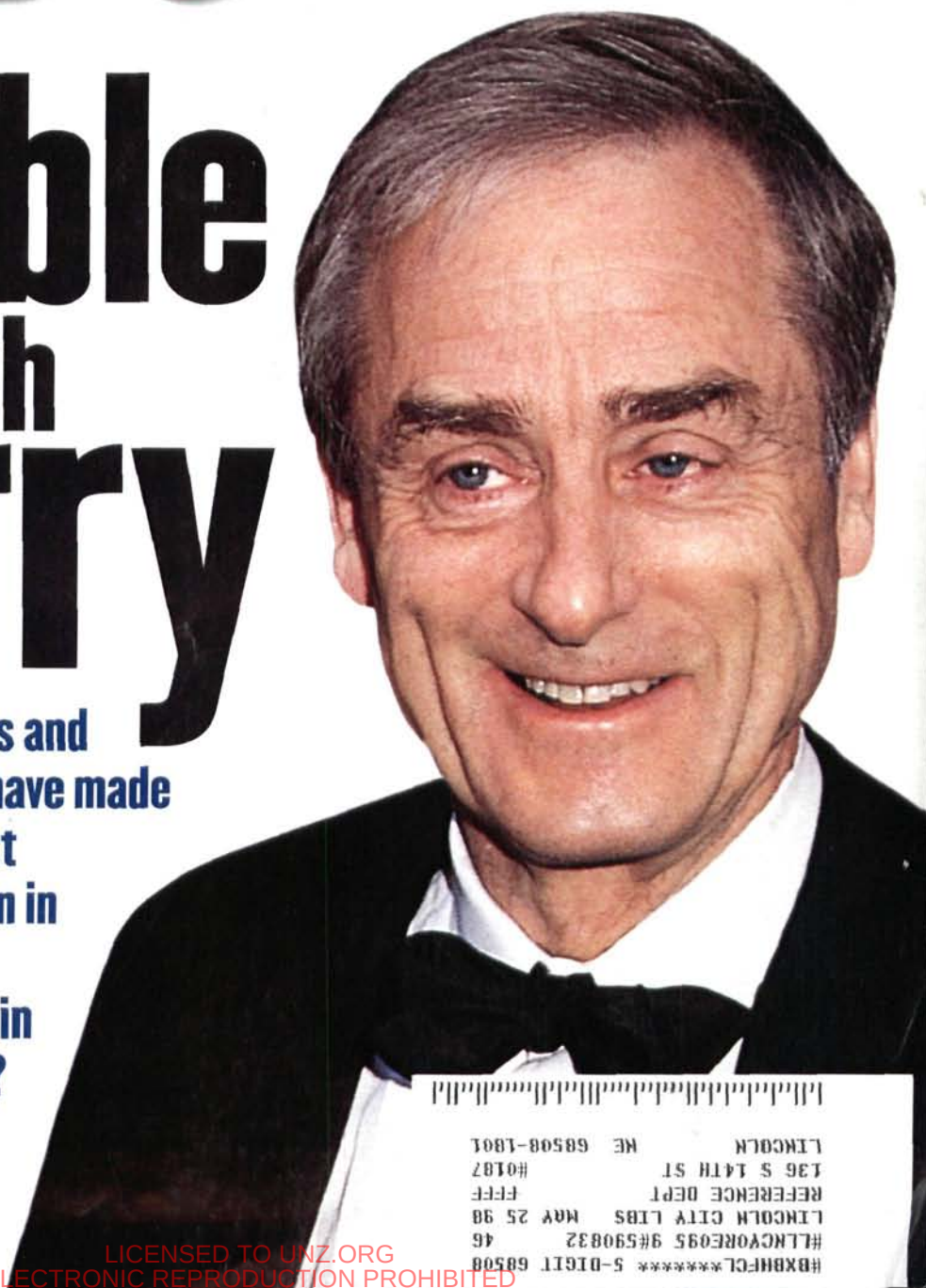
JULY 7, 1997

NEW YORK

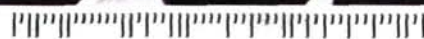
The Trouble With Harry

His huge advances and
Hollywood-style hype have made
Harry Evans the most
talked-about man in
publishing. But is
Random House reining in
its flamboyant star?

BY SUZANNA ANDREWS



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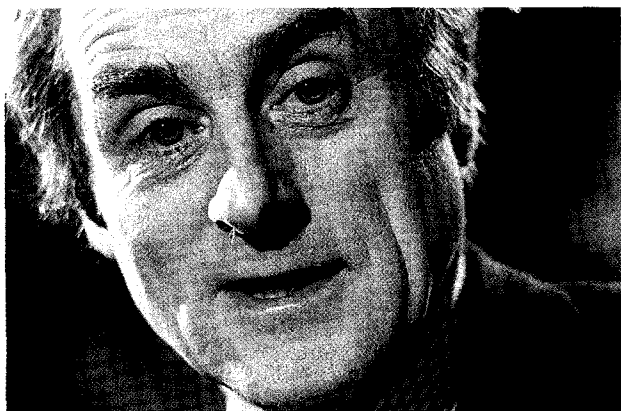
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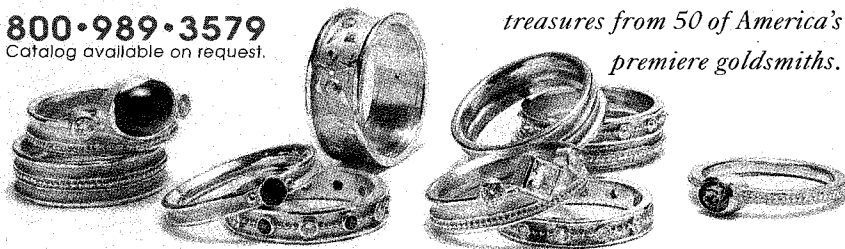
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YOUR RECENT ISSUE ON "THE BEST Hospitals in New York" was just what the doctor ordered—so to speak [June 9]. I've been dissatisfied with my treatment for melanoma, and suddenly a few things became clearer to me. Yes, there is information out there. The situation is not just either/or. With thanks, and a word of commendation to your writers. It is a pleasure to deal with a subject presented so humanely.

Norma Borthwick
MANHATTAN

YOUR REPORT THAT IN VITRO PROGRAMS in New York are roughly comparable now is not supported by any measurable scientific evidence, and the article contains historical inaccuracies. To date, the in vitro program at New York Hospital-Cornell has delivered more babies for previously infertile couples than any other program in the United States. We produce pregnancies for couples who have been rejected as hopeless by other "roughly comparable" programs in New York.

"Docs picked up their syringes and left" implies a sudden staff exodus from NYH-Cornell, which is not true. Months before their departure, Drs. Berkeley and Cohen had been removed from the clinical in vitro program and Dr. Grifo had been informed in writing that his Cornell employment contract would not be renewed.

William J. Ledger, M.D.
Professor and Chairman, Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology
The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center
MANHATTAN

IN YOUR "BEST HOSPITALS" ISSUE, YOU mention every active kidney-transplant program in New York City with the exception of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. Why? Are all the programs mentioned "the best," and the 27-year-

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old Columbia Presbyterian program "the worst"?

Over the past three years, we have averaged 74 kidney transplants annually. Our overall one-, two-, and three-year success rates are all above the expected rate for our patient mix and are the best of the larger programs in New York City over the period 1987 to 1991. Success rates since then have consistently improved and are now 88 percent at one year and 79 percent at four years following transplantation, well above the national average. We have been at the forefront in many other areas, including successfully performing over 50 living-unrelated-donor transplants and participating in numerous clinical trials of new immunosuppressive drugs.

David J. Cohen, M.D.
Medical Director
Renal Transplantation
Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center
MANHATTAN

YOUR AIDS SECTION STATES THAT "BETH ISRAEL is one of three city hospitals to retain NIH research funds through the AIDS Clinical Trials Group, along with NYH-Cornell and Montefiore Medical Center." Actually, the three funded AIDS Clinical Trials Units in New York City include Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center (with sub-units at NYH-Cornell, St. Clare's, and St. Vincent's), Mt. Sinai (with a sub-unit at Beth Israel), and NYU/Bellevue.

Avice A. Meehan
Vice-President, Public Affairs
Memorial Sloan-Kettering Center
MANHATTAN

IN YOUR RECENT ARTICLE ON ORTHOPEDICS, you claim that the Hospital for Joint Diseases Orthopaedic Institute has "over the past few years [been] struggling financially." However, HJD has broken even or shown a surplus over the past several years.

Also, it is also misleading to report that "many of the institution's star surgeons have left." While it is true that two surgeons of some stature have left over the past two years, most hospitals in New York have lost far more stars in recent years. The quality of care at HJD remains at an unequivocally high level. Statistical

key indicators such as mortality rate, infection control, volume of cases, and severity of cases as well as the achievements of our 100 percent board-certified faculty clearly place HJD as a front-runner in orthopedics in New York.

John N. Kastanis
CEO, Hospital for Joint Diseases
Orthopaedic Institute
MANHATTAN

Anchor Away

MICHAEL TOMASKY'S PIECE "NETWORKING" was an amusing, although extremely inaccurate, retrospective on my political career ["The City Politic," June 9]. Mr. Tomasky would have readers believe that after serving seven years in Congress, I have never voted on a bill, let alone introduced or passed one. In fact, after seven years of service—in both the minority and the majority—I have worked on issues such as combating sexual assault against women and children, urging a moral international policy for the people of Bosnia, and, most recently, pushing for a balanced federal budget. And these legislative achievements do not include the input I've had in balancing the federal budget, increasing money in day care, toughening child-support-enforcement mechanisms, or supporting the Family and Medical Leave Act and comp-time bill, both of which allow people to spend more time with their families.

Susan Molinari
Member of Congress
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Not One Word

I READ WITH INTEREST CARL CERAGNO'S comments in "Slim Pickens for T. Boone's Boy" in your May 19 "Intelligencer" column. Although the article clearly implies that I have spoken with Mr. Ceragno, I have never done so. I did, however, recently receive a phone call from a Mr. Beagelman who identified himself as the then-president of "Visual Telephone International." In any event, I did not make either of the comments that your article reported I had made.

Boone Pickens
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DONNA MISSES A TV OPPORTUNITY

Is **Donna Hanover** suddenly becoming camera-shy? The mayoral-campaign ads have just begun to air, and the city's increasingly uninvolved First Lady—who was prominently featured in ads with son Andrew Giuliani last time around—will have no part in them. Omitting Hanover from touchy-feely ads that aim to show off Rudy's warmer side could be a stumbling block for Giuliani's image, says a source: "The issue is, how do you portray a family man without the family?" A spokeswoman for Hanover confirmed that the First Lady wouldn't be in any of the ads, saying, "It was Donna's decision, but I have no idea why she made it."

THE CITY'S NEW DIVISION OF POWER

News of the breakup of one of New York's power couples—Lincoln Center presi-

dent **Nathan Leventhal** and **Gretchen Dykstra**, president of the Times Square Business Improvement District—has caused more than the usual amount of tongue-wagging

around City Hall. The couple, who were married by then-mayor **David Dinkins** on Valentine's Day 1993, met while working side-by-side on the city's 1989 Charter Revision Commission. Their romance began when she called him for a job reference two years later. Now comes word that Dykstra has moved out, and she is telling her friends about the split, several sources report. Around the same time, as luck would have it, she was seen in a restaurant with Mayor **Rudy Giuliani**. Several of Dykstra's friends laugh at the idea that the lifelong Democrat (and neighbor of mayoral hopeful **Ruth Messinger**) would be cozying up to the Republican mayor. Neither Dykstra, who's been planning a long trip to Asia, nor Leventhal returned reporters' calls.

BROADWAY'S BOUNCING COUPLE

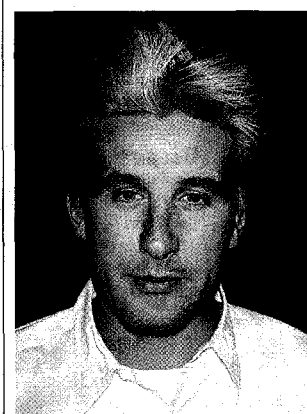
Talk about life imitating art. At a recent production of *A Doll's House*, the audience got some extra entertainment thanks to former Brooklyn congressman **Steve Solarz** and his wife, **Nina Solarz**. Between 1988 and 1993, Mrs. Solarz averaged over \$15,000 a month in overdrafts and wrote 743 overdrawn checks against her husband's House bank account, a scandal that helped ruin the congressman's chance for re-election. The Solarzes clearly weren't aware of the drama's subject matter (the heroine, Nora, commits forgery in order to get some extra cash and is then humiliated by her husband). As the play detailed Nora's disgrace, heads began to turn in the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Solarz. "It was the greatest sideshow on Broadway," says a former constituent who was at the theater. The suddenly ashen-faced couple made a hasty exit as soon as the curtain fell. When contacted, Mrs. Solarz denied any commotion. "That's ridiculous," she snapped. "It's worthy of a gossip column."

GERALDO'S CRACK REPORTERS

It was a stunt worthy of **Geraldo** but not, apparently, of **Geraldo**. On June 6, **Jay Jones**, one of **Geraldo Rivera's** investigative producers, was arrested in Washington Heights for allegedly buying cocaine, claiming he was working on a story on a local drug ring. **Geraldo** has said that he was unaware of the story, but dismissed the charges as absurd. Says **Geraldo** attorney **Richard Hofstetter**: "Jay Jones is a producer with the *Geraldo* show who was working independently on an investigative piece. In the course of the investigation, a drug buy was filmed. While **Geraldo** had no knowledge and did not authorize the story, he believes that the charges are ridiculous and there was no criminal intent. He expects that the charges will be dropped." Unfortunately for Jones, in his zeal to uncover the drug ring, he neglected to get clearance and inform the police of his mission. Jones has been charged with misdemeanors for possession of a controlled substance and criminal facilitation, but the case is not scheduled to be heard by the courts until August. Says Hofstetter's law partner, **Gerald Singleton**, "The drugs were immediately turned over when police arrived on the scene. The D.A.'s office is considering their actions, but no decision has been made about whether they will go forward with prosecution. In any case, **Geraldo** is behind him." Well, sort of. The Investigative News Group, **Geraldo's** company, has temporarily suspended Jones.



Donna Hanover:
Commercial break



Billy Baldwin:
Blonded by science

BILLY GETS BACK TO HIS ROOTS

Maybe **Billy Baldwin** is just getting in touch with his rock-and-roll side. The sultry actor has adopted a new spikey blond coif that had people doing double takes at the Bridgehampton Polo Club launch party last week. Looking more like Billy Idol than a tousled Baldwin heartthrob, he explained that he was swept up in an on-the-set trend during the filming of his latest movie, *Virus*. "The gafs were all doing their hair like this," explains the impressionable Baldwin, who

BY BETH I...



Gloria Steinem:
Rewriting her-story

became friendly with co-star **Jamie Lee Curtis's** hairdresser and asked him to effect the transformation. "I always like to do something drastic after finishing a film. I've made my hair black, I've shaved it off. I've been wanting to try blond." Now, he says, he's growing it out in time for his next movie, ironically titled *Shattered Image*. Good thing, too—his roots are starting to show.

TUFO RATES; INFOBABE DATES

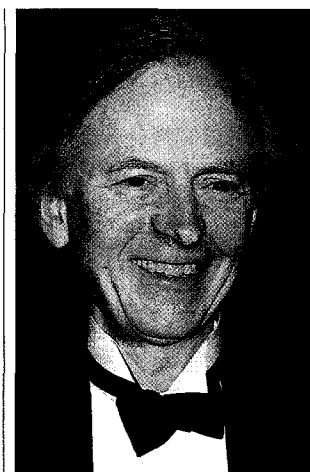
DIPLOMATIC COUP: With all the talk about New Yorkers up for ambassadorial posts, one appointment has so far slipped by unnoticed. Milbank, Tweed attorney **Peter Tufo** (the former head of the New York State Thruway Authority) has been offered the post of ambassador to Hungary, according to several sources, although he has not yet been formally nominated for the position. Months ago, it was reported that Tufo was in the running for ambassador to Italy. But State Department sources insist that the Budapest posting is particularly critical now that NATO is debating whether an expansion will include Hungary. Neither White House officials nor Tufo would comment.

LITTLE GLORIA ISN'T HAPPY AT LAST

All those years of editing *Ms.* must have gone to **Gloria Steinem's** pencil. She can't seem to stop herself from using it on her biographer, **Sydney Ladenson Stern**, whose *Gloria Steinem: Her Passions, Politics, and Mystique* is being released by Birch Lane Press this fall. Two years ago, Steinem signed a letter agreeing to be interviewed in exchange for the publisher's promise to go over facts before publication. Among Steinem's requested changes: When Stern wrote that her air of "authority" attracted her peers in high school, the suddenly power-shy Steinem wanted that changed to "mystery." And Steinem wanted to refer to a 1964 *Glamour* article about her personal style as one she "was unwise enough to appear in." The publisher isn't making those changes, sources report. And chapters on Steinem's work with the recovered-memory movement, rumors of CIA funding after college, and questions about how much **Mort Zuckerman** helped fund *Ms.* magazine have been the subject of intense negotiations between the book's subject and its publisher, according to several sources. "We wanted Ms. Steinem to correct factual errors, but not to inject her own opinions," says Birch Lane publisher **Steven Schragis**. Steinem, on jury duty, did not return calls.

MARIA'S FINANCIAL INSTINCTS: **Maria Bartiromo**, CNBC's stock-exchange correspondent, is turning into our first econobabe, "the Sharon Stone of business cable," if you believe *The National Review*. But the fantasy object of choice among male traders may be about to cause another round of Wall Street defenestration: It turns out she's taken. For at least a year, sources report, the 29-year-old Bartiromo has been dating one of her bosses—**Jonathan "Jono" Steinberg**, 32, the son of **Saul Steinberg** and the owner of *Individual Investor*, where she writes a monthly column. The younger Steinberg, who runs a hedge fund as well as the publishing company, was just criticized by the New York *Times* for blurring the distinctions between his two fiefdoms. He's following a family tradition: His dad took some heat when his Reliance Group invested \$1 million in Jono's company six years ago. **POT CALLS KETTLE BLACK:** A recent front-page New York *Times* article by **Christopher S. Wren** entitled

"A Seductive Drug Culture Flourishes on the Internet" is coming under fire in cyberspace. Wren's article sounds the alarm that the Net contains information on "growing, processing and consuming drugs." But cybersurfers are buzzing that the same could have once



Tom Wolfe:
Father knows best

been said about the *Times*: In February 1995, the *Times Magazine* printed a 7,000-word article entitled "How Pot Has Grown," mentioning marijuana-growth techniques. "First they print a virtual how-to, then they run this hysterical thing about the *Internet*? What are they thinking?" asks one Internet-industry insider. Maybe their short-term memory has been affected.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

A WOLFE IN THE TABLOID GARDEN?

Sensationalism isn't exactly *Harper's* strong suit. So figuring out a cover for **Lewis Lapham's** story on American sexual mores, "In the Garden of Tabloid Delight," turned into a comedy of errors this month. **Sheila Wolfe**, the magazine's former art director, who still designs the covers, first came up with the idea of photographing a bathroom stall and four entwined legs peeking out underneath, giving the impression of a couple flagrante delicto behind the closed door. The shoot was designed to be low-tech, in the magazine's pinky-beige women's bathroom, and a male staff member with a pair of good shoes was chosen to model. The girl was going to be Wolfe's teenage daughter, according to several sources, who say that the plans changed when her father, novelist **Tom Wolfe**, put his foot down. But Tom says his daughter was never going to pose, insisting that she was in the office that day just "to be with her mother and to do some shopping." Lapham says he doesn't know why Sheila's daughter was around that day. All agree, however, that she never did model, an honor that went to an anonymous female staff member. Not that she'll be visible on the August cover: In the end, Wolfe and Lapham decided to go with an archive shot of a debutante ball in a garden.

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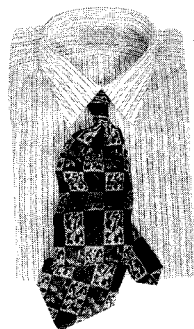
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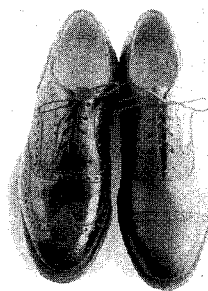
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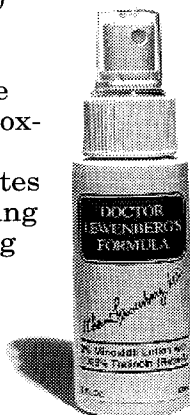
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DR. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA is a unique mixture of minoxidil and tretinoin (Retin-A) blended as a safe, easy-to-apply hair spray. It's far more effective than minoxidil alone because tretinoin rejuvenates your skin, improving absorption, helping to reverse even frontal baldness. And, its anti-DH testosterone action encourages growth of stronger hair and improves the quality of

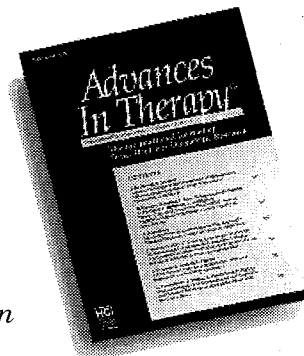


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The article also reported:

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GOTHAM



A shimmering verticality—Frank Lloyd Wright

Neighborhoods

WILL DUMBO GROW UP TO BE SOHO—MINUS THE J. CREW?

WHY IS DUMBO STILL NOT the next hot neighborhood? "If you like the smell of garbage, it's a great place to live," says a seventeen-year resident of 223 Water Street, a worn brick factory just north of the Manhattan Bridge on the Brooklyn side. Several trash-hauling operations, including USA Waste, routinely park trucks full of Manhattan garbage on the streets and in vacant lots in the surrounding blocks. Charming, no? Still, people attracted to DUMBO (Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass, so named by an artist who moved there in the eighties) by the cobblestone streets, sturdy brick warehouses, and killer views of two bridges and the East River often ask whether there are lofts like his for sale.

"There is maybe no other neighborhood in New York that has such a strong sense of place as Vinegar Hill," says Per-Olof Odman, a member of a group that recently got that less industrial section of DUMBO designated a historic district.

The historic district preserves a few blocks of townhouses, storefronts, and an old elementary school. There are still no supermarkets, no coffee shops, no laundromat. The streets at night are deserted, though residents say crime is low. After the historic Irish Catholic St. Anne's church was pulled down five years ago, residents pulled together to preserve the remaining buildings. "People who live here like it the way it is—quiet—even though there is no Starbucks and you can't buy the *Times*," says Monique Denoncin, Odman's wife.

For two decades, DUMBO has drawn successive waves of artists who, legally or illegally, subdivide former warehouses, living side-by-side with the Farragut projects and pita bakeries. Slowly, they have stylized the industrial, as they did in So-

Ho and Williamsburg, adding window boxes, bathtubs full of flowers, and graffiti reading ARE WE FAMOUS YET? to the area, which is loosely bordered by Fulton Ferry Landing to the south, Hudson Avenue to the north, York Street to the east, and the waterfront to the west.

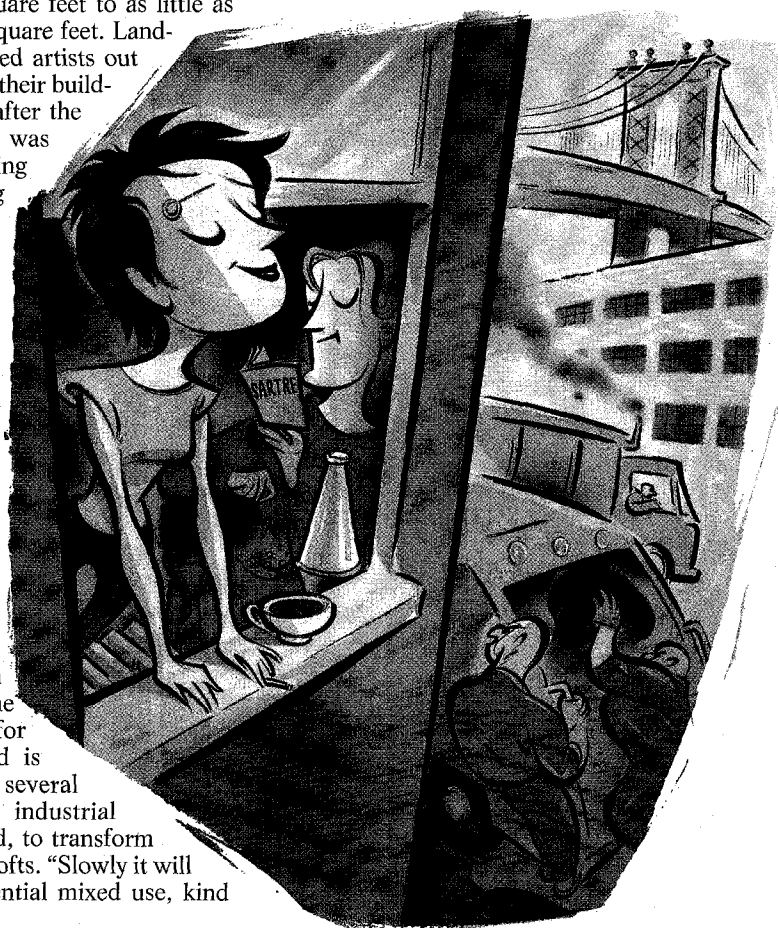
"You're looking at a SoHo/NoHo-type area. You see the mad rush of artists moving out of Manhattan to affordable lofts," says Kalmon Dolgin's Neil Dolgin, whose company manages three buildings in the heart of DUMBO. Rentals vary wildly, from \$625 for 750 square feet to as little as \$300 for 1,500 square feet. Landlords—who pushed artists out rather than bring their buildings up to code after the Loft Law was passed—are finding manufacturing tenants hard to come by. Newmark recently converted three floors of an industrial building into 800-square-foot working lofts and hung a banner high up over Washington Street announcing ARTISTS' STUDIOS FOR RENT.

David Walentas has owned a chunk of the neighborhood for fifteen years and is trying to have several long-defunct industrial buildings rezoned, to transform them into co-op lofts. "Slowly it will convert to residential mixed use, kind

of like lower Manhattan," he says.

DUMBO has the raffish charm, the wide-open spaces, the creative community that have made SoHo, NoHo, TriBeCa, and the Flatiron district habitats for people much better paid than artists. But it's also got the smell, the landlords—and, last but not least, the Jehovah's Witnesses. The Witnesses' eight buildings are clean and quiet, but residents rarely see anyone enter or exit the sprawling complex; that part of the area seems strangely antiseptic.

Now that Vinegar Hill has been recognized, other DUMBO residents hope to apply for historic status. But they may be up against both their landlords and the remaining industrial tenants. "DUMBO never took off because there's a political conflict," says Ed Rath, a painter who lives with his wife and two children on





Plymouth Street. "Brooklyn is much more conservative than Manhattan; [borough politicians] didn't think it was worthwhile to develop it as an arts community." He laughs, thinking of much-maligned SoHo. "As soon as you do make it attractive, all of the artists will move out." ALEXANDRA LANGE

Street THE GLOOM OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

TODAY'S LUMINARIES ARE RARELY LIONIZED with statues, tribute usually coming in the form of inexpensive (and easy-to-remove) street signs. On July 1, however, the city's newest statue, of Duke Ellington, will jazz up 110th Street at Fifth Avenue.

Though new statues are unusual, in the nineteenth century, private groups routinely set their heroes—some from the battlefield, some not—on pedestals, and time has not always treated their judgment kindly. Now these statues stand silent and forsaken, while people oblivious to both their presence and their past whiz by. Their preservation is financed by public-private partnerships, and while there are fewer funds for the forgotten than for the famous, the city is renovating every statue, says Parks Commissioner Henry Stern. But "those of great current interest go to the head of the line," he adds.

With a nod to the Duke, maybe it's time to note some of those overlooked icons standing watch over the city.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD (1831–1901): southeast corner of Sakura Park at 122nd Street. Butterfield was not just



another Civil War hero; he also composed "Taps," by whistling notes to a bugler until he achieved a suitably somber tune. Today, the decorated general stares stonily toward the larger and recently restored Grant's Tomb across the street. Grant named Butterfield head of New York's

sub-treasury; in 1869, he participated in the Black Friday gold scandal that made fortunes for schemers Jay Gould and James Fisk and tainted Grant's presidency. Claiming the statue looked nothing like Butterfield, his widow's estate refused to pay sculptor Gutzon Borglum (who later fared better with Mount Rushmore).

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790–1867): Literary Walk, on the Mall in Central Park. This once-beloved poet surely seemed

Parked in posterity: Teetotaler William Earl Dodge (far left), and gynecologist Alexander Skene (left).

like a man for the ages when his statue was erected in 1877. Although Halleck had abandoned poetry for the bon vivant's life (he was John Jacob Astor's longtime confidential secretary), one contemporary predicted that Halleck's poems would earn him "a rank in American literature from which they will not soon be displaced." President Rutherford B. Hayes, his entire Cabinet, and 10,000 New Yorkers turned out for the statue's unveiling, yet today, the author of "Marco Bozzaris" goes all but unnoticed by readers and passersby.

WILLIAM EARL DODGE (1805–1883): north side of Bryant Park. Poor Dodge. This wealthy businessman, who headed the National Temperance Society and helped organize New York's YMCA, has suffered two indignities: In 1941, after 56 years in Herald Square, Dodge's statue was kicked out to make way for one of New York *Herald* publisher James Gordon Bennett. Dodge found a home in Bryant Park, but his name is misspelled on the pedestal, with an extra *e* chiseled onto the end of EARL.

J. MARION SIMS (1813–1883): Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. The father of modern gynecology inspired one strange statue. With his long coat and imposing pose, Sims looks more warrior than doctor, while the jingoistic inscription—HIS BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT CARRIED THE FAME OF AMERICAN SURGERY THROUGH—

S H O T



Columbus Circle, 5:15 p.m., Monday, June 23, photographed by Greg Miller.

OUT THE ENTIRE WORLD—is more confusing than clarifying. As it happens, New York has two statues of pioneering gynecologists.

ALEXANDER SKENE (1837–1900): Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn. The Scottish-born Skene devised 31 surgical instruments, headed Long Island College Hospital, and discovered the urethral glands that now bear his name. But that isn't enough to deter some disrespecting pranksters from continually painting Skene's anatomy gray.

CONRAD POPPENHUSEN (1818–1883): College Point Boulevard at 11th Avenue, Queens. Unknown elsewhere, Poppenhusen remains venerated in College Point, which wouldn't exist without him. While earning millions manufacturing rubber here, he built the streets, houses, businesses, and America's first free kindergarten, at the Poppenhusen Institute (now a national landmark and cultural center). Poppenhusen eventually lost much of his fortune, but locals still tend this tiny locked park.

ROBERT RICHARD RANDALL (1750–1801): Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Is-

land. Randall, whose family made its fortune on the sea, bequeathed money to create Sailors' Snug Harbor, a home for "aged, decrepit and worn-out sailors." Randall was interred there, and the statue followed in 1884. When the charity moved to North Carolina, statue in tow, in 1976, Snug Harbor Cultural Center built a replica.

STUART MILLER

Sports

CAN BROOKLYN GREEN RECAPTURE DODGER BLUE?

"COMPETITION IS THE GREATEST THING IN the world. If Macy's opens a store, Gimbel's should be in there, not far behind," says Howard Golden. Brooklyn's cagey borough president may be excused if his analogy sounds borrowed from the Eisenhower era. He is, after all, talking about major-league baseball in Brooklyn, for the first time since Dem Bums left in 1958, and bringing in a team—the Dodgers?—to fight for fans with the Yankees and Mets.

"When the Dodgers left, Brooklyn was

in decline," Golden says. "People were leaving the Northeast in droves. But we've truly come back. Next year, the first major hotel built in Brooklyn in 50 years is going to open."

So baseball is back in Brooklyn, too—at least as a legislative issue. It started in January, when Dodgers owner Peter O'Malley put the team up for sale. Golden immediately called Mayor Giuliani and Governor Pataki, suggesting they form a "New York State Commission to Bring the Dodgers Home to Brooklyn." Soon, former governor Hugh Carey was on board as chairman, and the group was pondering sites for a new ballpark. One individual, still unnamed, and various investor groups began jockeying for the chance to buy the team.

In April, Carey wrote to O'Malley. A week later, O'Malley replied that he had "no intention of discussing the relocation of the Dodgers." A month later, Rupert Murdoch's Fox Group offered \$350 million for the team O'Malley's father, Walter, had bought for \$1.4 million in 1950. Murdoch says he would keep the team in Chavez Ravine.

FIELD MEMO

The Makeover: Ruth Gets Down (Sort of)

It's very exciting," Wendy Wasserstein is telling her audience tonight. "There's a sort of buzz in the room that something great is about to happen." Her hope—and the hope of 200 people gathered at the Conservatory bar—is that Ruth Messinger's candidacy is on the brink of catching fire. To stoke the fervor, folk-rock star Suzanne Vega,

an old student of Messinger's, has been asked to play something upbeat. Instead, she performs a mournful number, "When Heroes Go Down," as the gathering of supporters ponders what it is about this campaign that isn't quite working.

Messinger loyalists, who think of her as the last honest politician, have been quietly debating just why much of the public doesn't like their candidate: Is she too gloomy? Too stern? Is it the bags under her eyes? The dresses she wears? Or is it her politics, too liberal in these conservative times? "I was out getting signatures for her on the West Side, and a lot of women—women!—were resistant to her," says Gene Eisner, a longtime supporter. "She has kind of a cold-looking demeanor. It's something that has to be softened, because it's really not the truth."

So common are the knocks on Messinger's image that Brooklyn congressman Major Owens recently published an open letter on the subject to the state's top Democrats. "Some of the sexist objections to Ruth Messinger have not been very subtle," he fumed, ticking off frequently heard statements like "Ruth doesn't

look like a mayor," and "She needs to present herself better."

Sexist or not, she's responded. She's tried power suits, new hairstyles, pearl necklaces, and new makeup. Her supporters remind her to smile, to try to lighten up her act: "Now tell jokes, Ruth," an aide advises her tonight. But their resentment is palpable. "If she's too flighty and feminine, then she's not tough

enough, and if she's too tough, then she's not feminine enough," complains Penelope Pi-Sunyer, a social-services advocate. "No man has to deal with that. The sad part is that she can run circles around any of these people."

Messinger takes the stage wearing an orange jacket, a beige skirt, and a silver necklace. Her one joke is small and perfunctory. Then she delivers a short, purposeful speech. "We're not going to allow children to read and write in closets and bathrooms in schools anymore," she says. "And we're not going to bleed our public hospitals dry anymore. And

we're not going to say to people who are hungry and homeless that we will turn you away."

It's short on charisma, yet long enough to display the resolve of a serious person and the priorities she holds—the kind of performance that keeps her followers believing. "Ruth is an *intellectual*," Eisner explains. "She doesn't get down with people like most politicians do." All the same, he's watched her tonight like a nervous parent observing a bookish child. "I told her I like this haircut," he says. "I think it looks very attractive." ANDREW KIRTZMAN



Ms. Management? Ruth Messinger and supporter Gloria Steinem.

At your age, with your high cholesterol, what's your risk of a first heart attack?

If you have high cholesterol, figure your risk of a first heart attack.

Fill in your points for each risk factor.

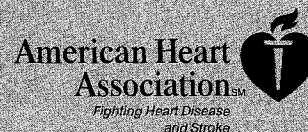
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>☐ Age: Men
0 pts. Less than 35 2 pts. 40 to 48 4 pts. 54+
1 pt. 35 to 39 3 pts. 49 to 53</p> <p>☐ Age: Women
0 pts. Less than 42 2 pts. 45 to 54 4 pts. 74+
1 pt. 42 to 44 3 pts. 55 to 73</p> <p>☐ Family History:
2 pts. My family has a history of heart disease or heart attacks before the age of 60</p> <p>☐ Inactive Lifestyle:
1 pt. I rarely exercise or do anything physically demanding</p> <p>☐ Weight:
1 pt. I'm more than 20 lbs. over my ideal weight</p> <p>☐ Smoking:
1 pt. I'm a smoker</p> <p>☐ Diabetic:
1 pt. Male Diabetic
2 pts. Female Diabetic</p> | <p>☐ Total Cholesterol Level:
0 pts. Less than 240 mg/dL
1 pt. 240 to 315 mg/dL
2 pts. More than 315 mg/dL</p> <p>☐ HDL Level (good cholesterol):
0 pts. 39 to 59 mg/dL
1 pt. 30 to 38 mg/dL
2 pts. Under 30 mg/dL
-1 pt. Over 60 mg/dL</p> <p>☐ Blood Pressure:
I don't take blood pressure medication; my blood pressure is:
(Use your top or higher blood pressure number)
0 pts. Less than 140 mmHg
1 pt. 140 to 170 mmHg
2 pts. Greater than 170 mmHg
(or)
1 pt. I am currently taking blood pressure medication</p> |
|--|---|

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PRAVACHOL®

Pravastatin Sodium Tablets

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes: HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. In the largest long-term placebo-controlled clinical trial with pravastatin (Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study; See **Clinical Pharmacology**), the overall incidence of AST and/or ALT elevations to greater than three times the upper limit of normal was 1.05% in the pravastatin group as compared to 0.75% in the placebo group. One (0.03%) pravastatin-treated patient and 2 (0.06%) placebo-treated patients were discontinued because of transaminase elevations. Of the patients with normal liver function at week 12, three of 2875 treated with pravastatin (0.10%) and one of the 2919 placebo patients (0.03%) had elevations of AST greater than three times the upper limit of normal on two consecutive measurements and/or discontinued due to elevations in transaminase levels during the 4.8 years (median treatment) of the study. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed prior to and at 12 weeks following initiation of therapy or the elevation of dose.** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels or signs and symptoms of liver disease should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. *Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see CONTRAINDICATIONS).* Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle: Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected.** Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy. The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin (10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination.**

PRECAUTIONS: General: Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3 α -hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life ($t_{1/2}$) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients:** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions: Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:** See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle.** *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and C $_{max}$ of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The AUC $_{0-12h}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, C $_{max}$, and T $_{max}$ for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with aspirin, antacids (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), cimetidine, nicotinic acid, or probucol, no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function:** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal and gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p < 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a $\geq 50\%$ rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have been reported in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity:** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis,**

Impairment of Fertility: In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/– mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocyte degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X.** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS**. Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area (mg/m ^{2}). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers:** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use:** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events:** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

Body System/Event	All Events		Events Attributed to Study Drug	
	Pravastatin (N = 900) %	Placebo (N = 411) %	Pravastatin (N = 900) %	Placebo (N = 411) %
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) (N = 3302) or placebo (N = 3293) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematosus-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities:* elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities:** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy:** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is not associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported after another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**.)

OVERDOSAGE: To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

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But the biggest obstacle is Major League Baseball's historical exemption from antitrust law, which allowed team owners to redline out any competition for themselves; no team may move to within 75 miles of an existing franchise without that team's consent. The commission needed to overturn that antitrust exemption. So Golden called local congressmen Jerrold Nadler and Charles Schumer, two Brooklyn-born pols, who drafted the self-explanatory Freedom of Movement for Baseball Teams Act of 1997.

Unfortunately, the Nadler-Schumer bill was written just at the time that Senators Orrin Hatch of Utah and Patrick Leahy of Vermont were introducing their own bill seeking to scale back baseball's antitrust exemption. Their bill, however, relates only to labor issues and would do nothing for baseball in Brooklyn.

In true Snider-at-the-plate-in-the-bottom-of-the-ninth spirit, however, the commission refuses to die. As the Senate bill lurches through Congress, Schumer and Nadler lie in wait. Both are ranking Democrats on the House Judiciary Committee, which any bill will have to pass through. They'll try to expand its scope to overturn the veto power of Yankees owner George Steinbrenner and Met owners Fred Wilpon and Nelson Doubleday.

"Once the engine gets started, you can add some other cars to the train," Schumer says, referring to the bill-making process. "We would try to add in our issue, which deals with geography."

In other words, even in Brooklyn, it ain't over till it's over, to paraphrase one bulldog-faced Yankee who, in a perfect world, would have been a Bum. If nothing else, the legislative effort might open a window of opportunity for minor-league ball in Brooklyn.

"The minor-league option is certainly within reason," says Golden, "but we think we're major-league. If Brooklyn were a city, we'd be the fourth-largest city in the country."

Of course, Dodgers fans can hardly be blamed if they refrain from lining up on Montague Street for tickets. This year, the heartbroken celebrate their ruby anniversary of the Dodger blues, and the insults continue to rain down. The latest idea has the Mets rebuilding Ebbets Field . . . *in Queens! With a retractable roof!* Still, the Dodgers flag flies stubbornly over Borough Hall. "In 1985," says Golden, "I asked Fred Wilpon if he would ever consider a Mets minor-league team in Brooklyn. He said, 'Absolutely not. Those crazy Brooklyn fans would probably all go see *them* instead of the Mets.' In fact, he's right. They probably would."

ALEX WILLIAMS

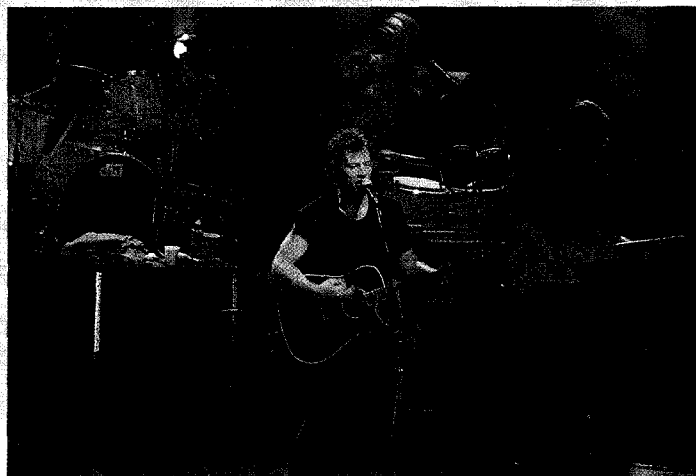
THE SCENE Pop Till You Drop

At the Whitney Museum for Keith Haring's retrospective, and at parties for movies and books.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Clockwise from above, Nikolaj Hübbe, Nílas Martins, and Helena Christiansen at the New York State Theater for New York City Ballet's *Dance with the Dancers* benefit; Ann Jones and Coco Brown at the party for Christina Oxenberg's *Royal Blue*; Jon Bon Jovi making his New York solo club debut at the Supper Club.



Clockwise from left, Lysa Cooper and Fred Brathwaite (a.k.a. Fab 5 Freddy) at the opening party for the Whitney Museum of American Art's Keith Haring retrospective; Jaymz Bee and Al Lewis at *Windows on the World* for the release of Milan Records' *Cocktail: Shakin' and Stirred*; Lauren Bacall and Whit Stillman at Laura Belle for the premiere of Miramax's *Shall We Dance?*

GO HAM

The Show Must Go On

Okay, we're all familiar with the plot—crime plummeting, Disney parading, the city soaring. Who wants to know that soup kitchens turn away 2,600 people every day?

ANY POLITICAL ERA CAN BE REDUCED to a single image that symbolizes its promise and its corruption, its triumphs and its casualties. And what better for the Giuliani era than the recent Disney parade celebrating the release of the film *Hercules*? We had on display a concentrated expression of everything Rudy's New York means: the corporate wholesomeness, the safe and clean streets open to families unburdened by fear, the homespun tradition of the parade (New York as small town) commingling with the futuristic wizardry of light beams and lasers (New York as cynosure of spectacle), all as oblation to the mythic god-man (nudge, wink), flusher of the stables and slayer of the Hydra and lick of all of Athens's quality-of-life problems generally.

Not everyone was dazzled. Three rankled citizens with letters in the *Post* one day last week spoke for the thousands who couldn't get anywhere near the action ("What about all the small children who were promised a chance to see the newest Disney characters?" wondered Aaron Schneider of Manhattan. "Not only were they crying as they faced the long walk home, but there were many parents . . . furious with the police . . ."). This kind of merciless sorting has always been part and parcel of Disneyism—I remember my sister describing to me, after her visit to Orlando a few years back, the way Mickey and Pluto and the rest mixed during breakfast with the gleeful children whose parents could afford the good seats while the less-privileged youngsters stared longingly from beyond the velvet rope. But as Disney rules Times Square, as Giuliani marches on toward presumed re-coronation, and as Lesley Stahl and *60 Minutes*, in a segment on the city a few Sundays ago, form the bold conclusion that clean is better than dirty and safe is preferred to dangerous, the luckless hordes who couldn't see the parade stand for something we've decided to forget about.



LAST TUESDAY, TO NO FANFARE WHATSOEVER, the Community Service Society, a respected social-service organization, released its biennial report on poverty, with the predictable news that things are getting much worse. Numbers like those that follow have become so mundane that they elicit hardly a shrug of the shoulders anymore, but doesn't it seem worthy of at least a moment's reflection that 1.5 million New Yorkers—one in five of us—have a standard of living equivalent to that of a family of four getting by on less than \$12,000 a year?

When someone says "soup kitchen," we think of Walker Evans and his broken, ramshackle Appalachia. But today, says Judith Walker of the New York City Coalition Against Hunger, there are 1,000 soup kitchens and food pantries in the city. That's up from 800 last year—in other words, a new one is sprouting up roughly every 44 hours. They will serve about 60 million meals this year, but the more striking measure of the task they face is expressed in negative terms: Every day, they turn away 2,600 people.

That figure has grown at a strong pace in recent years, and it will keep doing so. Congress is planning to soften last year's welfare law and permit legal immigrants already here to continue to receive Supplemental Security Income benefits. But Congress has done, and intends to do, nothing to change the food-stamp provision, so, come August 22, says Liz Krueger of the Community Food Resource Center, another 100,000 New Yorkers will lose their food stamps.

Pretty boring stuff, apparently. When I say that the Community Service Society released its report to no fanfare, I mean that the 45 or so chairs hopefully laid out for the invited members of the press remained three-quarters empty. WNBC was the only major television station to send someone. The papers? No *Post*, no *News*, no *Times*, not even *The Village Voice*. No stories. When Walker's organization issued its report on hunger earlier in June, a similar blackout obtained. (A notable exception: Melissa Russo of New York 1 aired an excellent series on hunger last week.)

It used to be that such topics were

thrashed out during mayoral-election years. In 1989, Democratic candidate Richard Ravitch convoked a forum to discuss what was then called the underclass. It may not have come to much, but at least one candidate went out of his way to bring some attention to the subject. That same year, Ed Koch, David Dinkins, Ravitch, and Harrison Goldin were asked at panel after panel about homelessness and poverty, as was Rudy Giuliani. Even in 1993, the question was considered pressing enough that candidate Giuliani had to submit to voters some notions about how he might revamp the city's dangerous shelters.

Now? It's true that the campaign hasn't really got into gear yet. True also that all the Democratic candidates, in their own ways, have tried to inject some of the foregoing into their discussions. But no one is listening much to Al Sharpton or Sal Albanese, and Ruth Messinger can mention poverty only at the peril of being consigned to the dustbin marked UPPER WEST SIDE LIBERAL, from which pragmatism demands she maintain a safe distance. But the questions aren't even being asked, because they don't suit the civic mood.

THE CITY HAS BECOME A BETTER PLACE IN the past four years. The crime reduction—if this year's numbers hold through December, the city will finish 1997 with just 700 murders, down from 2,262 in 1990—is miraculous. The streets do appear to be a bit cleaner. Everyone likes the fact that New York is getting good national press. And no sane person can seriously argue that the old Times Square was better; I dislike Disney as much as the next person, unless the next person is a member of the Baptist convention, but it's absurd to assert that prostitution and open crack sales are preferable to the existence of a store that sells stuffed dolls.

But in celebrating "safe" and "clean," we've constructed a sort of municipal biosphere, in which all foreign and corrupting elements are shunted outside the bubble. New York and the nation didn't "solve" poverty during the fifteen or so years we actually tried to do something about it, but it doesn't seem very likely we'll solve it by ignoring it, by airbrushing poor people out of the photographs the way Eastern-bloc nations used to with disgraced party officials.

"I know we can't end poverty," Krueger says, "but what's kind of shocking is that we can be comfortable going backwards." Oh, lighten up, Liz. We've got great parades.



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Building Expectations

Why is the former Alexander's store collecting dust on 59th Street, of all places?

Blame owner Steven Roth, who's waiting for inspiration, or the perfect market, or both.

IT'S A PERFECT ILLUSTRATION OF GEORGE KELLING'S now-famous "broken windows" theory of urban decay. Shuttered, locked down, and obviously empty, the building has become an easy target for graffiti. When no one cleans up the spray paint, it offers an invitation to other antisocial behavior. So homeless people urinate on it, or camp out underneath the dormant loading docks. Pretty soon, people are avoiding the sidewalk in front of it.

But this derelict structure defies the paradigm with its location: smack at the nexus of Manhattan's most desirable retail, office, and residential area. The building—until five years ago the site of Alexander's flagship store—occupies the city block bounded by 58th and 59th Streets and Lexington and Third Avenues. It's one block south of Bloomingdale's. And it's a bizarre eyesore in Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's shining happy city.

Of all the great improvements New York has seen in the five years since May 1992, when Alexander's filed for Chapter 11, perhaps none was less expected than the resurgent real-estate market. But the boom hasn't affected the Alexander's building, arguably the most conspicuously underutilized piece of real estate in Manhattan.

Bordering on midtown, atop the thirteenth-busiest subway stop in the city, the site could easily support an office tower. Its proximity to the Upper East Side and Park Avenue makes a luxury residential tower viable. And because it sits in a well-trafficked tourist area lined with the likes of Urban Outfitters and Banana Republic, large stores are salivating over the location. A number of obvious retailing candidates have approached its owner about taking all or part of the lower space

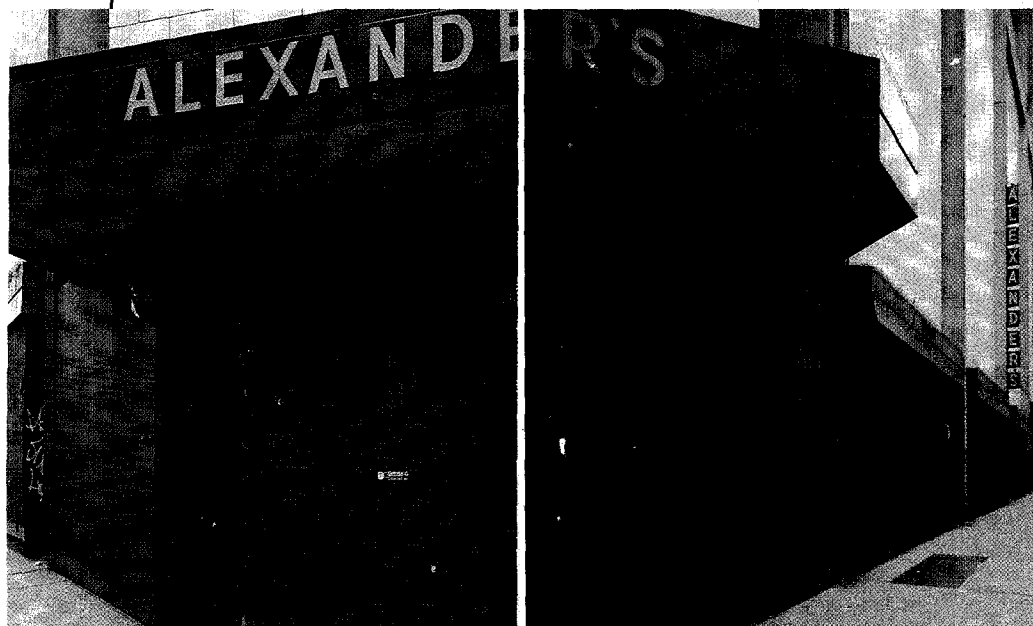
during the past twelve months, including Barnes & Noble, Planet Hollywood, and the Virgin Record Stores. As recently as this spring, the Gap was inquiring about taking the entire space and setting up a sort of Gap mall—complete with outside versions of Banana Republic, Gap, and Baby Gap.

But nobody has been able to strike a deal with the building's secretive, Hamlet-like owner, Steven Roth. Since 1992, the courteous 55-year-old real-estate magnate has been asking himself the same question: To build, or not to build? So far, the answer has been a tortured *Not to build—yet*.

Observers say Roth's personality and lack of experience in the New York market are to blame. Through his control of Vornado, Inc., a publicly traded real-estate-investment trust with annual revenues of \$117 million, Roth lords over an empire of 57 strip malls, mostly in New Jersey. Although an experienced insider—he gave \$90,000 to the Democratic National Committee after attending a White House coffee in January 1996—the indecisive Roth seems to be laboring under a bridge-and-tunnel inferiority complex. For someone who has spent much of his career erecting undistinguished big-box superstores and strip malls in places like East Brunswick, Totowa, and Hackensack, the site represents a rare opportunity to make an imprint on the world's most famous skyline. "After a lifetime of mundane stuff that people don't like, he doesn't want to do the ordinary thing," theorizes one real-estate-industry source familiar with his thinking. To compound matters, Roth, who controls a 27 percent stake in Vornado, worth \$473 million, is exceedingly risk-averse—a posture that doesn't jibe with the high-wire act of building in Manhattan.

With his stellar reputation on Wall Street and the ability to use Vornado's high-flying stock as currency, Roth has recently been expanding from his Saddle Brook, New Jersey, base into Manhattan's commercial-real-estate market. In April, Vornado completed the \$656 million acquisition of the Mendik family's portfolio of office buildings, which includes 1740 Broadway and 11 Penn Plaza. And in May, Roth paid \$185 million for the mortgage on 90 Park Avenue. While Roth scours the landscape for more deals, however, the high-profile Alexander's property continues to languish in a purgatory of possibilities.

A brilliant numbers man, Roth gained control in 1980 of Two Guys, a faltering discount-department-store chain. The following year, he shut the stores down and leased out the former Two Guys stores to other retailers. Eight years later, he saw another chance to liberate valuable real es-



Alexander's, the wait: The former flagship store on 59th Street, unused and empty since 1992.

tate from a flagging discounter, acquiring a 27 percent stake in Alexander's through Vornado. Working with Citibank, which held an equivalent stake, Roth drove Alexander's into Chapter 11 on May 15, 1992. Six weeks after the filing, Alexander's shut down all eleven stores; later that year it sold the leases on six properties in the New York metropolitan area to Bradlees for \$120 million. The following year, Roth brought the company out of Chapter 11 and leased sites in Rego Park and the Bronx to Sears and Conway, respectively. That left the midtown site.

The most serious early negotiations involved auction houses that wanted to renovate the building's cavernous, column-free floor plates for gallery and administrative space. Roth, whose main tenants were low-rent discounters like T.J. Maxx and Sam's Clubs, now found himself negotiating with Alfred Taubman, the Detroit-based mall king, who ran one of the toniest name-brand companies in the world: Sotheby's.

The two tough negotiators tangoed awkwardly for several months while Roth courteously entertained other offers. In early 1994, Faith Hope Consolo, a leading retail broker with Garrick/Aug associates, approached him with the idea of creating a mini-mall of international high-end retailers. "We talked, he listened, and he said he didn't know what he wanted to do," says Consolo.

In late 1994, with Sotheby's on the sideline, Christie's entered the bidding. The two parties made swifter progress, and Roth engaged architect John Belle of Beyer Blinder Belle to draw up plans for renovating the existing structure. By mid-1995, the parties had sent the project to lease. All that was left to be done was the drafting of legal documents.

As he was negotiating with Christie's, however, Roth entered talks to acquire Millennium Partners, the West Side developers responsible for the monstrous 56-story Lincoln Square Tower on Broadway and 67th Street. And when Roth began to talk to Millennium's principals—Christopher Jeffries, Philip Aarons, and Philip Lovett—his vision for the property began to shift. By mid-1995, market conditions were improving, and his new friends were interested in larger-scale projects. Out went Belle's elegant designs and in came a gargantuan 70-story glass tower that promised to be the tallest apartment building on the Upper East Side.

Sold on the site, Christie's swallowed the proposed changes. Then, fifteen months into the negotiations, Roth began to back away. When he offered the auction house (continued on page 87)

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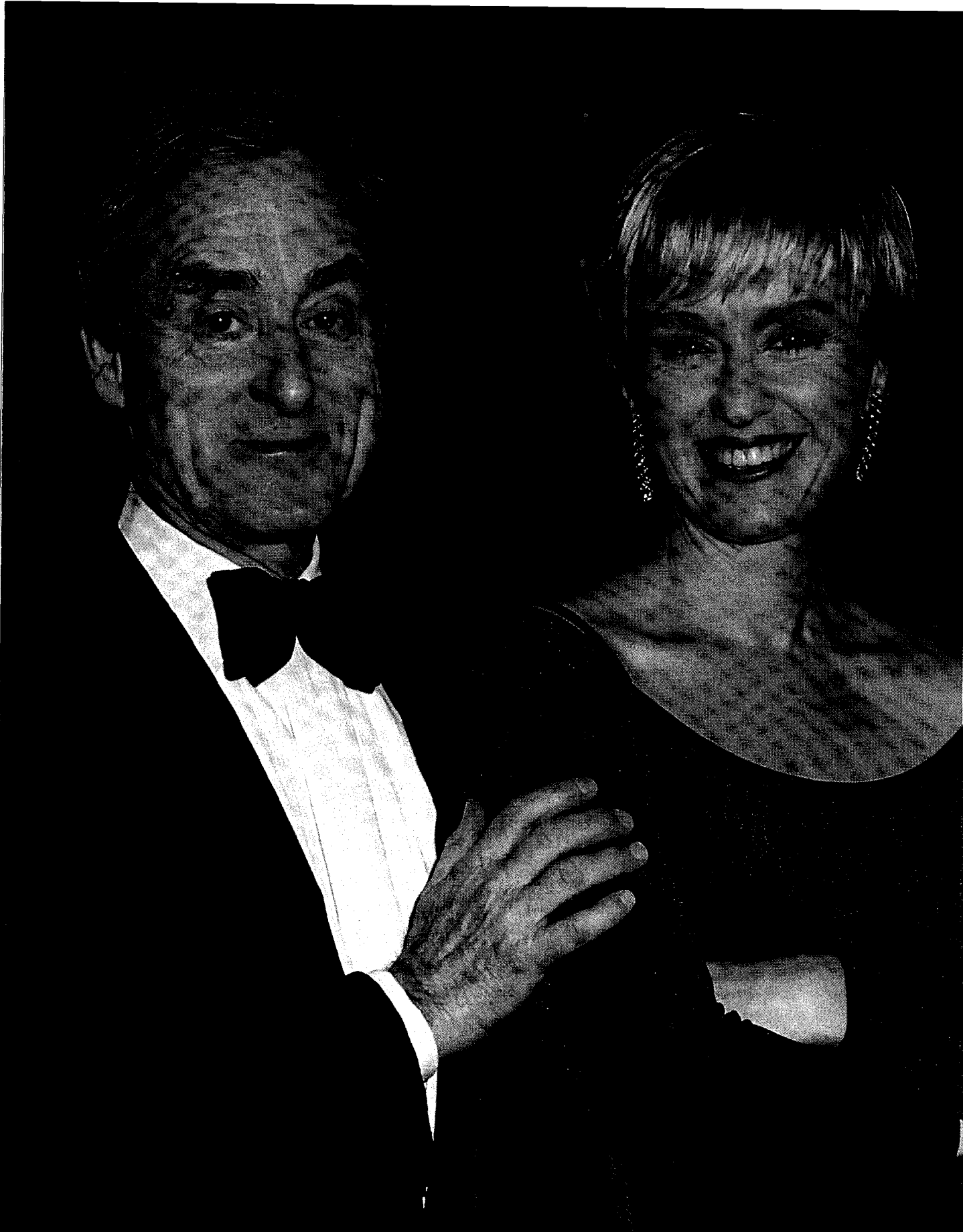
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THE POWER OF TWO: Harry
Evans and Tina Brown.

Random Anxiety

Harry Evans of Random House is the book business's most inspired marketer, the man who sent Colin Powell on a presidential tour, made Joe Klein "Anonymous," and even tried to make Dick Morris respectable. So why has he become the poster boy for the publishing crisis? By Suzanna Andrews

"I MEAN, DON'T YOU FIND THERE'S SOMETHING OFFENSIVE about the enormous, sanctimonious rubbing of the hands over anybody who falls?" asks Harry Evans indignantly. "It's all a sense of schadenfreude, a sense of 'somebody down who's behaved very badly, let's give him another kick.'" ■ Evans and I are sitting at his regular corner table at Aria, a publishing haunt on Second Avenue. The subject at hand is the tribulations of Dick Morris, the president's former political adviser, but if one were looking

for subtexts, the one that springs to mind is Evans's own tribulations, in what for him has been a very turbulent year. ■ As president of Random House, Evans paid \$2.5 million for Morris's book *Behind the Oval Office*. The deal with Morris was made secretly, when Morris was still employed by the president, and months before the *Star* revealed his liaison with a prostitute, who detailed Morris's preference for toe-sucking and for letting her listen in on Bill Clinton's phone calls. In the ensuing media

mêlée, Evans himself became almost as controversial a figure as Morris. The Rocky Mountain *News* dubbed Evans Dick Morris's "co-conspirator," and in the New York *Times*, the columnist Maureen Dowd went so far as to call him "an expensive hustler." Adding injury to insult, the book sold poorly.

The experience did not leave Harry Evans with a favorable impression of the American press corps. To say the least. Dowd he dismisses as "that silly woman in Washington." Just as bad was Sam Donaldson, who interviewed Dick Morris on *Prime Time Live* and, Evans recalls, rolling his eyes, "didn't talk about the book at all, as he said he would, or the content of it." Instead, Donaldson showed a videotape of Morris cavorting with Sherry Rowlands on the balcony of their love nest at the Jefferson Hotel in Washington. Evans runs his hands through his tousled gray hair and sighs deeply. "I mean," he says, shaking his head, "what are we? In some porn society?"

Evans insists that journalists treated Morris unfairly, that they obscured the magnitude of his contribution to American politics. "If that book had come out without this silly scandal, Dick Morris would have been on television not as 'I am a sex addict,' which is a nightmare in itself—I said to him, 'We're all sex addicts, for God's sake'—he'd be on television as Dick Morris, the man who did genuinely mastermind Clinton's election, like it or not." Evans leans back in his banquette and gives me a long look, which starts out rueful and shifts into magnificently aggrieved.

"There's nothing," he says, "more pitiful than the spectacle of well-dressed people kicking a prone addict."

The Morris affair had all the hallmarks that have come to distinguish a Harry Evans publishing event: an amalgam of theatrics, money, and controversy, catalyzed by Random House's publicity apparatus, synergized with Evans's wife, Tina Brown, the editor of *The New Yorker* (who in this case held a controversial breakfast for her magazine's advertisers with the disgraced Morris as her featured guest), and detonated gleefully by Evans himself.

This particular spectacle, however, spun out of control. And so, if over his pasta and pellegrino Evans holds forth with his characteristic flourish and charm, beneath it there is a hint of anger.

PICK ALMOST ANY PUBLISHING controversy to have hit the newspapers in the past couple of years, and Evans was at the center of it. It was Evans, for example, who published *The Kiss*, Kathryn Harrison's hotly debated but best-selling memoir of voluntary daughter-father incest. Before that, it was Evans who appeared with Colin Powell in 1995 as the former chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, financed by Random House, toured the nation, encouraging speculation that he would run for president of the United States of America but ultimately simply boosting sales of his book, *My American Journey*, for which Random House paid an advance of \$6.5 mil-

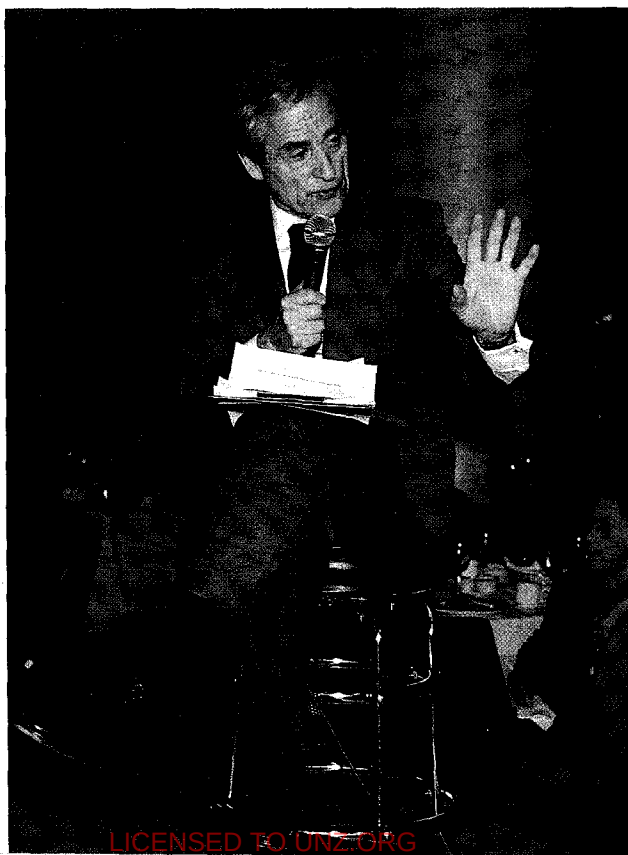
RANDOM ACCESS: Evans moderating his monthly literary breakfast at the restaurant in Barneys.

lion. It was also Evans who appeared, smiling, alongside the journalist Joe Klein, a.k.a. "Anonymous," at a televised press conference last summer, when Klein, wearing a fake nose and glasses, cheerfully admitted that he had misled his editors at *Newsweek* and CBS and the American public about his identity rather than risk hurting sales on his Random House best-seller, *Primary Colors*.

In his seven years at Random House, the 69-year-old Evans has come to be known as one of the most talented and flamboyant people in American publishing. "Harry is creative," says the editorial director of a rival house. "He's wildly energetic. He's dramatic." Over the years, his best-selling titles have included Richard Preston's *The Hot Zone*, John Berendt's *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, and John Krakauer's *Into Thin Air*. And Evans's reputation does not rest only on best-sellers; this year's biographies of Whitaker Chambers and William Gladstone were huge critical successes. His imprint, the flagship of Random House, Inc., whose holdings also include Knopf, Crown, and Ballantine, is widely respected. In a tumultuous, hugely competitive market, Evans is regarded as one of the few publishers who can, in the words of Grove/Atlantic president Morgan Entrekin, "go out and anoint a book." He is also, because he was once one of England's most prominent newspaper editors, one of the few publishers in the United States whose reputation reaches far beyond the publishing world.

Evans has always attracted criticism in the publishing world—for the massive advances he paid, for his three-ring-circus method of bookselling, for his eager courting of the famous and powerful, and simply because he and his wife presented a high-profile target. Lately, however, the tone has changed from garden-variety chattering-class cattiness to something approaching real bitterness. Evans, people are saying, would do anything for success; he is "cynical," "tasteless," "downmarket and shameless." "If anyone has cheesed up the higher levels of American culture, it's Harry and Tina," says a magazine editor.

Harry Evans dismisses these critics with a wave. "People chatter about irrelevancies," he says. "They don't know what's going on. And people envy Random House."



EVANS'S TROUBLES, HOWEVER, ARE about more than just talk. Last month, Random House issued two press releases announcing that Walter Weintz was being given control over Times Books, among other new responsibilities, and that Ann Godoff was being promoted from editorial director to editor-in-chief of Random House, a title that Evans had previously held. The releases insisted that Evans retained all of his responsibilities—but few in the publishing world believed it. Godoff, people said, was now running Random House, and Weintz, formerly Evans's publishing director, had been given the same control over Evans's much smaller Times Books imprint the reference division, and the lucrative *Princeton Review* operation. At Random House, the view was that Evans, as one edi-

tor put it, had "been put out to pasture at full pay."

There had been warning signs throughout the past year. In the fall, Peter Osnos, editor-in-chief of Times Books, had been encouraged to resign. His imprint was losing money, according to editors at Random House, the result of large advances on books that weren't selling. Several months earlier, Evans's Villard imprint had been forced to return a \$500,000 book it had purchased, *Flying Blind, Flying Safe*, by Mary Schiavo, because of a "misunderstanding," says Evans, between him and Alberto Vitale, the C.E.O. of Random House, Inc. "It was awful," says one Random House editor. "We'd basically bought the book, and we had to tell the agent we were giving it back." Earlier this year, Villard dropped out of the bidding for George Stephanopoulos's White

House tell-all, which spawned further talk that Evans's power was being curtailed, speculation that was amplified when the New York Post's "Page Six" reported that S. I. Newhouse, chairman of Advance Publications, which owns Random House, had been angry with Evans for not checking with him before he agreed to pay Dick Morris \$2.5 million for his book.

Evans's difficulties came in a year of crisis for the book industry. Hardback sales were down in 1996, and returns of unsold books were at an all-time high—the result of overstocking by superstores and price clubs and the shuttering of many independent stores. Simultaneously, advances had gone into the stratosphere. Publishers were hurting across the board, and pretty much every-



TRUE COLORS: Evans stood by Klein when the jig was up.

meeting Powell and Morris," recalls one editor. "Harry was fascinated with celebrity. He loved being among important people."

Random House's profits were a much-debated topic over lunches and at book parties around town, and by this spring, the strongly held consensus was that there weren't any. Although Evans told the *Daily News* in 1996 that Random House had not made money in 1991, he insisted over lunch that "it's not had a single loss year since I joined." He said 1996 "was less good, but still profitable."

As to Godoff's and Weintz's recent promotions, Evans said they by no means diminished his authority at Random House. "I've just got more help with it, that's all," he says.

In this, he is supported by his boss, Vitale. "Harry," he says,

"is very much in charge of the overall group. We wanted to have a clarity in the areas of responsibility. The promotions make Random House a hell of a lot more powerful, and it's the envy of a lot of other people who are not doing so well." Anything to the contrary is rank rumor. Says Vitale, "The information you are getting from everyone interpreting these things in a scandalistic fashion is b.s."

The rumors, however, were not coming only from jealous competitors. "This is very difficult for me to say," says a senior executive at Random House, referring to Evans's insistence that his authority had not been diminished in any way, "but that was the spin Harry chose to put on this. It is still being worked out exactly what Harry will do."

The change, in which Evans will still acquire books and be Random House's public face, "fits with Harry's talents and Harry's interests," says one Random House editor.

"To publish gilded schlock with high-class literature is an art form of which Harry is a master," says Michael Naumann of Henry Holt.

one had to admit it when their corporate financial results were released. Evans's Random House, because it is private, revealed nothing. And yet, Evans seemed to be spending more money than anyone else. He paid for massive book tours, the most famous example of which was Colin Powell's four-week "campaign" across America; he held book parties at the St. Regis; he'd paid for reporters to travel to Savannah to generate news stories about *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*.

Stunts like these made Evans the poster boy for everything that's wrong with publishing. "There is the perception that Random House does not play by the same rules as the rest of us," a rival publisher says. "We couldn't cost-justify some of the things they do." "It hurts all of us when one house does not have to pay attention to their profit and loss," says another publishing chief.

And there were those who believed that his love of attention clouded Evans's vision of the Random House bottom line. "You could see it in meetings; he relished telling tales of

world was distracted by a new possibility: Would Evans leave Random House to take a position in new British prime minister Tony Blair's government, perhaps even as British ambassador to the U.S.? The rumors had their genesis in a number of get-togethers Evans hosted in New York to raise money for Blair's Labour Party in the months before the British election in May. Various party leaders had flown in from London to attend these events, where they were introduced to American money men and power brokers like Felix Rohatyn. At a party in Washington for Blair hosted by Sidney Blumenthal, formerly a political writer for *The New Yorker* and currently a Clinton assistant in Washington, Blair poked a bit of fun at Brown. "I remember Tina well," he said in his speech, according to one guest. "We went to Oxford together. She gave the most fabulous parties to which she never invited me." To which Brown is said to have responded chirpily, "We'll soon put that right."

The rumors were further fueled by a fund-raiser Brown gave last fall for the Royal Court Theatre in London. Blair himself did

THIS SPRING, AS EVANS'S DIFFICULTIES continued, the publishing

not attend, but his top adviser, Peter Mandelson, did, and he was seated next to Harry Evans. "You got the feeling," a British newspaper editor says, laughing, "that it was not an accident."

Journalists in London tended to take the rumors with a substantial grain of salt. "I wouldn't have thought that they would be that important to Blair," says Alan Rusbridger, the editor of *The Guardian*. "It's possible things are going on behind the scene, but I would have thought that no one in the Labour Party set great store by what was happening in New York."

The perception that Evans was in trouble at Random House gave credence to the speculation that he might welcome another job, but for a substantial segment of the New York media world there also seemed to be an element of wish-fulfillment: Harry and Tina, gone at last.

Brown has dismissed the press stories about Evans and Blair as "hackdom run amok." The couple, she told Liz Smith, wasn't going anywhere; they had just bought a new apartment in the city, a \$5.7 million triplex on 57th Street.

"Let me give you the facts," Evans says. "Last summer, we rented a house in Oxford. Okay? We did not buy it. Then the story got in the paper I bought a house. Tina gave a function to raise the money for the Royal Court. She's done an amazing amount of raising money, which nobody knows about because she doesn't publicize it. Then somebody said at [the Royal Court], 'Oh, you'd make a great minister for the arts, Tina.' Then, because I'm helping at the party, people say, 'It's he who's going to be minister of the arts.' I was asked by people if I would help [Tony Blair], and I said yes. Everybody said, 'What's his motive?' Well, the motive was to help him."

"Nobody's written about the amazing job Tina has done in this country," Evans insists. "A non-real story about going back to England has taken more ink than all the actual things," he adds. "Don't you think that's interesting?"

THE REAL STORY PROBABLY BEGINS IN 1967. EVANS HAD BEEN EDITOR of the *Sunday Times* for two months when he had lunch with a friend and the subject of Kim Philby came up. At the time, little was known about Philby except that he'd been a low-ranking British diplomat and later a journalist who'd defected to the Soviet Union ten years after he'd left the Foreign Office. Evans was intrigued and decided to put a team of investigative reporters on the story. Within months, his paper published a series of stories that rocked the British Establishment: Not only, the *Sunday Times* revealed, had Philby been a Soviet spy throughout his career, but the British government had suspected this and suppressed the information. Evans's newspaper also exposed a cover-up by McDonnell Douglas of structural problems in the DC-10 that had resulted in the death of several hundred people.



CATCH A RISING STAR: Evans and Brown at their 1981 wedding.

In 1975, Evans's newspaper was prosecuted by the British government for having published the diaries of a former Cabinet minister, Richard Crossman. Evans fought back and won, in a case that changed the face of British law governing the public's access to government information. When the House of Lords tried to suppress a series of articles on thalidomide, a sleeping pill taken by pregnant women that caused severe birth defects, Evans took the case to the European Court of Human Rights and won.

In the fourteen years that he edited the *Sunday Times*, Evans was admired as a fearless crusader for the truth, one of the few newspaper editors willing to take on the British government and Establishment and aggressively publish exposés of lies and wrongdoing. His team of investigative reporters were some of the

toughest journalists in England, William Shawcross and Phillip Knightley among them.

Evans had begun his career in newspapers at a very young age—16—and like some of the best journalists, he had come to the profession as an outsider. The oldest of four sons, Evans grew up in Manchester. His father was a train engineer; his mother owned a small shop. In England's complicated class system, Evans was a familiar type: smart, angry, and left-wing. His grandfather had been illiterate, and his father was an ardent Socialist intent on educating his boys. "My father had a theory,"

For all of Evans's high-flown indignation about Morris's book, "Harry was thrilled by the mischief it created," says a fellow editor.

Evans recalls now, "that knowledge was something you had to wrest from the ruling classes."

Evans left school at 15, went to typing school, and worked for a while as a cub reporter in a Lancaster mill town. During a stint in the Royal Air Force, he produced a magazine for servicemen. His first issue, which featured a photo of an aircraft on its cover, was a failure. But Evans quickly figured out how to appeal to his reader. He put "a girl" on the cover, "Diana Dors, who lived locally," and it was a "smash hit." Evans eventually went to university on the British equivalent of the G.I. bill, at Durham, where he had his first encounter with the English upper class. "It was a revelation to me," he says. "I had been brought up in a very tough working-class area."

Evans came to the *Sunday Times* after working as the editor at *The Northern Echo* and an assistant editor at the *Manchester Evening News*. He was already well known as a journalist's editor, passionate about the profession.

Evans had enormous personal flair. He tore about London on his motorcycle. He socialized with his reporters. And he

had an acute understanding of what it took to make readers interested in newspapers. His stories, no matter how serious, always had a populist edge. Philby was the archetypal Evans story: the tale of an upper-class, Oxford-educated twit who had sold England out. Above all, Evans was, as one English editor recalls, "a great publicist. Whenever he had a story, no matter how boring, like a story on the false labeling on Beaujolais Nouveau"—which Evans headlined *BOGUS BEAUJOLAIS*—"he presented it as a grave matter of state. It was a great middle-class-appeal thing."

It was perhaps inevitable, however, that Evans would over time become a member of the Establishment he had made his name questioning. His friends increasingly included politicians and government officials. As he continued to publish tough pieces, he also began to get a reputation for "being oddly fawning, so eager to please that it was a bit embarrassing," one British columnist says. "He was very, very deferential, which made it quite hard to dislike him," says another.

After a columnist jokingly referred to him as "Dame Harold Evans," a meaningless riff on the actress Dame Edith Evans, Evans stunned his fellow journalists when he had his lawyers complain, which further cemented the nickname. "In old journo circles," says one editor, "he's still referred to as Dame Harry."

Richard Ingrams, who edited the satirical magazine *Private Eye*, which made fun of numerous public figures, including Evans, says that no one threatened legal action against the magazine more often than the editor of the *Sunday Times*. "Evans was the most litigious person I came across, usually over trivial things," says Ingrams, who now edits *The Oldie*, a British monthly magazine.

In 1981, Rupert Murdoch bought the *Sunday Times*. The purchase stirred a bitter debate within the British government and in journalistic circles, and for a while, Evans was one of Murdoch's opponents. During negotiations, however, Murdoch offered Evans something he couldn't resist: the editorship of the *Times* of London, the Sunday paper's hugely respected sister publication. Then, in 1982, Murdoch fired Evans.

"It was all fantastically dramatic and ridiculous," one British journalist recalls. "Harry refused to leave his office and turned it into a big production. TV cameras were waiting outside for Harry to emerge." Evans then—and later, in his interesting if auto-heroic book *Good Times, Bad Times*—accused Murdoch of being a tool of Margaret Thatcher's Conservative government, and he insisted that he had been fired for ideological reasons. Murdoch, he said, had tampered with the hallowed editorial independence of his editor-in-chief. Murdoch, also clever about the use and abuse of the press, released his own stinger, a damning note from Evans pleading for Murdoch's guidance in covering the Thatcher government's new budget.

Exactly what happened between the respected editor and the much-vilified press baron is still debated today. Evans's ver-

PAPER TIGER: Evans played tough—and lost—at the *Times*.

sion of the story has gotten more publicity than Murdoch's, but many British journalists have reservations. Even fans of Evans, like Alan Rusbridger, say that Evans did not do well at the daily paper. "It was not a great journalistic achievement," Rusbridger says. "He didn't pull it off."

The paper, editors say, was poorly managed, its editorials were inconsistent, and there was a revolt among the journalists who worked for Evans. There was a sense that the *Times* was too big for Evans to handle, and too Establishment to accept Evans's more downmarket style. "What went wrong is very complicated," says Peter Stothard, the current editor of the *Times*, whose wife, Sally Emerson, is one of Brown's closest friends. Stothard points out that many of the changes that Evans tried to make at the paper eventually came to pass.

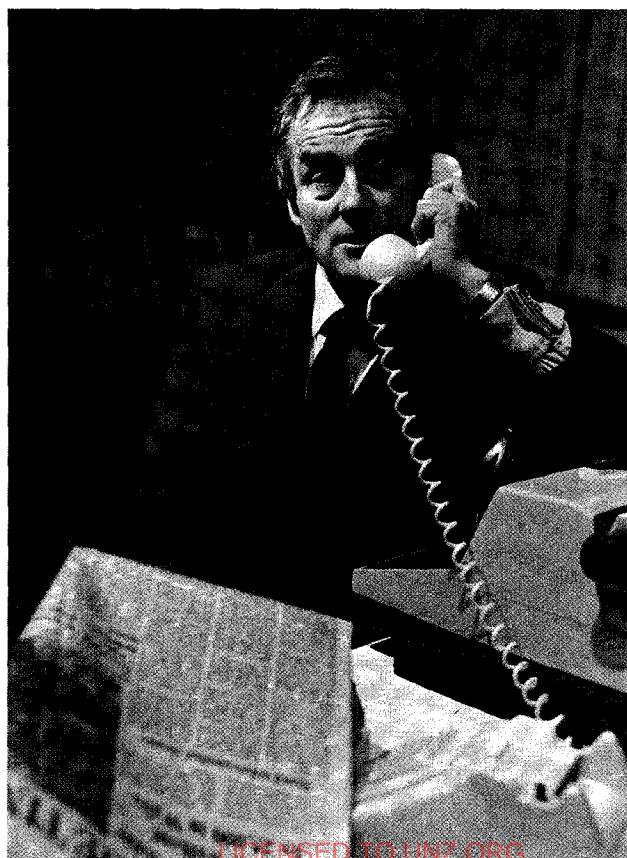
William Shawcross, a legendary journalist and one of the harshest critics of Evans's tenure, wrote a biography of Murdoch in which he laid out the problems Evans had running the daily paper. In 1992, Tina Brown ran a negative article about the book in *The New Yorker*—it hadn't even been published yet in the U.S.—which in turn caused an outcry in the press because she did not disclose that her husband was portrayed unflatteringly in its pages. Today, Shawcross recalls how he sent Evans a manuscript copy of the chapter dealing with Evans's tenure at the *Times*. "He sent me back a 27-page fax," says Shawcross, "almost as long as the chapter itself, with his recommended changes. Things like: 'Because of pressure from the proprietor, Rupert Murdoch, Harry Evans was stopped from doing this and that and the other.' And then he came to England to take me to lunch and tell me how awful I was."

What stung Evans in particular about the book was a remark Shawcross made suggesting that if Evans had been the "foreman" in a "chemical company," his firing would never have attracted such a hue and cry. Evans took it as a class slur: "Students of the British class system, on show in the Shawcross lexicon, will be amused to note that I am put in my place as a foreman. It is never to be forgiven that a horny-handed son of toil somehow got to edit the *Times*," he wrote with bitter melodrama in the preface to his book.

Evans today insists that his stewardship of the paper was a success. "Rupert's supporters," he says, ignored his achievements. "Even the circulation success," he says, "was suppressed and falsified."

AT THE TIME EVANS WAS FIRED, he had been married to Brown for a year. They had met when Evans was 46 and Brown, just 22 and fresh out of Oxford, was writing for the *Sunday Times*. Married, with three children, Evans left his wife for the very talented and ambitious Brown. But while Brown's star was rising at the *Tatler*, where she had become the editor in 1979, Evans suddenly found himself on the fringes. "It was awful for him, appalling. There was nothing for him in England," says a friend. Within two years, Evans left London for the U.S.

"Everyone knew Harry when he got here," his friend the



agent Mort Janklow recalls. "He was a huge figure, far more so than Tina in those days." Although he had left England with his reputation "dented," as Rusbridger puts it, Evans arrived in the United States with his image intact. Many people didn't know the details of Evans's conflict with Murdoch, and even if they did, having the unpopular Murdoch as an enemy was not a bad thing for a journalist's reputation. Evans went to work for one of his biggest admirers, the real-estate developer-cum-media baron Mort Zuckerman, who is now the publisher of the *Daily News*.

Zuckerman owned the *Atlantic Monthly Press*, where he installed Evans as editor-in-chief, and within months, he bought *U.S. News and World Report*, where he gave Evans the additional job of helping to redesign the newsweekly. Evans, according to Zuckerman, doubled the value of the tiny *Atlantic Press* and was a brilliant adviser at *U.S. News*, where he also wrote editorials and later edited the ones Zuckerman himself wrote (he still does, on occasion). "Harry is just a genius, the decathlon of print," says Zuckerman, who is the godfather of Evans's daughter, Isobel.

As Evans boosted Zuckerman's stature, his was enhanced by Tina Brown. After a rocky start, she was becoming staggeringly successful at *Vanity Fair*, and in 1986, Evans went to work for his wife's boss, S. I. Newhouse, at Condé Nast. "I wanted to be with Tina," he says today. Far from being jealous of Brown's success, Evans relished it. "He has never been threatened by her," says Emerson. "It may be because he is so much older. He has always adored her, always taken care of her. And she adores him."

Their marriage is a topic of great fascination in publishing and magazine circles, in part fueled by his famously flirtatious manner and her chilly style in public. "It's a corporate synergy," sniffs one magazine editor. But friends disagree. "They are actually very dependent on each other," says one. "Tina is always going on about how Harry would know the answer to this or that. She is portrayed as extremely confident, but I think it's more bravado than confidence."

The magazine Newhouse hit upon for Evans to edit, *Condé Nast Traveler*, was based essentially on an inspired marketing gimmick partly hatched by Evans, "truth in travel." That is, the magazine would challenge its competitors by refusing to accept freebies from the travel industry, thus ensuring its independence. Backed by Newhouse's considerable resources, Evans created a showcase for the work of major writers and photographers.

STILL, WHEN EVANS ARRIVED AT Random House in 1990, the reaction among people who worked there was shock and disdain. While the *Traveler* had won several National Magazine Awards, these accolades meant little to his new colleagues. Evans was regarded as screamingly unqualified for the job of running their imprint. "The whole editorial wing—Joe Fox, Bob Loomis, Jason Epstein—was against him," one editor

THE KING AND I: Evans with Random House, Inc., CEO Alberto Vitale; Vitale says Evans is still in charge.

recalls. "He came in and people were completely open about criticizing him; they leaked stories to the press," says a former editor. And they were insubordinate to his face. "You don't understand, Harry. I don't give a fuck what you think," a woman in the subsidiary-rights department told Evans when he urged her to interview a friend of his for a job.

Brown's success at *Vanity Fair* contributed fodder for gossip. "Everybody was sure that Harry had gotten the job because S.I. wanted to keep Tina happy," one editor says. "We called him Mr. Brown." Vitale says it was his idea to hire Evans—"Nobody gets put into Random House without my okay, nobody," he says, "because the day that happens, I'm out"—but people had the impression that Vitale did not get along with Evans. Vitale denies this. "If we didn't get along," he says, "he wouldn't be here." Still, there were enough differences in style ("Harry didn't seem to listen to anything Alberto said," says one editor) to make people believe that "Alberto's mouth dropped to the floor when he heard the news," as one source told *New York* in 1991.

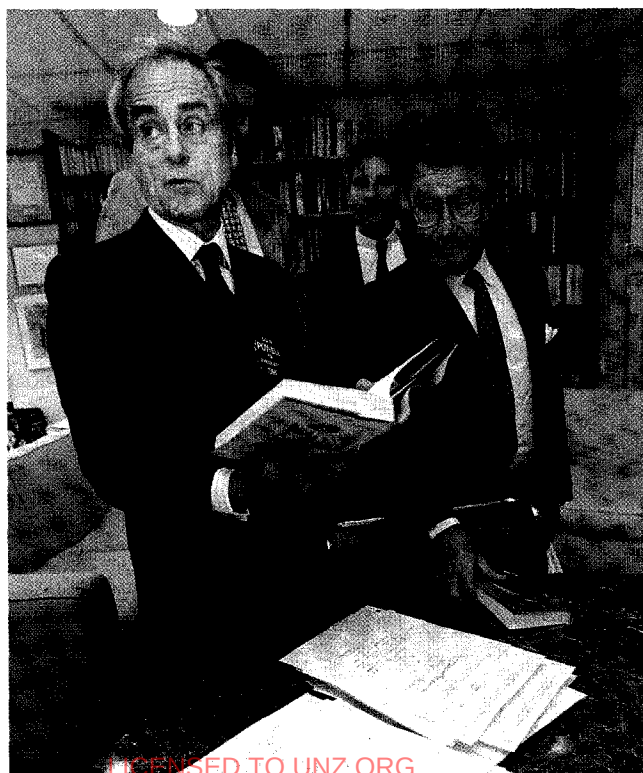
Evans's early tenure was rocky. He seemed fearful of admitting that there were things he didn't know. He tried to buy books that Random House had already turned down and those that his rights department objected to. As he had done at the *Sunday Times*, Evans went after the big stories. "He wanted to make a splash," an editor recalls. Evans paid \$5 million for Marlon Brando's autobiography, which flopped horribly. He bought a ten-book series of Richard Avedon's photographs for more than twice what the agent was asking, telling this magazine in 1991 that the deal had been "broadened." "He was ignorant," recalls Bob Loomis, the legendary editor whose authors include William Styron, Neil Sheehan, and Maya Angelou. "He is a very energetic, pell-mell person. He didn't even sit down and ask questions. He just kept doing things, and people would say: 'Harry, we don't own those rights.' It took him a while, but he learned."

Random House was not in great shape when Evans got there. It had lost its primacy in the quality-nonfiction-book market to Simon & Schuster. Its list of books was uneven. "We joked that we were *Random House* for a reason," says one editor.

It didn't help that the Knopf side of the operation was doing so well. Its profits today are twice those of Evans's Random House

imprints—boosted by the fact that in the late eighties, Knopf's editor-in-chief, the redoubtable Sonny Mehta, took control of Vintage Books, the paperback imprint that was one of Random House's steadiest and most profitable sources of income. "Everyone was under Knopf's shadow," says one editor who left. "Random House didn't have cachet within Random House."

Random House needed visibility, and it fell to Harry Evans to get it. In some ways no one was better positioned. He may not have fully understood the complexities of publishing, but he knew, probably better than any of his competitors, how public perception could be manufactured. He knew firsthand what the press responded to, and he knew how to manipulate it.



In 1993, Evans hired a couple of Hollywood movie publicists to help him stage the kinds of events that would attract press coverage to Random House's books. It was something no other publisher had done. With Evans presiding, Random House hosted elegant lunches and dinners that featured panels of prominent people, many of them Evans's friends in government or the literary world, who debated topics in the latest Random House books. Random House held fabulous book parties, such as the 1995 party in Washington for Christopher Buckley's *Thank You for Smoking*—in which smoke machines that had been set up for ambience tripped an alarm and brought the D.C. Fire Department—and local reporters.

At Evans's suggestion, his marketing team organized the now famous monthly literary breakfasts held at Fred's, the trendy restaurant in Barneys. Also at Evans's suggestion, Random House's publicity people began taping the breakfasts, sending them free to 150 public radio stations around the country and to C-Span. In publishing, as in politics, the most expensive way to get attention for books is paid advertising; publicity on the TV news or in the papers and magazines is what publishers, like politicians, dream about. "Harry," says a book publicist, "figured out how to buy publicity."

"Harry really introduced the concept of the event," says Random House's publicity chief, Carol Schneider. If the Powell book tour raised questions about Evans's cynical manipulation of the American political process, the publicity it generated in



BLACK IS THE COLOR: Brown and Evans toward the end of an evening.

With his wife, Evans threw lavish parties for authors—many of whom, such as Jeffrey Toobin, Joe Klein, and Ken Auletta, worked for both halves of the couple. "He was in the news; his wife was in the news," says one editor. "Harry made publishing seem glamorous."

Over time, Evans brought Random House back into the limelight it had once occupied. Authors and their agents wanted their books at Random House, partly because it paid better than anyone else. It put pressure on other publishers. "If they want a book, they get it," says Henry Holt head Michael Naumann. And despite the commotion over *The Kiss* and all the talk that Evans published trash, Random House was regarded in publishing circles as a heavily commercial house but a quality house nevertheless. "To publish gilded

schlock with high-class literature is an art form of which Harry is a master," Naumann says admiringly.

Even competitors acknowledge that as far as attracting attention to his books, Harry Evans is almost peerless. "We are all fighting to make people as interested in books as they are in movies and TV and the fucking Internet. We need someone like Harry who reminds people in this country that there is still such a thing as the Book," says another editor-in-chief.

FOR ALL OF EVANS'S HIGH-FLOWN INDIGNATION ABOUT THE MORRIS book, there is evidence that he got a kick out of pushing his host country's Puritan buttons. Alan Rusbridger recalls that he had lunch with Evans in London shortly after it became known that

"Harry had signed up the man with the prostitute." Evans, according to Rusbridger, "was exasperated by the reaction. He thought it was quintessentially American. That it reeked of p.c. and humorlessness." But, Rusbridger says, "Harry was still thrilled by the deal, by the mischief it created."

The Morris deal was less thrilling from a financial standpoint. Evans says that Random House sold "about 200,000" copies of the Morris book. His young protégé Jonathan Karp, who edited Morris, says Random House shipped about 150,000 copies to bookstores, 35 percent of which were returned, which puts the number of books sold, by that count, at 97,500. A Random House source who requested anonymity, on the other hand, says that as of early June, only 80,922 copies of the book had been sold.

Whoever is right, the book was a disaster. By some estimates, Evans would have had to sell 500,000 copies to break even. Factoring in the advance of \$2.5 million and production and publicity costs, Random House may have lost somewhere close to \$1.5 million.

When I ask him about the sales of Morris's book, Harry Evans bristles. "I had thought," he says, "that (continued on page 90)

"Harry made the story of Random House himself. No decisions were to be made without Harry; no one was to speak about it but Harry."

the form of hard-news stories was a bookseller's fantasy. So was the story the *Wall Street Journal* ran about Evans's book *A Civil Action*, by Jonathan Harr. Competitors are certain that Evans leaked the story, but the tale of how Evans, trying to boost sales, had another jacket put on thousands of copies of the book while it was in the stores generated attention because it had never been done before. People were impressed. "With everything that happened on *Primary Colors*, you have to admire Harry's balls," one agent says. It was Evans's idea to call Joe Klein "Anonymous" instead of giving him a pseudonym, something he remembered a British politician's having done.

"Harry came in, and he made the story of Random House himself," a former editor at the imprint says. "From the beginning, his M.O. was to center things on himself. No decisions were to be made without Harry; no one was supposed to speak about Random House but Harry."

Haul of Fame

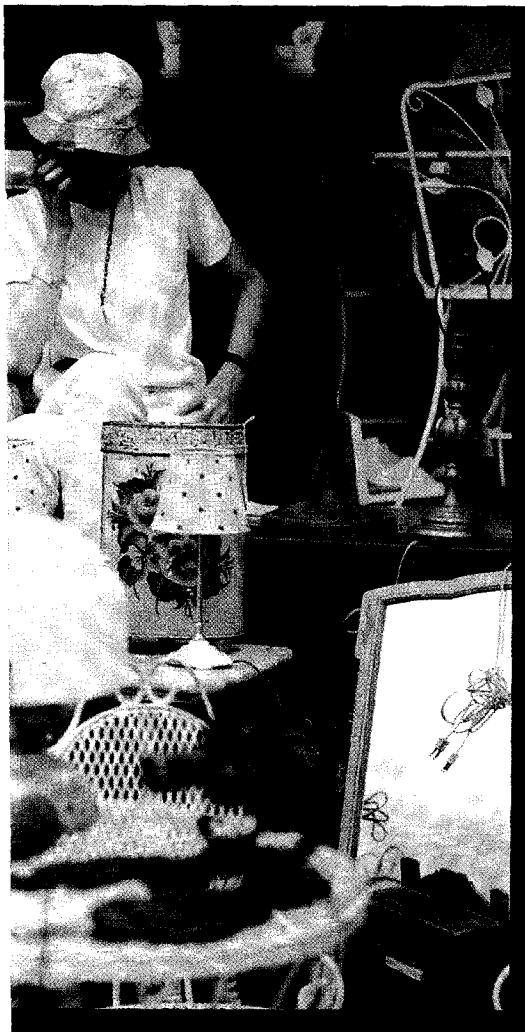


With Fiestaware and vintage fans on the brain, flea-marketeers converge on Brimfield for manic swapping and shopping. Is it worth the schlep?

By Rene Chun

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA GALLAGHER





JEFFREY BILHUBER, THE INTERIOR DESIGNER, EXPLAINS why he didn't go to Brimfield in May. "You have to wake up at an ungodly hour, it's freezing cold, the food is inedible, and you spend all day looking at a bunch of junk. Why should I make a special trip to be so miserable? I get enough of that when I go home to visit my parents for Christmas." Hey, nobody said working the country's biggest flea market would be easy. But Bilhuber knows whereof he speaks. Anyone who makes the Brimfield pilgrimage has to contend with chronic sleep deprivation (3:30 A.M. wake-up calls at the Green Acres Motel), apocalyptic weather (people still talk about the time a bus was impaled on a tent pole during a hurricane), and sub-Zagat cuisine (local delicacies include fried dough sprinkled with jimmies). ■ To the uninitiated, Brimfield is a small Hooterville of a town (population 3,000) located in south-central Massachusetts, where tens of thousands of hunter-gatherers from

Playing the fields: From left, one pilgrim's score; Downs Loewenberg and McFadden, mid-hunt; kitsch of the day; the mad dash at Heart-O-the-Mart.

all over the world, mainlining caffeine and jazzed on adrenaline, descend in search of everything from Fiestaware to Adirondack twig furniture. The show is vast and sprawling—more than 3,000 dealers spread out over a few hundred acres. Crowded, too. Epic traffic jams ensue. Queuing up for a Port-O-San becomes a way of life.

The Brimfield Outdoor Antique Show is a six-day gig (always Tuesday through Sunday) held three times a year: the second Tuesday in May, the first Tuesday after the Fourth of July, and the first Tuesday after Labor Day. Unlike most other outdoor events, Brimfield forges ahead in rain, snow, or shine. The show consists of more than twenty individual fields strung out along a one-and-a-quarter-mile stretch of Route 20. Madonna snagged a Tiffany-style lamp here a few years ago. Barbra Streisand, a serious vintage-clothing collector, has been spotted cruising the fields with pal Donna Karan. Whoopi Goldberg, Penny Marshall, Bill Cosby, Elton John—they've all been. And so, naturally, has Martha Stewart. Brimfield is the furniture world's answer to Bryant Park's fashion week. *Tout* New York puts in an appearance: John Birch from Wyeth, Evan Blum from Irreplaceable Artifacts, Larry Weinberg from Lin/Weinberg. Ralph Lauren's minions swing by every year to comb the fields for vintage Anglobilia.

The show generates tax revenue, but that doesn't mean the townspeople necessarily appreciate the free-spending, U-Haul-driving locusts in their midst. One SoHo dealer recalls: "I was walking down the road last year, and a school bus full of kids stuck their heads out the windows and shouted, 'Go home, fleas!' It's a love-hate thing. They love our money. But they hate us."

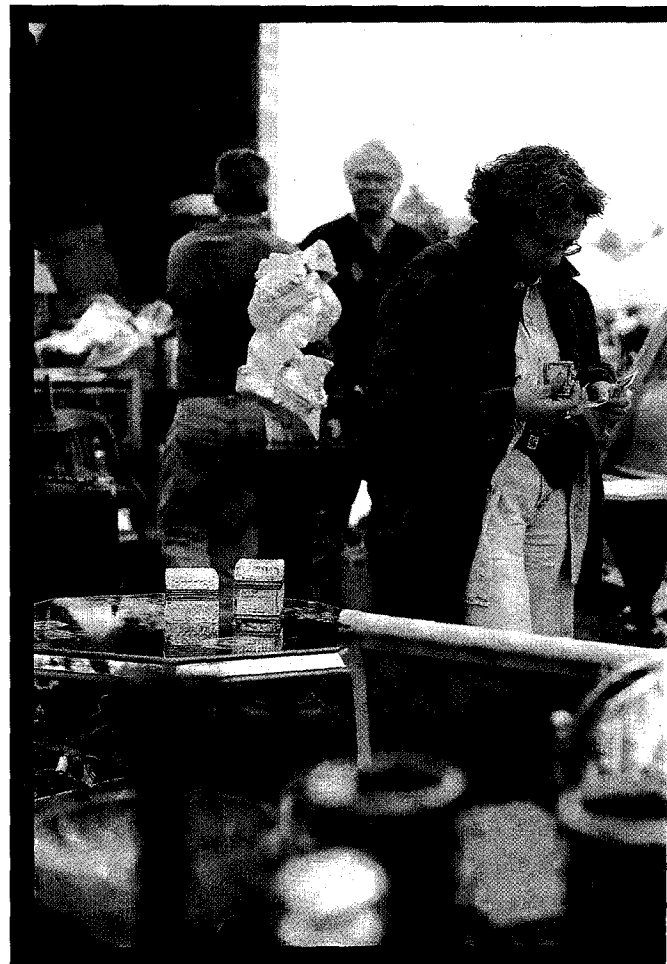
Should a sound-minded Manhattanite attempt Brimfield? Absolutely. You can flex your muscles at the 26th Street flea market only so much before you need a new playing field. Brimfield is the next level—the majors—where dealers go to stock their Madison Avenue shops. But to upgrade from 26th Street to Brimfield, you need a game plan. Without one, your first trip to "Grimfield" may be your last.

Everybody who comes to Brimfield carries immense rolls of \$100 bills, peeling them off with surprising speed, like a bank teller.

MONDAY, MAY 12

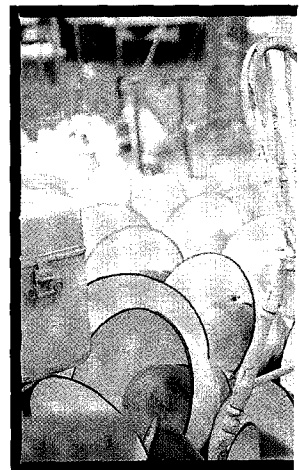
NEVER HIT BRIMFIELD ON THE WEEKEND. SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ARE strictly for civilians. "Go up on a Monday and come back Thursday," said Jim Elkind, the owner of Lost City Arts, a Lafayette Street store specializing in urban kitsch—Mobil signs and Bettie Page photographs. "But the show doesn't start until Tuesday," I replied smugly. "There's some town by-law that specifically states a merchant can't begin setting up until Monday night at midnight. And nothing can be purchased until daybreak Tuesday." Elkind smiled and shook his head. "On Monday, you'll see guys buying stuff out of the back of trucks parked out on the fields. Anyone can walk in and pose as a dealer. But even if you don't buy anything, you should get there no later than noon on Monday. Check into your hotel. Familiarize yourself with the lay of the land. Besides, you have to be ready to hit the fields at 4:30 A.M. Tuesday. You can't just traipse into these fields at noon." Why? Because the fields get picked over in the first half-hour, and you don't get a decent parking space. "This is serious stuff," said Elkind, completely straight-faced. "Brimfield isn't for wimps."

And so I arrive Monday at noon in the township of Brimfield: one stoplight, a pizza parlor, a police station, a town hall, a couple of gas stations, two churches, and hundreds of tents billowing in the wind. A caravan of trucks slogs down Route 20,



most of them stuffed with everything from *faux*-Chippendale chairs to copper architectural finials, the massive loads tied down with heavy rope, *Beverly Hillsbillies*-style.

Dealers are furiously buying and selling merchandise everywhere I look. In one field, I see an alabaster lamp being passed from dealer to dealer like a baton in a relay race. With each successive sale, its price doubles. The \$30 lamp ultimately becomes a \$120 lamp. Tomorrow, it will sell for twice that. I am able to poke around without seeming like an imposter; the dealers unloading their trucks assume that only a fellow dealer would be in Brimfield this early. There is nothing I want terribly. But all around me, deals are being struck: trades, promises, consignments. Polaroids are being handed around like party favors. The things pictured are also for sale, but for some reason they aren't here—they are too big, too delicate, or too valuable. (Downtown dealer Bleecker Bob is here, hawking a half-million-dollar Modigliani bust from a photograph.) I realize that some of the merch has actually been spoken for weeks ago and has just been brought along to hand off to the buyers. I also realize that





The sweat of their brow: Clockwise from left, cash goes a long way at Brim; Jim Elkind; flea-market fodder today, *Martha Stewart Living's* cover tomorrow.

number of dealers rent booths not so much to sell as to buy from other dealers before the gates open to the common man.

Everybody carries immense rolls of \$100 bills, peeling them off with surprising speed, like a bank teller. One dealer claims to be carrying \$100,000 in cash. The pockets of his safari jacket are bulging. I don't doubt him: I'd already heard that when New York dealer Alan Moss does Brimfield, he walks around with \$50,000 in his wallet. (Be sure to bring cash. There's a trailer with a bank of ATMs, but lines are long, and the machines invariably run out.)

Cash is the preferred form of currency and will sometimes fetch the better price; merchants will accept checks or credit cards, but usually only if you're a dealer they have a relationship with.

I am overwhelmed, and the show hasn't even started. I drive to my hotel—a Ramada Inn in Auburn, about 30 minutes east of Brimfield—and check in. After watching *Jerry Maguire* on pay-per-view, I call up the front desk and request my 3:30 A.M. wake-up call. I look at my watch: 9 P.M. The last time I went to bed this early, I had a baby-sitter.

TUESDAY, MAY 13

IT IS 4:30 A.M., AND I'M DRESSED IN LAYERS: LONG UNDERWEAR (don't laugh; it's been known to snow at the May show), heavy-weight khakis, a sweater, a trench coat, two pairs of socks, Timberland boots. Later, I realize that the Brimfield uniform is Levi's 501s, a Polarfleece vest, Carhartt jacket, fingerless gloves, and Nike Air hiking boots. The must-have accessory is a Motorola walkie-talkie; with fields this vast, partners tend to split up. There is no PA system to page missing persons.

The most elementary thing to know about Brimfield is what day and time every field opens and closes. Some fields are open all six days, others only two or three. Certain dealers set up their booths in only one field, while others rove to different fields as the week progresses. As for the all-important opening times, they range from "daybreak" (4:20 A.M.) to noon. These staggered opening times dictate each day's field-hopping itinerary. For instance, the basic strategy on Tuesday might be to start at Sturtevant's field (with a daybreak opening time), located at the far-east end of Route 20, and travel west, ending at the Dealer's Choice field, which opens at 11 A.M. on the opposite end of the strip. Most people backtrack throughout the day—

the spaces are simply too big, the booths too crowded, for everything to be discovered in the first helter-skelter assault. And while the larger fields that charge \$3 to \$5 admission (Dealer's Choice, May's, J&J, Heart-O-the-Mart) tend to attract better goods, there is no real hierarchy. The faster you get onto a field, the better. Plenty of serious collectors are milling around, wearing T-shirts advertising their specific fields of interest. One is silk-screened I COLLECT FIESTAWARE. A one-legged man hops by on crutches, screaming "Cast iron! Any cast iron?" The handle of a skillet protrudes from his backpack.

For Brimfield virgins, Tuesday is usually a write-off. The pace is frenetic, the surroundings unfamiliar, and the day long—a twelve-hour endurance course. You will be tempted to buy something—anything—because everyone else around you will be spending like a Lotto winner. It's not a crime to go back to your hotel empty-handed. Your eyes have to be conditioned to filter out the junk. By the end of the week, you will be able to home in on a Thonet bentwood chair like the Terminator.

Jim Elkind, who's been coming to Brimfield for twenty years, doesn't even stay at a hotel. He owns a vacation house on a lake about 30 minutes outside of town. Elkind makes his first purchase at the Meadows—eight traffic lights for \$320. They're in great shape and are all rewired for home use. Strange as it seems, this is a bread-and-butter item for Elkind. Traffic lights are in demand at restaurants like T.G.I. Friday's and nightclubs in the Midwest. Because they are so unmistakably American, they are also popular among Euro-dealers. Bought at \$40 apiece, each will retail for \$350 back in New York. Ten minutes later, Elkind makes another quick hit: two Deco hanging lamps. He takes a magnet out of his pocket to test the metal; if it sticks, the lamps are ferrous and not worth the asking price. The magnet doesn't stick. They're brass. New glass panels need to be cut, but \$500 for the pair is still a fair price.

Between fields, I return to my car and slough off some layers. The temperature has risen from the mid-forties at daybreak to the seventies by 11 A.M. "Your car is home base," I was told by one particularly anal Brimfield veteran. "Think of yourself as an astronaut, and the car as your space station. Remember: The car is your lifeline." The car should be used to store clothes, "smalls" (a small is anything that can fit in your hands: pottery, small lamps, etc.), fresh fruit, and gallon bottles of water. It should be parked as close as possible to the strip. At a stipulat-

Getting There

The next two Brimfield shows are slated for July 8 through 13 and September 2 through 7.

Brimfield isn't as convenient as the 26th Street flea market, but it about equals a Friday-night mid-season trip to the Hamptons in terms of travel time, and the directions are a cinch. Plan on a three-and-a-half-hour drive from New York (167 miles). Take I-95 North to I-91 North to Hartford, to I-84 East to Sturbridge; exit onto Route 20 West. Proceed on Route 20 West for approximately six miles. Look for lots of tents flanking both sides of the road. The traffic volume increases exponentially with each successive day of the show. By Saturday, Route 20 looks like the Santa Monica Freeway during rush hour. Even with the staggered show openings, traffic returning east at the end of each day in the direction of Sturbridge is something you don't want to subject yourself to. Insider tip: Head west toward Springfield and pick up the Massachusetts Turnpike (Route 90) in Palmer, which is fifteen minutes down the road from Brimfield.

For show and field information, the Quabog Valley Chamber of Commerce offers a good, comprehensive schedule for \$5 (413-283-2418). And *The New England Antiques Journal* features three Brimfield issues every year, which contain a map, field opening times, and other useful information. A subscription to the *Journal* is \$12 (to order, call 800-432-3505).

ed time, cars and trucks are allowed onto the fields, and the schlepping begins. Traffic can be so congested that it can take as long as two hours to pick up your things and exit a single section. (Insider's tip: Ben E. Daniels is the only guy who will pick up your things from the field and deliver them one week later to your home in New York, for \$1.50 per cubic foot; \$200 minimum. Find him at the yellow-and-white tent right in front of the Meadows on Route 20; call 800-854-7988 for information before the show or to leave messages.)

Elkind makes several other purchases during the day, including a pair of wrought-iron chaises longues he buys for \$550, which he "flips" 30 minutes later to a dealer from Long Island for \$800. He also makes a side trip to a picker's van where he finds a standing Diehl fan in cherry condition (\$700) and a Machine Age waffle-maker (\$200).

But the best is yet to come: a photograph of the U.S.S. *Akron* dirigible by Margaret Bourke-White. It is leaning against a table at ankle height. But even though the field has been open for almost two hours, nobody else has noticed it. "This is one of the few advantages of being short," quips Elkind. The dealer wants \$1,500 cash. A steal, considering that Ralph Lauren paid \$9,900 for the same image seven years ago at Sotheby's. Elkind is euphoric. "This is the quintessential twentieth-century *objet*," he says matter-of-factly, holding the framed print above his head like a trophy. I ask him how much he'll sell it for. "It's not for sale," he says flatly. "I'm going to hang it in my bedroom."

are wrapped in newspaper and placed in the two laundry carts that trundle behind both women like extra appendages.

Watching Sarah and Ginger work the fields is a crash course in Brimfield protocol. Never begin a sentence with the words "I'll give you . . ." (New York attitude doesn't fly at Brimfield. Prices rise accordingly.) The proper line, even if you're not a dealer, is "What's the dealer's?" After you are quoted the figure, you then politely respond, "Would you consider . . . ?" Don't forget, they know the difference between a fair offer and an insult. Brimfield lore: A New Yorker sees a vase marked \$100 and says to the dealer, "I'll give you \$2 for that." Incensed, the dealer smashes the vase on the ground, and says, "There. Now it's worth \$2." Saturday and Sunday are the blue-light-special days, the theory being that the dealer won't want to bother loading things back on the truck again. And while customers grouse that prices have risen dramatically in recent years, they're still half what people can expect to pay in a Manhattan shop.

More etiquette: The person who first touches a piece gets first dibs. One woman was using a broomstick to reach over competitors to claim a bureau. A cardinal rule of flea markets: If it's small, take it with you; if the piece is too large to carry, put it aside and mark it clearly as *yours* (carry stickers, if possible). Not only have dealers been known to resell

At 9 A.M. a bell rings, signaling that Heart-O-the-Mart is open. With the gates unlatched, hundreds of middle-aged dealers make like college kids running with the bulls at Pamplona.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14

TODAY I AM FOLLOWING VIRGINIA "GINGER" MCFADDEN AND HER husband, Ken Ludacer, owners of Beall & Bell, an antiques store in Greenport. They're here with Sarah Downs Loewenberg, co-owner of Dixon Rose Antiques, a similar store in Water Mill. All are shopping the same aesthetic, a sort of Waspified shabby chic. In addition to filling her store, Sarah needs to furnish a practically empty 200-year-old Cape house with two bedrooms in Sag Harbor that she's renting out for the summer.

"To see this much merchandise, we'd have to go to a month's worth of auctions," says Ginger. "And just because you attend these auctions, it doesn't mean you're necessarily going to end up getting what you want. Here at Brimfield, we know that we can fill up that jumbo U-Haul every time." Ginger and Sarah are so frantic to get going, they're practically hyperventilating. Ken has wisely chosen to work the fields solo and meet up with them later. He issues a parting directive: "Wobbly legs on tables and chairs are unacceptable. I don't want to see any wobbly legs."

Throughout the day, the pair will plant themselves in front of the gates to get a jump on the opposition. At 9 A.M., a bell rings signaling that Heart-O-the-Mart is open. The security guards unlatch the gates, and hundreds of middle-aged dealers make like college kids running with the bulls at Pamplona. A brass bed frame (\$225), a coat rack (\$40), a lamp (\$16), a side table (\$95), a medicine cabinet (\$120), a Surrealist painting (\$40)—as soon as something is purchased, Sarah slaps a Dixon Rose sticker on and scribbles the booth number in a notebook for pickup later. Small

If you sell it, they will come (clockwise from top): Sherlock Holmes could have a field day here; you don't have to be a Westphalian baron to love stuffed bears and antlers; special-interest shopping.



merch by accident or to higher bidders, but the piece can be stolen or damaged. Conversely, just because something bears a SOLD sticker doesn't mean it isn't still for grabs. Ask how much it sold for. Leave a note taped to the piece with your name and phone number. Brimfield is like Casablanca: *Everything* is for sale.

By noon, the women have accreted enough stuff to fill a Toyota pickup, a van, and a large U-Haul. In the parking lot, the two women relax on wicker chairs while Ken systematically packs the U-Haul. There are pieces everywhere, more than enough to furnish two antiques stores and the rental. Not bad for \$12,000. "I'm so pleased," says Sarah. "The competition among Hamptons dealers at Brimfield for this kind of thing has become so fierce. Hunters & Collectors, Sage Street, Ruby Beets—it was like war out there today. I didn't even have time to check the condition of the pieces or bargain properly."

Ken looks up from the back of the truck, a side table in his hands. "Who bought the table with the wobbly legs?"

THURSDAY, MAY 15

I'M PUMPING GAS, AND IT'S RAINING SO HARD, IT SOUNDS LIKE MARBLES hitting the pavement. I knew the weather was too good to be true. Everybody told me it would rain during the May show. It was only a question of when. For a moment, I am tempted to head back to Manhattan. But I can't: May's opens today. May's is arguably the most popular field at Brimfield. It's the only field in the show where a neophyte like me theoretically has the same chance as a dealer. Merchants are not allowed to begin unloading their vehicles until the gates open, so everyone has an equal shot at the best pieces. And here, the rules *are* enforced. Two dealers are spotted negotiating a price before the gates open and get the boot.

By the time I arrive at Brimfield, the rain has miraculously stopped. I trudge toward May's. It is here—on this field—that I become a convert. For the past ten years, I have been looking for an antique dictionary stand, one of those wheeled contraptions that holds a Webster's unabridged open and ready for pe-



rusal. I'd come to the conclusion that they simply didn't exist. But it's here that I spot one. Amazing. I had somehow managed to screen out all the garbage surrounding it—the gothic lamp that looked like something on an Ed Wood set, the file cabinets retrieved from some army base. Even the stack of sap buckets.

The dictionary stand was made in Chicago, in the twenties. I

Where to Stay

Ideally, you want to book a room in a Sturbridge hotel, because it's only seven miles from Brimfield. The proximity cuts down on travel time (by Thursday, morning traffic is bumper-to-bumper). Unfortunately, everybody else wants to stay in Sturbridge, too. To secure a reservation during the busiest shows (May and September), call early, very early—six months to one year in advance, to be exact. Good news for those who don't mind 100-degree heat and 90 percent humidity: Finding a room in Sturbridge for the July show (which attracts two thirds the number of merchants there in May) requires only a month's notice. Prices during peak season are in the \$50-to-\$130-a-night range. High rollers should check into the Sturbridge Host Hotel; the Host's "Presidential Suite" goes for \$290 a night and includes a fireplace and a lake view. Those who can't find a hotel in Sturbridge will have to settle for accommodations somewhere in the outlying area (Auburn, Chicopee, Springfield, Worcester). Rooms here can be booked one month in advance even for the May show and can cost as little as \$35 a night. Most hotels require a three-night minimum stay. Lodging listings may be obtained by calling the Sturbridge Area Information Center (800-628-8379).

check the sticker: \$200. The old man is firm on the price. "You can't find these things anymore." You're telling me. I hand him the money. Just as he pockets the cash, a dealer asks, "How much for the dictionary stand?" The old man just grunts and points at me. "Sold. To the young man with the good eye."

Later, at Crystal Brook, a smaller field that one promoter dismissed as "strictly a junkfest," I score again. Booth No. 13 is a dealer selling vintage watches. I immediately key in on a Breitling chronograph, early fifties. Feeling a bit cocky, I inquire, "What's the dealer's on the Breitling?" He doesn't blink. "Nine hundred dollars." It is low, even for wholesale. The same watch in New York would be \$1,800. I can't believe the next words out of my mouth. "I don't want to insult you, but would you consider \$650?" He winces. "How about \$700?" I pinch myself. "Done."

He explains that a strong dollar has kept the Japanese and Europeans away this year. "You're lucky," he says. "Normally, I would have sold out all my inventory by the third day. You got a very good price." I don't argue with him. I strap on the Breitling and head toward the parking lot. A half-hour later, I am offered \$950 for it in the International Food Court.

The sun is shining, the temperature now hovering near 80 degrees. Walking down the strip, I notice a woman in a van easing out of a field. Just before she makes her turn, something on a dealer's table catches her eye. The woman rolls down her window: "What's the price on the tea cozy?"

I am tempted to stay another day. J&J, the oldest and largest field at Brimfield, owned by the man who started the show, Gordon Reid Sr., and now run by two of his daughters, is opening on Friday. The word is that these two women are a class act—only first-rate dealers allowed, no sap buckets. Jim Elkind confirms that J&J is a quality field. But he also says it isn't a must. "Quite a bit of the merchandise there will be retreads," he says. "You've been here four days. It's enough. Go home and enjoy your dictionary stand."

THAT WEEKEND, I HEARD THAT THE WEATHER HAD TURNED UGLY AT Brimfield. Rain and hail had pelted the tents on Friday. Temperatures were frigid. There was even some snow reported in the surrounding area. Two women had gone into labor at the show. A dealer had pulled a gun on another dealer in the midst of a heated argument. A man had been arrested for attempted rape after luring a woman into his truck. And a rumor was going around that a dealer had keeled over (not true, though there have been plenty of fatal heart attacks on the fields). Jim Elkind was right. Brimfield isn't for wimps.

IT'S AN AVERAGE DAY ON THE SET OF *ODDVILLE*, MTV, MUSIC Television's newest creation. The stage is in order, with its bowling trophy, hanging sombrero, and framed lobster. The talent, amateur as it may be, is working its TV magic: A guy from Long Island smokes cigarettes with his ear. "The Alarming Ashley Curtis" makes car-alarm noises by karate-chopping her throat while shrieking. Host Frank Hope leans forward in awe and admiration. "Oh, boy!" he says, scratching his head. "That's a good skill to have, I guess!"

Manhattanites tuning in may feel a wave of déjà vu. *Oddville*, which recently debuted in a nightly eleven o'clock time slot, is a modified version of *Beyond Vaudeville*, which ran on local cable-access channels from 1986 until last September. Avoiding ugly phrases like *side show* (and even the milder *squirrel show*), MTV is marketing its program as "a celebration of uniquely gifted people." Hope, at 35, is merely doing what he has done since his days of putting on amateur nights at NYU: offering a platform to a clamoring mob of unrecognized talent. People who eat lightbulbs and do interesting things with saliva will finally have their moment in the sun.

FRANK HOPE IS A POLITE AND BE-fuddled host. Dressed in seventies-style V-necks and horn-rimmed glasses, he loves all acts equally and believes everything he hears. His expression is one of humility, tinged with a vague concern that his show is veering out of control. At times it appears he is looking off-camera for help. Which is ironic—given that Frank Hope's real name is Rich Brown, and that Rich Brown has spent a decade polishing and perfecting the air of discomfort he projects so well.

Even in his role as producer of *Oddville*, Brown undoubtedly has a lot of Frank Hope inside him. Still, the years have sharpened Hope into a persona all his own. Rich Brown faxes waivers to future bookings; Frank Hope does not. Brown holds a master's degree in journalism from Columbia, and has worked as New York bureau chief for the *Hollywood Reporter* and as associate editor of *Broadcasting & Cable*; Hope collects Wacky Packs and Bob Goulet albums. Brown is well connected and savvy; Hope is well intentioned and slouchy.

Both enjoy Tiny Tim.

BY MARSHALL SELLA

IN ITS DAY, *BEYOND VAUDEVILLE* WAS part variety show and part fever dream. It was the sort of grotesque high art one finds only on late-night cable access. Hope would kick off the show with a bona fide celebrity—asking Tom Arnold what kind of toys he had as a child in Iowa, or showing Shirley Jones his *Partridge Family* lunchbox. Next would come the Talent. Possibly, you'd see an elderly man singing "Rock Around the Clock" in Yiddish. Or a severe woman with straight brown hair would do lengthy interpretive dances set to Mahler while dressed in a cape—all in her lifelong mission to "make the character of Underdog more dignified." At the end, a masked figure called Joey the Dancing Monkey would come out and taunt David Greene, the show's silent and apparently deranged sidekick, into slapping him or trying to knock him down. It took very little effort on Joey's part

to accomplish this. Cutaway shots of the open-mouthed celebrity guest added production value to the palpable sense of fear and violence.

It's just this brand of quality entertainment that resides in *Oddville*, MTV. By some awful miracle, the network has not altered the essence of the cable-access show. Most of the old gang, from the dancing monkey to the logo designer, have been swept along for the ride. Granted, David Greene is no longer permitted to attack Joey or even punch the hand puppets that peek out from behind the couch. The celebrity guests are bigger stars: Andy Dick, Stephen Baldwin. Since music is the meat and drink of MTV, a hot band such as Hanson or the Bloodhound Gang now finishes up each show. And with more than two cameras to catch the action, *Oddville* can be taped in the party-room Dutch-angle style that MTV has practically trademarked. Nevertheless, Frank Hope still presides helplessly over the spectacle, leaning forward and cupping his ear to savor his guests' unique abilities. "There's a kind of pure joy when these people perform," he says. "It's like at a wedding when somebody's uncle gets up and sings. Everyone in the room enjoys it; the uncle loves it. That's the stuff that makes this work. If you get to the point where you're laughing at the performer, it's not funny anymore."

THE WIZARD OF ODD

After a decade on cable access, quirk connoisseur *FRANK HOPE* (a.k.a. Frank Hope) is packing up his motley crew and moving to MTV.

ON A BALMY JUNE MORNING, RICH Brown is working late in his midtown office on the thirty-second floor at MTV. His desk sits beneath crossed strands of Christmas lights. The filing cabinet includes such entries as *PACKRATS*, *LIBERACE*, and *OLD PEOPLE*; only here would *SINGERS* and *STAR TREK* have a file called *STALKERS* jammed in between. Hanging on the wall are 26 photos of cult leader Marshall Herff Applewhite—alas, now difficult to book.

He wearily eyes the lineup board. Eli "Glass in Mouth" Rarey is squared away, but there are a few inexplicable entries beneath the rubric NOT RETURNING CALLS: notably, Mr. Spoons and the Lady Who Burps the Alphabet. But Brown does not despair. He looks instead to names of acts that are booked for sure. The Seagull Girl is always reliable; so is Grape Floater Louis Somma. And then there's Tim Geoghegan, whose talent is listed simply as "monkey face and eyeballs," to look forward to. "I just can't believe this is all happening after so many years," Brown says, staring out his window over the river. "None of it seems real." How does Brown envision *Oddville*? Even after years writing about TV for the trades, he's at a loss. "It's a show where . . . where anyone who deserves to be a star becomes a star," he says. "That's . . . well, sure, that's just what it is!"

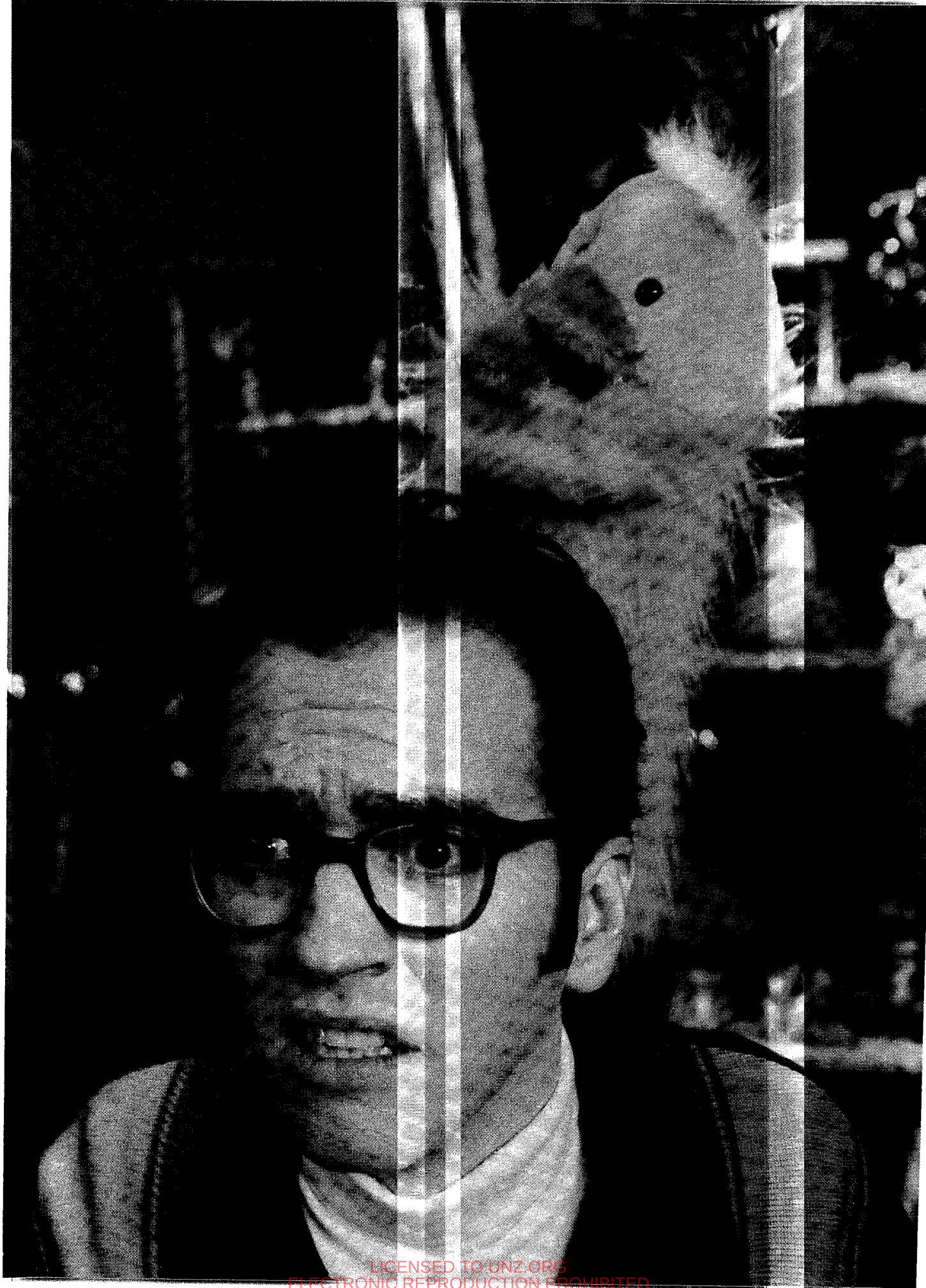
OF COURSE, IT'S NO MEAN TRICK TO FLUSH OUT THE GRAPE FLOATERS and Bug Eaters who keep *Oddville* afloat. Brown is always on the lookout for new acts. One night, after taping, he cabs from *Oddville*'s Queens studio to the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Club—a Midtown hotel for military transients. It is the evening of a Beaux Arts Society ball, and this is Frank Hope's natural habitat: a vortex where satire doesn't exist.

The party room's pale-yellow walls are covered with old prints of fox hunts and George Washington. Charles Ward, the last surviving Ink Spot, is singing "If I Didn't Care," while unknown celebrities of every stripe hov-

(continued on page 81)

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEFFEN THALEMANN
FOR NEW YORK

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THE HAUTE ZONE

PARIS SIMMERS WITH delicious innuendo: Tales of chefs rising like caramelized phoenixes from the flames of defeat. Of three-stars dangling in financial distress, one even plunging into bankruptcy. Of Michelin all-stars relying on boil-and-serve packages. Is the food world bitchier than any other? Or does it just seem so because I'm wired into the chatter?

Enough of knaves and kings. Let's speak of cabbages. Parisian bread, like New York's, is better than ever, and restaurants vie to serve the most paralyzing variety of house-baked petits pains. Even chain bakeries stock a dazzling array of options—olive, nut, sesame, semolina, *ancien*, not so *ancien*. But in the name of health, the waistline, and pinched pocketbooks, many



*You come for foie gras,
naturally, but now
there are prix fixe
bargains, fusion food,
and L.A. bars. Paris
is burning.
By Gael Greene*

Parisians are drinking and eating less. (Parisians like to pose as cholesterol agnostics, but there's no ignoring those abused livers that cry out in the night.) As the keepers of the priciest tables keep starting little discount bistros and offering cut-rate lunch, their former protégés are opening restaurants where the prudent prix fixe rules—with innards and odd parts (beef cheeks, calves' tongues, oxtails) to batten down food costs. What follows is a report from a month in Paris, where a few go-for-broke splurges spiced up the hunt for the best in bargain dining. And the dollar, sturdier now against the faltering franc, sweetens the stew, though you may scarcely notice the blessing as you surrender \$270 per person for grandeur-with-a-limp at the town's newest three-star, Restaurant Alain Ducasse.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE JEAN VERGER
FOR NEW YORK

E GRAS DES LANDES POLANS

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If I had just one night to eat in Paris, I'd head for **L'Ami Louis** (32 rue du Vertbois, 3rd arrondissement; 33-1-48-87-77-48), of course. Seasoned travelers don't need me to wallow in images of excess at this happy frump of a joint—the essential brick of foie gras, the glorious côte de boeuf and baby lamb, the buttery pommes béarnaise with its staccato of raw garlic almost as outrageous as the dinner tab, easily \$250 for two (that is, if you can resist the mushrooms and asparagus, at \$100 per craving).

When the need for raffish L'Ami Louis-esque exuberance at a price strikes, two other great restaurants meet down-home expectations. **Chez Jean** (52 rue Lamartine, 9th arrondissement; 33-1-48-78-62-73) is not for sissies. Its rollicking anthems are for gourmands. Like the big galette-wrapped bundle of cèpes, pig's foot, and foie gras, a rich madness that two of us absolutely have to have and that one of us, truly insatiable, follows with pork cheeks, bacon, and potato stewed in a marmite. Tour d'Argent alumnus Pierre Jay, all by himself in a broom closet of a kitchen, can do no wrong, except for a preposterous crème brûlée of crustaceans, a tepid custard glue. Even the breast of his guinea hen, baked whole in salt for two, is miraculously juicy. Its fries, cooked in goose fat and crusty caramelized cabbage, inspire happy moans. Beef shoulder braised in curry butter on pumpkin purée with a grilled-scallion banner is a triumph of butter, butter, and butter. True, the room is crowded and plain, but how petty to complain, given the \$30 prix fixe.

You might find the abundance scary: wide curls of smoked salmon cloaking an overblown artichoke lodged in a hill of céleri rémoulade. But nothing fazes our crew, lured here by the raves of *Le Point's* critic Gilles Pudlowski. The good-looking chef emerges from the kitchen to study us with almost otherworldly light eyes. Can we handle dessert? Silly question. I can still taste the revved-up apricot of the feuillantine, the crème fraîche tempering the sweetness of a warm fig tart, and the surprise of fresh raw mango chunks in caramelized custard cream.

Friends I've sent to **La Régale** (49 Avenue Jean Moulin, 14th arrondissement; 44-1-45-45-68-58) for the \$30 Parisian soul-food prix fixe now send their friends, too. So I'm back again, crowded into a bare table draped with a couple of dish towels in this dark-wood-paneled plain-Jeanne roost, worried that success has the staff running on automatic pilot. A wait-

Chez Jean chef Pierre Jay, alone in a broom closet of a kitchen, can do no wrong—except for a preposterous crème brûlée of crustaceans.



Pretty as a postcard: Au Bon Accueil proprietor Jacques Lacipiere.

ress drops off a terrine (as irresistible as remembered), pickles in a jar, and crusty peasant bread. It's help-yourself. Last time, we slivered away till more than half of the rough meat loaf had disappeared. No chance tonight. Too quickly, our waitress snatches it away with a snarl. "It's just an *amuse-gueule*," she scolds, meaning a small offering from the chef to set the mood—not dinner. Sufficiently chastised, we revive and dip into "*la cochonaille de la maison familiale*," the all-you-can-eat sausage basket. We're all still flirting with the salami when the cranky server returns to discipline us again, swooping away the basket so she can deliver the lamb and white beans, salmon cooked in salt with lentils, splendid guinea hen, and my favorite, boudin parmentier (a hash of crumbled blood sausage and mashed potato glazed under the broiler). All this good grub, plus desserts like rice pudding, prune-Armagnac tourtière, and mirabelle clafouti, has folks begging for tables, often settling for late supper. Dinner for

two costs less than the asparagus at L'Ami Louis. That explains the bum's rush but doesn't excuse it.

SHE WAS DOMINIC NAHMias, the glamorous cook in red leather pumps, a society pet during the glory years of nouvelle cuisine. Now split from her mate, she's Dominic Versini, and there is no sign of her or her red shoes as we nibble the tiniest olives I've ever seen at **Casa Olympe** (48 rue Saint-Georges, 9th arrondissement; 33-1-42-85-26-01). The grand Venetian chandelier seems curiously out of sync in this narrow pocket of a place with unadorned walls painted mustard. Parisian gurus have warned us that the \$37 prix fixe menu is limited and the cooking uneven. But small doesn't matter if roasted lamb shoulder for two is the

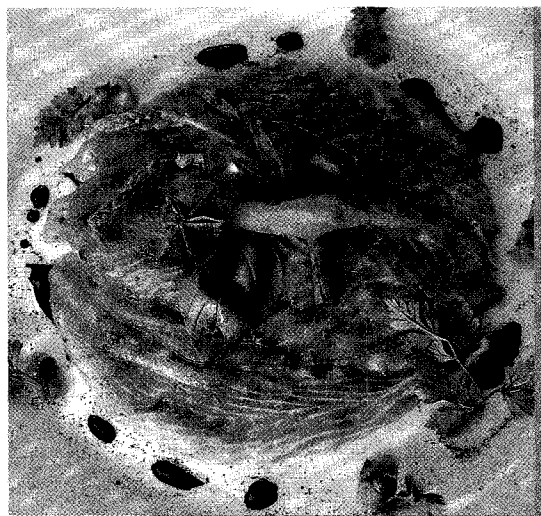
special. The crisply sweet char of the meat, the greasy cubes of potatoes and garlic cloves *en chemises*, are impossibly beguiling. Our friend's entrecôte, deglazed with wine (\$4 extra), satifies, too, blurring memories of oversouped mesclun and slivered sardines needing lemon on an hors d'oeuvre plate with a brilliantly dressed julienne of beets. Granted, tonight's eggplant roulade with a melt of goat cheese is just a minor event. But we'll remember the boudin wrapped in crackling phyllo and a fondant of chocolate in a deep, dark, seriously bitter chocolate sauce that makes me happy I'm grown-up enough to adore it.

The newly relit Eiffel Tower looms in the distance as if it were a stage prop, though the jaded diners at the sidewalk tables of **Au Bon Accueil** (14 rue de Montessuy, 7th arrondissement; 33-1-47-05-46-11) hardly seem to notice it. But it speeds

the pulse of tourists like us. Smartly dressed bourgeoisie of the neighborhood, dropping by this crowded bistro where Bacchus smiles over the mahogany bar, don't want to believe there's no space after 9 P.M. ("But we live around the corner," I hear them protesting.) We've reserved, but still we stand for fifteen minutes getting trampled at the door. The crush fails to taint the bonhomie of the patron and his crew as they reel and pirouette in nonexistent aisles. Don't expect culinary epiphany, just sprightly freshness. You won't be disappointed by sparkling salmon carpaccio, the jellied terrine of crayfish and kidney, the crisp-skinned and rosy-rare salmon with a kick of balsamic vinegar. The kitchen's respect for haricots verts has us marveling. Our steak-and-potatoes fan grudgingly approves his butter-brushed filet alongside pommes purée, even though the steak is sliced (treachery in his book). Then on to pungent sorbets, warm chocolate tart, or bracingly citric lemon tart, finale to the gentle \$24 prix fixe.

Nîmes-born chef Flora Mikula brings a bite of Provence to **Les Olivades** (41 avenue de Ségur, 7th arrondissement; 33-1-47-83-70-09), with its country cotton prints, painted-wood cicadas tacked on the walls, and gratis olives. House-made rolls, meant to dip or spread with tapenade, eggplant purée, and herbed fromage blanc in a trio of small ramekins, bridge the pause till dinner appears. Choose from the \$29 menu or order à la carte (entrées from \$17 to \$22). Eggplant-goat-cheese terrine and greasy but delectable vegetable fritters in a fierce anchoïade are typical starters. Sautéed calamari gets a peppery lift. Honey, rosemary, lemon, and whole garlic cloves flavor slightly chewy saddle of rabbit. Picodon, an oil-and-herb-marinated goat cheese from Provence, is an authentic finale. But we choose sweets instead—lavender crème brûlée and a roasted peach, discordantly spiked with rosemary.

Bumped from the Tour d'Argent after being indicted for taking cash gifts from a fishmonger, chef Manuel Martínez leaped from that frying pan back into a fire of critics' applause around the corner at **Le Relais Louis XIII** (8 rue des Grands-Augustins, 6th arrondissement; 33-1-43-26-75-96). So far, he's not touched a tapestry, a royal portrait, or a brass nail head of the quaint, rather dated royal-hunting-lodge look. But his classic sensibility and \$45 prix fixe (\$35 at lunch, about \$60 à la carte) have had the spot fully booked since the first gleeful quack of the critics last September. As usual, I'm peeved by the sexism of no prices on the menus given to women. The insult is quickly forgotten as I taste the quivering chicken mousse with its hidden foie gras, its



Just when I
think I have a
terminal case of
duck-breast
ennui, the meaty
bird at Le Relais
Louis restores
my faith.

The raw and the cooked: Salmon carpaccio at Au Bon Accueil; brique de foie gras at Chez L'Aml Louis.

crown of white truffle, the bits of frog's leg, girolle mushrooms, and the hit of garlic in a rich herb-green bouillon. Two lobster-stuffed ravioli are napped with an intense crème de cèpes. Just when I think I have a terminal case of total duck-breast ennui, this spectacularly meaty bird with fresh figs and the traditional filip of turnips restores my faith. The crisps of skin and leg meat chopped and folded into mashed potatoes is served as an encore. The rump steak comes with a small spoon to attack the tall marrowbone beside a potato mille-feuille in still another impressive sauce. And then a ravishing crème brûlée of fruit-studded fromage blanc. "*Quelle formidable*," wrote *Le Nouvel Observateur's* Philippe Coudert a week after the launch. *Absolument*.

Paris has discovered the rest of the world. And by God, it's edible. **Shozan** (11 rue de la Tremoille, 8th arrondissement; 33-1-47-23-37-32), with its expensive minimalism, burnished-wood paneling, putty-hued linen, and Franco-Japonais cuisine, makes sushi, sashimi, and tempura quite stylish for an affluent caboodle that trips from Dior to the Plaza Athénée to La Maison du Chocolat in the 8th arrondissement. Always wary of hyphenated cuisine, I am surprised by the clean crispness of deep-fried oysters and the moistness of marinated chicken with seaweed-stippled rice on the \$35 prix fixe lunch that is supposed to include a glass of wine (only mine never comes). I'm wary of chain feederies too, but **Thai Elephant** (43-45 rue de la Roquette, 11th arrondissement; 33-1-47-00-42-00), out of Bangkok's Blue Elephant Group, is worth relaxing my snobbery. The waiters wearing sarongs and pantaloons and the décor of Thai carvings, babbling pools, and rain-forest foliage must feel authentically exotic in Paris. But for those of us who teathed in the ethnic motley of Manhattan, it falls somewhere between theme-park and Trader Vic's. Still, the stuffed chicken wings, papaya salad, spicy shrimp-and-pomelo salad, and

caramelized spareribs provide a tropical escape for the locals at about \$50 per person. And it's good enough to tempt Moulin de Mougins' celebrated chef, Roger Vergé, into a repeat visit.

Even though I have committed myself to total immersion in foie gras, I feel I must steal a night to savor the pleasures of Moroccan cooking—so rarely done well in New York. Behind a

rustic studded wooden door with a metal tattooed Berber hand as a knocker is **Oum El Banine** (16 et 16 bis rue Dufrenoy, 16th arrondissement; 33-1-45-04-91-22). Think Rick's Café Américain in *Casablanca*—the play of light and shadow thrown by palms, arches, and pierced-metal lanterns. The host, Nordine ("just Nordine," he says), smiles, pleased to see the six of us sharing the cumin-scented salads, the crisp triangles of thinnest pastry stuffed with meat and seafood, and a sensational egg-and-meat-filled Tunisian crêpe. Inside the sugar-dusted pastilla—a crunch of tissue-thin pastry layering chicken, nuts, and egg—each ingredient is distinct. For me, couscous is the inevitable entrée choice. But tonight's lamb tagine with zucchini and thyme, which sounds unexciting, proves to be a must, too. And I'm much too fond of the deliciously crusted méchoui (grilled lamb). Add a rough Moroccan red wine, sweet almond pastries, and mint tea, to spend about \$53 each.

FOR A WHILE, THE TOWN SEETHED with reports of Wolfgang Puck sightings. It seems the pair behind the feverish bar-cum-mating scene at Barfly, at 49-51 Avenue George V, had imported Wolf's onetime right-hand man at Chinois-on-Main in Santa Monica to launch the \$2 million **Buddha Bar** (8 rue Boissy-d'Anglas, 8th arrondissement; 33-1-53-05-90-00). In a nanosecond, a migration of nightbirds jammed the doors—leggy dress-hangers, Gallic garmentos, and the usual scene-crashing curious tipped off by the hotel concierge. Macao is the caprice, an excuse for jumbling Asian brocades, teak floors, Iberian wrought iron, and a fourteen-foot polystyrene Buddha in a soaring lacquered space with a staircase for dramatic descents. Thirsty? Cocktails begin at \$10. Chinois fans will recognize the fusion fuss: sweet, meaty ribs, crackling squab à l'orange, and Vietnamese spring rolls. It's all rather pricey—lamb at \$29, sorbets for \$15—especially if you are charged for duck that

At Buddha Bar,
nightbirds jam the
doors—leggy dress
hangers, Gallic
garmentos, and the
usual scene-crashers.



Royal treatment: Chef Manuel Martinez of Le Relais Louis XIII; Garden Terrasse at Hotel Costes.

never arrives, and the waiter decides you need four portions of riz à la Shanghaïenne (\$40) when you ordered just one (\$10).

Philippe Starck has gone for clutter at **l'Hôtel Costes** (239 rue St.-Honoré, 1st arrondissement; 33-1-42-44-50-25), roping it in kilometers of braid bondage and tassels and planting grand Victoriana in house and garden. Just steps from the Place Vendôme in born-to-shop Valhalla, the hotel's lobby and terrace have become Capistrano to the fashion flock. I steam out my Armanesque jacket in the shower, recruiting a pal with clout to snare an impossible reservation, and soon we are nibbling rabbit food (appetizers \$12, entrées \$27) on armchairs pulled up to a small round table shrouded in creamy fagoted linen, just inches away from a famous American X-ray. "Now, *that* proves you can be too thin," my companion whispers, pronouncing her club sandwich "the best I've ever had in Europe." And the aubergine-tomato melt is the worst. Clearly, no one comes here to eat. They sit with chums while chatting with other chums on cell phones.

For a serious splurge, I send friends to **Taillevent** (15 rue Lamennais, 8th arrondissement; 33-1-44-95-15-01), where it doesn't matter who you are or how you look—the consummate host, Jean-Claude Vrinat, treats you like a sultan. But gourmand friends lobbied instead to blow our stash at **Guy Savoy** (18 rue Troyon, 17th arrondissement; 33-1-43-80-40-61). Four hours later, six of us have spent \$175 each—the wine provided by one of the guests—and have confirmed that two-star chefs try harder. Saner minds might prefer to eat less à la carte and spend \$125 to \$140, drinks not included.

Neither the chef nor I can remember my last visit, but he is determined to make up for wasted years. By midnight, he is totally out of control. In a single day, I can handle one *dégustation*—a chef's special tasting—of eight or nine courses. But two, with addenda, is a challenge. Perhaps that's why the few flubs are forgotten and the triumphs register: Raw foie gras cured in salt and rolled in cracked pepper. Exquisite skate, a small lukewarm rectangle with caviar and oyster juice. Mussels and mousserons *terre et mer*, earth and sea—France's answer to surf and turf. Unctuous tuna belly in ginger butter. Croustillant of calf's foot with black radish and an herb salad. Duck roasted à l'ancienne with caramelized turnips and a turnip galette, in two courses. A parade of desserts, exploiting every fruit in the market. And cookies, tartlets, bonbons, sorbets. A first-timer to Paris summons the strength to stagger from the table. "Am I still alive?" he asks. "I think I'll spend the rest of the night in the nearest emergency room."

Photographs by Francis Amiard (2).

ROBO-CHIEF

Alain Ducasse took over the legendary Hôtel le Parc in Paris with plans to make it run like a machine. Too bad he succeeded.



High roller: Ducasse, who hit it big as a chef in Monte Carlo, now commutes to Paris, where the stakes are very high indeed.

JOËL ROBUCHON, THE SHY MONK AND celebrated master of French cooking whose abdication startled the *grands fromages* of the food world, is a tough act to follow. But at 40, Alain Ducasse, the three-star wunderkind of Le Louis XV in Monte Carlo, did not hesitate to seize the mantle at Hôtel le Parc. The only survivor of the 1983 plane crash that killed his five companions likes to say, "You have to live every minute." Ambitious, if not driven, with chutzpa more swollen than a prize duck's foie gras, Ducasse moved into Robuchon's Art Nouveau maisonette last August, boasting he would soon be the world's first six-star chef. The giant French waterworks that bankrolls this poshery put big bucks behind its new knight in whites, financing a round-the-world splash to shout the news. At Le Bernardin for lunch with the press, he

coolly handed out his schedule so all of us would know where to find him at all times—he's often in the air, commuting eight hours each way by plane and helicopter between Monaco and Paris, with occasional detours for consulting gigs in London and size-ups at La Bastide de Moustiers, his small country inn.

"You know how people are: They'll complain if they don't see you in the dining room," I teased. He grinned a canary-eating smile. "No one ever saw Robuchon," he said. "Maybe he was in the kitchen. Maybe not."

Sweating video crews jostling Michelin quarterbacks, royals, and significant blondes trumpeted the launch. "Genius," "extraordinary," "brilliant," said some critics after just one feeding. Others were mum and, later, in print, infinitely less kind, finding the chef to be more fax machine than poet. I read the notices from

my summer retreat in the Côte d'Azur and decided to check up on Monaco's Hôtel de Paris that very week. Surely **Le Louis XV's** veteran crew would know the drill by now. We settle at one of the generous round tables skirted in starched couturier linen beside a tapestry footstool—Madame's handbag rest.

Louis XV fairly trills three stars. All that gold leaf and rococo, the clever glow of illumination that spotlights first one marble treasure, then a breathtaking frieze. So much space. So much *ancien* marquetry. (Well, I'm from Detroit, so I can only suppose.) A small nation of staff in spiffy court dress, coached to a crisp, struts and marches and stands at attention, delivering silver-bell-covered tasties on heavy silver platters. The fabled cellar stocks a treasury of aging pedigreed grape juice. The rolling chariot delivers twenty different breads baked in-house

daily. Definitely sumptuous, arguably worth the \$500 the two of us will burn—even if we are not trust-fund babies or as enthusiastically rewarded for our talents as Michael Jordan.

With the first taste of white-bean bouillon, ladled ceremoniously into a soup bowl over five plump ravioli by a proper footman, I sit tall, thrilled, knowing all is well. The satisfaction does not last. The black bow-tie pasta turns out unremarkable; the little lamb chops a bit prim. Worse, we experience a mid-evening breakdown in attentiveness—the bread plate sits empty as that chariot races by—seeding doubt and angst. Where is the discipline? Where is the “*grosse machine*” Ducasse has described as the key to territorial expansion? I signal the man who seems to be in charge even though he’s dressed for the racetrack and might just be wandering the floor in search of the loo. “This fish is too cooked,” I tell him. He disagrees: “It looks moist to me.” I slice into the arid carcass. He is forced to concede but insists, “It is impossible to cook this fish the way you want it.” Happily, he is quite wrong. The replacement fish is perfect, as are the beignets that come with it. Soon we are caught up in the ritual of too many desserts: jewel-like tartlets, petits fours and cookies, the bitter-chocolate truffles. It seems only right that a call for mint tea should bring a minion with a potted mint plant on a rolling mahogany table and that he should don white gloves, snip a fistful of leaves with vermeil scissors, and lovingly stuff them into a teapot. With the check comes a voluptuous madeleine, not enough to kill the feeling that we’ve been had.

So it’s no shock when the 1997 Michelin rips a Monte Carlo star from Ducasse’s constellation in March. But I’m stunned that the weighty red book finds his fledgling Parisian debut somehow worthy of three coveted macaroons. I must confess, I’d celebrated the early Ducasse as he discovered macaroni and cannelloni on the Riviera, and I *love* the blowsy exaggerated swags and fringe and the trompe l’oeil library of his new Parisian bungalow. By September, I’d sneaked into his new digs, but both lunch and dinner were painfully lackluster. The emperor is naked, I thought, battling listless sweetbreads, chewy cockscombs, and rubbery noodles in rolling cream. Abandoning his sunny Mediterranean ways to find a new signature for Paris, he had proposed to re-explore traditions learned long ago in the Lyonnaise kitchen of the late Alain Chapel. But this preening bird is no Chapel. The langoustines are flat and wan. A ropelike tangle of pig’s head on-ly makes me long for Robuchon’s mythic

version on supernal potato purée. The duck in fig leaves looks like a dowager in too many ruffles. Grilled lamb cut from the bone, upholstered with garlicky crumbs and dried fruit, is also a gaffe. Can it be me? I wonder. Can my taste buds be so numbed by Manhattan chilis and cumin arpeggios that I can no longer appreciate the sole’s simplicity? Or is it that the sole truly has no soul? We have gone from Robuchon to Robo-chef. I am distracted by the seductive rush of desserts on not one but two trolleys—tarts, ice cream, sorbet, a dozen cakes, macaroons, butter cookies, the wondrously honeyed Arlettes, nougats, even

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marshmallows. Yes, couturier marshmallows. And then reality, the check: \$880 for three courses and a single modest wine, \$220 per person.

Three stars for Robo-chef? I decided I must fly to Paris the last week of April to taste for myself, settling onto the love seat at Alain Ducasse, where I can watch the Thai princess at a long table of friends. The spring menu is, surprisingly, no different from autumn’s, except for the arrival of asparagus, morels, and rhubarb. But now the creamy pasta swamp has more personality. It remains surpassingly rich, but the noodle is more delicate, and the sauce dances with a citric edge. Indeed, doses of lemon, lime, and vinegar have added verve to most everything: The lobster and crayfish in a satiny soup fortified with essence of mushroom and shells. The truffled spring vegetables with salad greens. Frogs’ legs, crayfish, and mushrooms in a quaintly old-world vol-au-vent. Plump langoustines, cooked to perfection with hints of ginger and balsamic vinegar, beside a mince of vegetables marinated in lemon and truffle juice. The “lard paysan”—pig’s-head salad, bacon, a scroll of pure fat, with caramelized pota-

toes and pungent herbs served in two courses—has new spunk and elegance. My companions at dinner are crazy about the turbot cooked in seaweed with chopped shellfish in a butter bath. But I can still taste the perfection of a sublime lunchtime turbot, less cooked than this, at **Paul Minchelli** (54 Boulevard de La Tour Maubourg, 7th arrondissement; 33-1-47-05-89-86), where every dish impresses—raw sea bass, raw sardines, herb-flecked langoustines quick-seared in grapeseed oil to dip in salt-and-Sichuan-pepper mix. The wanton creaminess of gratins—turnip and potato—counterbalances the pristine fish. (Lunch at Minchelli, simple and expensive, will cost perhaps \$90 each.)

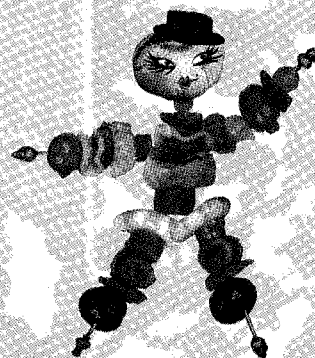
All the fish is overcooked at Ducasse: The asparagus-pierced sea bass. The rapid wild salmon desperately in need of its accompanying béarnaise. So is the Bresse chicken. And the oversize morels seem overwhelmed by their sauce. I do not really expect to be refused when I ask whether the turbot for two can be ordered for one. Still, it is a blow to be billed the full price, \$140. And I wish the bionic sommelier had understood when I ask for a complex wine, full of bouquet, but no more than 450 francs (\$80). The powerful Cos d’Estournel he chooses costs me \$142. I complain, but the maître d’ seems unconcerned. At lunch, the dining room is particularly discommodated—dishes not cleared, one plate scraped into another before our eyes. The young Italian waiter assigned to the cheese cart is an incongruous note: Charming and intimate, but not *too* intimate, he actually laughs as he slips into white cotton gloves to slice raisin-nut bread for the cheese. Not that we wanted cheese, but he won’t take no for an answer, convincing us that to pass up the almost liquid Vacherin of goat and a three-year-old Beaufort would create lifelong regret. And what happened to the extravagant dessert circus that acts as an anesthetic when you are paying \$270 each for dinner? I see it bouncing about, but nowhere near us. (True, there’s an \$85 discount lunch and tapas at the bar—that is, if you must penetrate the mansion at any price.)

Three stars? Not from me, buster. Alain Ducasse is still half-baked for my taste buds. In time, he may get the *grosse machine* humming away. He may whip Louis XV back to a fine froth. He may clone himself in Las Vegas and send in the truffles by fax. But big spenders, consider yourselves warned.

Alain Ducasse (59 Avenue Raymond Poincaré, 16th arrondissement; 33-1-47-27-12-27); *Louis XV* (Hôtel de Paris, Place du Casino, Monte Carlo; 377-92-16-30-01).

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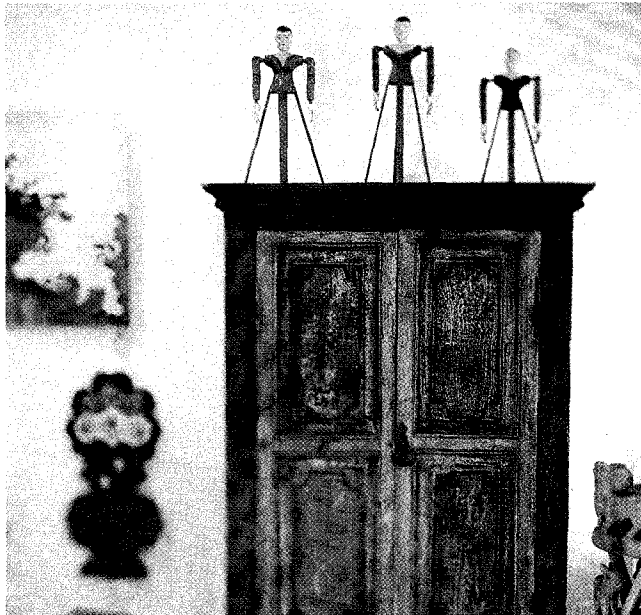
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BEST BETS

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Blame It on São Paulo

Often the larger the store, the more spotty the stock, but at the cavernous Armazém du Arquiteto (Portuguese for "architectural warehouse"), quality is on par with quantity. São Paulo designer Zelia Mendonça and her architect husband Oduvaldo Ferreira have filled their North American outpost with the colorful furnishings of rural Brazil, all handmade by

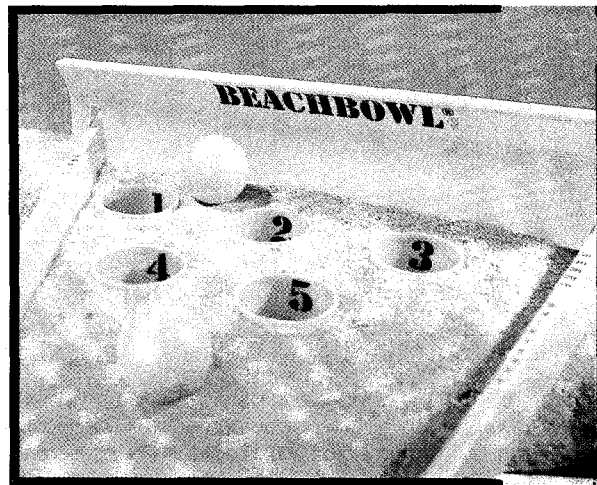
local artisans from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century wood. There are tons of the expected—armoires, tables, and chairs—and also paintings by Quaglia and Mario Arreguy, two of Brazil's leading artists (from \$25 for a candlestick to \$800 for an armoire to \$16,000 for a cedar-and-granite table).

ARMAZÉM DU ARQUITETO/STYLE BRAZIL/155 Wooster Street/780-9640

Beach Boredom Balm

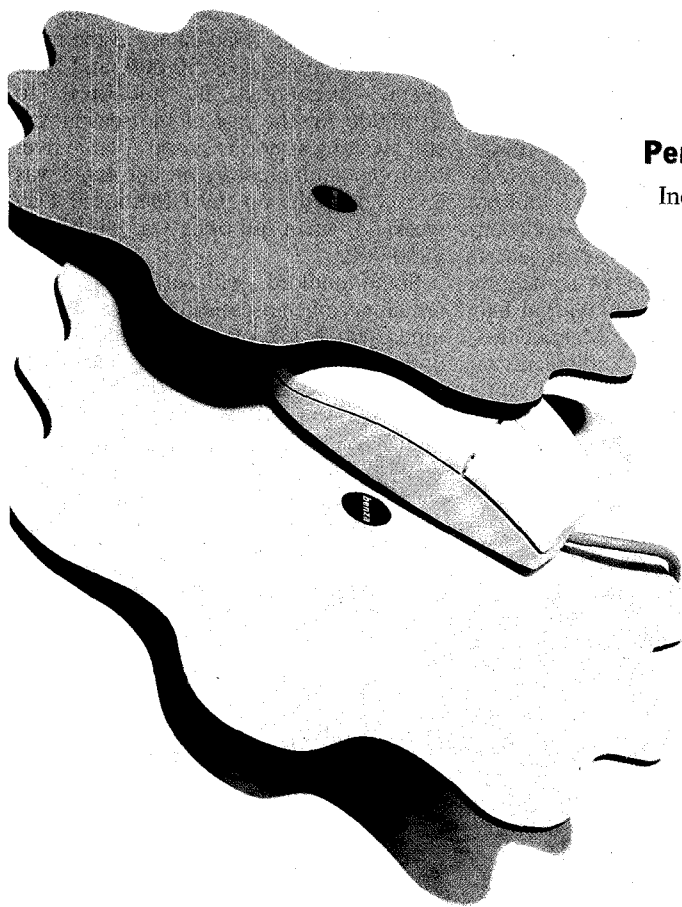
Let's face it: Kids want to play Kadima for only so long. Now a Pennsylvania company called Do Things, Inc., has come up with a new waterfront diversion. The easy-to-tote Beachbowl consists of three plastic guide rails, five numbered cups, and two balls. Just set up the rails, sink the cups, and bowl a few. They might not roll as smoothly as the ones at University Lanes, but the scenery is a lot nicer (\$17).

KIDDING AROUND/60 West 15th Street/645-6337; and 68 Bleecker Street/598-0228



Personal-Space Interface

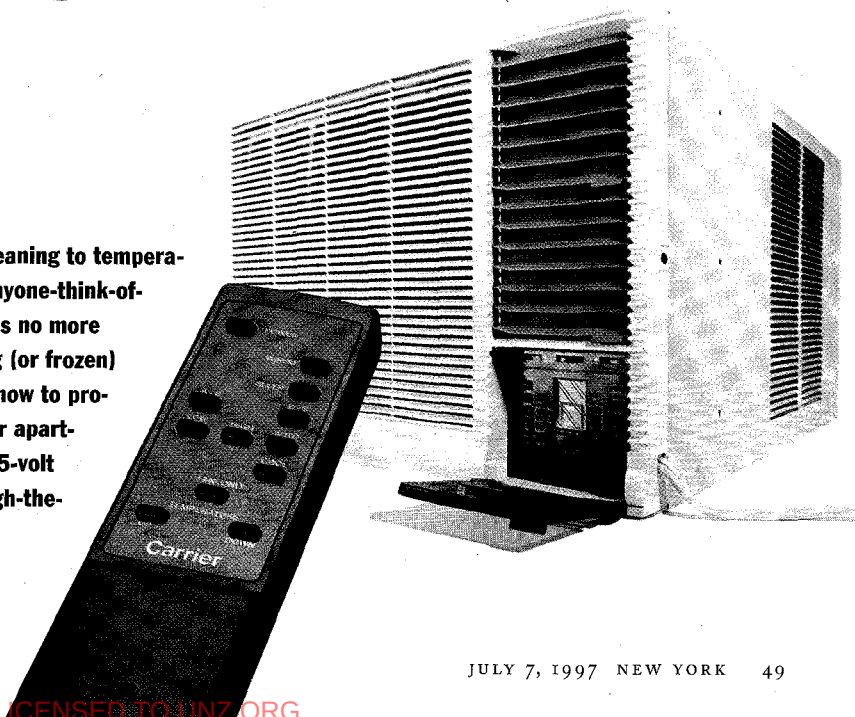
Industrial designers Giovanni Pellone and Bridget Means have broken the mouse-pad canon. Neither kitschy nor cutesy (nor even at right angles), these pads look like splashes of paint, and with good reason: They were created for artists who have gone digital and no longer get to dirty their hands with the real stuff. The virtual paint splatters are made of Lexan, have a nonskid rubber backing, and will liven up the most anti-septic computer workplace (\$14; in plum, too).
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO/574 Broadway, at Prince Street/423-3876



Cool on Demand

Carrier's new XCB air conditioner brings a whole new meaning to temperature control and rates way up there on the why-didn't-anyone-think-of-this-before list. It has an electronic remote, which means no more dragging yourself out of bed when you wake up sweating (or frozen) in the middle of the night. And now that you've learned how to program your VCR, there's even a preset-start timer, so your apartment is cool when you walk in the door (12,000-Btu, 115-volt model, \$699; 21,000-Btu, 230-volt model, \$799; through-the-wall or window installation).

S&S SOUND CITY/58 West 45th Street/575-0210



Tenants, Anyone?

With hundreds of Hamptons rentals still flashing vacancy signs, now is the time to hit the Montauk Highway for an outrageously cheap beach house.

IT'S SUMMERTIME, BUT BELIEVE IT OR not, the pickings are easy in the Hamptons, where homeowners are still scratching their heads, wondering what caused this season's rental market to slow in March to the pace of Friday-night traffic on the L.I.E. Finding a bargain on the East End, even in late June, has never been such a cakewalk. "There are hundreds of available rentals right now," says David E. Bray, a principal and managing partner of Allan M. Schneider. "That's very, very unusual." Last summer at this time, there were only a few dozen.

So what happened? This was the year of record Wall Street bonuses, spurring residential sales and construction in the area at a pace not seen in a decade. In a groundswell of wishful thinking, a handful of real-estate agents hyped the rental scene to the press. Buoyed by last year's strong rental market, several East End landlords cheekily decided to double last year's asking prices, prompting many white-collars to forsake the social swagger of the Hamptons for the more sedate (and sedately priced) precincts of Bedford. Or flee to Europe—a villa in Tuscany was priced less than many a mediocre South Fork manse this year.

All those new homeowners were now subtracted from the ranks of the best-bankrolled renters. And some even decided to rent out their newly acquired houses and join the exodus to Europe. "Those agents who bragged to the press and exaggerated things have now screwed themselves," fumes one broker who specializes in the North Sea area, a slightly less expensive region of Southampton known in the business as "entry-level Hampton." "People just didn't want to come out after reading how expensive and crowded the Hamptons

would be this year. Nothing was moving, and we were all suffering. But now, people are sniffing around again."

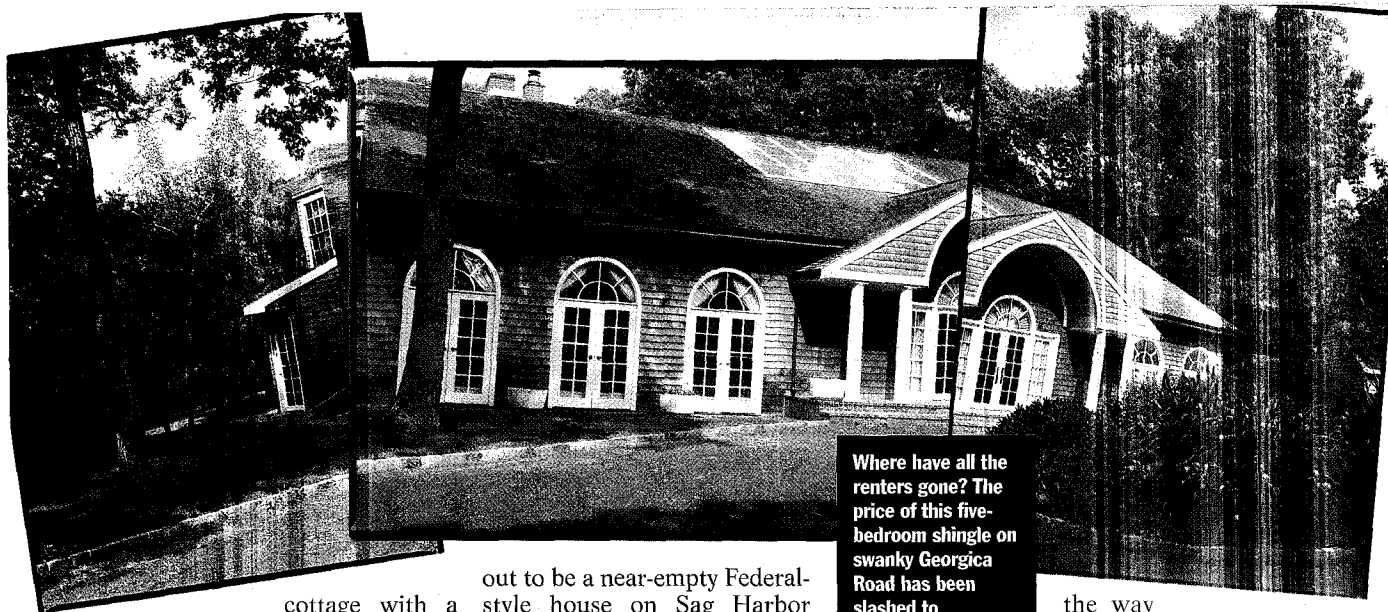
Everyone who's ever signed a dotted line before Memorial Day wonders whether it would have been smart to wait till after. How low can things actually go? Know that few landlords completely lose their heads. But with the season slowly (and for some landlords, scarily) eroding, things are quietly being marked down and deals struck. Bargain-seekers started lobbing lowballs in late May. A three-bedroom "chalet" in Sag Harbor was priced at \$12,000 for the season, but somebody dangled a \$7,000 bid on Memorial Day weekend through James R. McLauchlen, and the landlord bit. There's still plenty on sale: A measly \$55,000 could get you one three-bedroom, two-bath Meadow Lane beachfront house with expansive sun decks and a private catwalk above the dunes—not bad for coveted waterfront property and buyout-king neighbors. The house was \$75,000 in January and was re-

duced to \$65,000 right before Memorial Day. A few days later, the price came hurtling down again. A grand postmodern five-bedroom shingle close to the ocean on East Hampton's wooded and highly esteemed Georgica Road came on the market this winter at \$150,000 and was deeply discounted in mid-April to \$100,000 for the rest of the season; it's still awaiting a serious suitor. A large five-bedroom contemporary on Gin Lane was \$350,000 right up until Memorial Day weekend, when the price was slashed to \$250,000.

Some landlords will cut deals for the remainder of the season, or for a shorter time, such as July or August. But signing on for a single month doesn't necessarily mean you won't pay a lot for the privilege. If you're parked in a house for the month of July, the landlord probably won't be able to rent the property to someone else for the month of August, and he'll make sure you compensate him for the inconvenience. A three-bedroom

Everyone into the Hamptons: A studio inside this East Hampton carriage house is now \$7,500 for the season, including September.





Where have all the renters gone? The price of this five-bedroom shingle on swanky Georgica Road has been slashed to \$100,000.

cottage with a dock on Southampton's bucolic Cold Spring Pond in the Shinnecock Hills was \$12,000 for the season but is now \$7,000 for August—the prime stretch of the social season.

Real-estate agents have always been the best sources for rental houses in the middle to high ranges (roughly \$20,000 to \$300,000 for the entire season, which runs from Memorial Day till Labor Day). But if you're trawling for bottom dollar, the high-end agencies—Allan M. Schneider, Sotheby's, and Agawam—don't dabble much in economy class. (Allan M. Schneider had about twenty cottages in the \$8,000-to-\$10,000 range that had disappeared by the end of January.) You'll do better at the small, independent agencies like Frank Zaperach, James R. McLauchlen, and We Lead the Hunt in Southampton, and Montauk's Tuma Agency. Stop by Southampton's Chamber of Commerce at 76 Main Street for "The Guide to Year-round Living," which lists some of these smaller agencies. Or check out the classifieds in the local papers (*Dan's Papers*, the *Southampton Press*, the *East Hampton Star*, and the *Pennysaver*-like giveaways found near the exits of supermarkets like King Kullen). A multitude of landlords list in these publications so they can avoid paying the standard 10 percent broker's commission. The dozens of listings reveal guest houses, carriage houses, barns, over-the-quaint-village-store apartments, and condos. Another mother lode of listings is found on the bulletin board in the Sag Harbor health store Provisions. Sag Harbor is a known haven for cheaper housing, as are Amagansett, Montauk, North Haven, the North Sea Road–Noyack Road area in Southampton, and the Springs in East Hampton (where Georgica Road moneybags find housing for their domestic help).

"One bedroom, summer Cottage. Garden" in the *Southampton Press* turned

out to be a near-empty Federal-style house on Sag Harbor Turnpike in the newly chic north-of-the-highway section of Bridgehampton—not far from Peter Jennings's house and the polo grounds. Sure, the floors and cabinets could use a brisk scrub, the immediate yard a little weeding, and the living room is a bit spartan. But it's only \$4,200, including utilities (a Hamptons rarity). Three independent apartments inside a carriage house steps

"...With the season slowly (and for some landlords, scarily) eroding, things are quietly being marked down and deals struck..."

away from Bridgehampton's main drag—a fabulous one-bedroom, a loft, and a studio—were going for \$11,000, \$8,500, and \$7,500, respectively, for the season. The one-bedroom, which rented around Memorial Day, was decorated with the help of Mario Buatta; the living room had been whipped into good taste with props like riding crops, stirrups, and other horsey stuff. The loft has also been snapped up, but the studio, attractively outfitted with brass bedsteads and quilts, is still \$7,500, and now includes September. Then there's a charming one-bedroom apartment with a formal dining room and a Jacuzzi next to an antiques store in Southampton village. It was listed at \$7,700 for the season but is now going for \$6,000 (negotiable) for July through Labor Day.

If you're going to fight Route 27 all

the way to East Hampton, why not get more footage and

frontage in Montauk, since the traffic thins out considerably after East Hampton's windmill? The dollar goes farther in this Cape-like enclave only twelve miles east of East Hampton and beloved by Ralph Lauren, Paul Simon, and Robert De Niro. Bill Wilson, an affable longtime broker with the Tuma Agency whose wife sold Ralph Lauren his Montauk compound, has a long list of \$8,000-and-up properties, many right on the water. One three-bedroom, three-bath waterfront house on Soundview Drive has a private beach and views of six different fireworks displays in Connecticut. It strolled onto the block at \$25,000 but is still available and could go for \$18,000 for the rest of the season. A two-bedroom eagle's-nest saltbox on Old Montauk Highway with an unexpected sweeping ocean view from the deck out back has a price tag of just \$8,000. An added bonus: no mosquitoes (the southwestern breeze discourages them).

With developers in overdrive, it would make sense to inquire after unfurnished or practically unfurnished for-sale houses, which you can sometimes rent for a song with the proviso that brokers be allowed to trot prospective buyers through every so often. Spend \$1,000 on relatively inoffensive furnishings at Ikea—it's nicer stuff than you'll see in most furnished rentals, anyway. Some seasoned renters have taken to storing their white slipcovered couches, Provençal tables, and inflatable rafts between rentals in places like Southampton Mini-Storage (\$110 per month for a ten-by-ten-foot space). "Whatever you do," says one veteran, "be sure to take a Polaroid picture before you, uh, *renovation*, so you can restore everything to its natural rec-room-ugly state at the end of the summer."

Scissors Kicks

*Capelli Punto's snipping locks; the Shirt Store is cutting broadcloth;
and Patrick Cox gives Madison Avenue a little cutting edge.*

EVERYTHING IN THE BLISS CATALOGUE—a compendium of luscious products from the likes of Decleor, Annick Goutal, Mustela, Phyto, and Molton Brown (as well as little duck soaps and such)—is on sale: Creme de La Mer, was \$155, now \$131.75; Toscano foaming baths, were \$23, now \$19; *sensei* sandals, were \$26, now \$22.10. *Bliss* (888-243-8825); 7/1-7/31.

Ex Pat's

A MINOR SNAFU—SOMEONE AT PATRICK COX overstocked the shop by some \$150,000 worth of inventory. (Whoops.) So the annual sale's a biggie: women's Wannabe mosaic loafer, was \$263, now \$184; men's brogue, was \$315, now \$225; women's suit, was \$605, now \$302.50. *Patrick Cox*, 702 Madison Ave., near 62nd St. (759-3910); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. 12-5; 7/5-8/5.

Shi Sells

A SHOP CAPRICIOUSLY STOCKED with *objets* vintage and new, Shi has only one unifying theme: Everything in there just looks really cool. Now on sale: Georg Jensen thermometers, were \$120, now \$80; Stelton ashtrays, were \$60-\$75, now \$48-\$60. Also, vintage items from \$10 up are 20 to 40 percent off. *Shi*, 233 Elizabeth St. (334-4330); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. noon-7, Sun. till 6; 7/5-7/31.

What Verve

A FLEDGLING SHOP IN THE WEST VILLAGE, Verve is chock full of tasteful totes, briefcases, jewelry, hats, and so forth. Now on sale are items such as: microfiber travel bag, was \$134, now \$88; leather



Must-Have The mane event this week is Colette Malouf's sample sale, with snappy hair accessories that retail at Bendel's, Saks, and Harrods: resin hair sticks and hairpins, retail \$30-\$50, here \$10-\$15; elastics, metal clips, barrettes, and combs, retail \$18-\$55, here \$5-\$15. *Colette Malouf*, 594 Broadway, between Prince and Houston Streets, suite 1216 (941-9588); Wed. 4-7, Thurs. 10-5; 7/2-7/3.

bag, was \$168, now \$78. *Verve*, 353 Bleecker St. (691-6516); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11-8, Fri. and Sat. till 9, Sun. noon-7; 7/5-7/20.

Regarding Henro

HENRO PAYS HOMAGE TO THE EXURBAN, peddling furnishings that are high on farmhouse charm. Now on sale: slipcovered sleeper sofa, was \$2,600, now \$1,800; leather chair, was \$1,600, now \$1,000; wooden tables, were \$1,000-\$1,300, now \$700-\$800. *Henro*, 525 Broome St. (343-0221); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. 11-6; 7/5-7/12.

Monkey Business

MONKEYS AND BEARS OUTFITS URBAN TOTS with clothing from Flapdoodles, Galipette, Big Enough, and others. Most summer merch, and assorted infant bed-

ding, is half off. *Monkeys and Bears*, 506 Amsterdam Ave., near 84th St. (873-2673); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.-Fri. 11-7, Sat. 11-6, Sun. 12-6; 6/30 until supplies run out.

Life's a Bleach

THE UPPER WEST SIDE'S CAPELLI Punto is offering a full head of highlights for \$125 (was \$300), and facials are free (usually \$85) with haircuts \$75 and over. *Capelli Punto Salon & Spa*, 404 Columbus Ave., near 79th St. (362-2823); Tues.-Thurs. 11-8, Fri. till 6; Sat. 9:30-6; 7/1-7/31.

Lose Your Shirt

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Technicolor Dreamcoats

A RHAPSODY IN CITRUS, THIS SEASON'S LINE of kids' gear at Oilily is on sale: jellies, were \$18, now \$10.80; bathing suit, was \$52, now \$31.20. *Oilily*, 870 Madison Ave., near 70th St. (800-556-0585); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Thurs. till 7, Sun. noon-5; 7/3 until supplies run out.

Cutting Bangs

SELECTED BANG & OLUFSEN STEREO SYSTEMS—bionically stylized and bachelorpad sleek—are on sale at Harvey: BeoSound 2000, was \$1,750, now \$1,489; BeoSound 4000, was \$3,000, now \$2,499. *Harvey Electronics*, 2 W. 45th St. (575-5000); Mon.-Fri. 9:30-6, Thurs. till 8, Sat. 10-6, Sun. 12-5. 888 Broadway, near 19th St. (228-5354); Mon.-Fri. 10-8, Sat. till 7, Sun. 11-6:30; A.E., M.C., V.; 7/3-7/31. ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Clothes Encounters

In the goofy, offbeat 'Men in Black,' Tommy Lee Jones and Will Smith track the aliens among us; in 'Speed 2' you can feel the filmmakers' desperation.

IN *Men in Black*, TOMMY LEE JONES SAYS OUTRAGEOUS things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. Barry Sonnenfeld, the former cinematographer who directed the *Addams Family* movies and *Get Shorty*, has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious summer-season spectacle, Jones, dressed in funereal black, plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. Aliens? The Mexicans who cross the Rio Grande? No, people like that Jones lets into the country with a few welcoming words of Spanish. The aliens he monitors are extraterrestrials who have been landing here since the sixties and who have often taken slightly strange-looking human forms—fitting right into New York, say. That guy down the street with the big jaw and the funny gait—he's one of them. Many of the aliens pad around the Village harmlessly.

They're here, all right, but unlike the killers in *Independence Day* and the pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, they aren't taking over. In truth, they're a manageable problem most of the time. Some of them are famous political figures or movie stars (it's a good laugh when we see their faces put up on a board); some, still in space-creature form, even work in Jones's home office in New York—those little crawly guys hanging out at the coffee machine and gossiping like crazy. The humor of *Men in Black* comes right out of Tommy Lee Jones's everything-is-normal personality: The extraordinary is treated as routine business. (When Jones hears an extraterrestrial has announced that the world is coming to an end, he asks, without skipping a beat, "Did he say when?" A civil-service worker, after all, needs precise information.) Jones rides herd on the aliens, shakes some of them down for information, visits the morgue—all the clichés of cop and G-man movies get put to use as far-out comedy. Jones recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets

him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Will Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb.

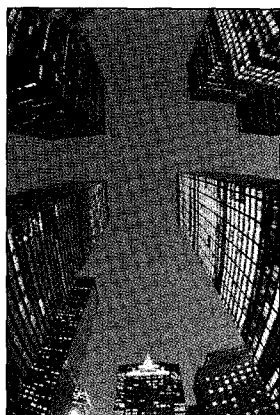
There's usually plenty of fantasy in the summer season, but very little play; Sonnenfeld, working with Ed Solomon, who adapted the Lowell Cunningham comic book, likes to put on a magic show. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. Perhaps Jones and Smith get slimed by exploding creatures once too often, but the rest of the jokes are goofy and fresh. As we learned in *The Addams Family*, Sonnenfeld also likes to mix the human and the



creaturely together; he turns the macabre into farce. Rick Baker, the great makeup-effects designer, works here with his usual ferocious skill but with a new spirit of gothic wit that he may have picked up from Sonnenfeld. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive—not an alien but one of God's creatures—gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach, I believe), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. Playing this new hybrid thing, D'Onofrio staggers around like Frankenstein's monster, his limbs jerking suddenly, his mouth and jaw askew, his bulk shifting uneasily underneath his clothes. The character suggests Kafka in reverse: A cockroach

Have guns, will travel: Smith (left) and Jones fend off familiar-looking invaders in *Men in Black*.

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awoke from uneasy sleep one day and found himself a man.

The roach in human form is determined to destroy the world for some reason I never quite understood, and only the men in black can stop him. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows (they play off the Dumbo ears; Smith's face is a visual joke in itself), Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. When Jones wants to find out what's really going on in the world, he reads the supermarket tabloids. All those UFO spottings, those freakish occurrences, the two-headed babies, the mysterious disappearances and miraculous returns... Right, you guessed it: The tabs have been telling the truth all along. *Men in Black* is as clever and knowing a large-scale entertainment as we are likely to get this season.

THE ANIMATED *Hercules* TAKES OFF RIGHT at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. As far as the Greek myths are concerned, *Hercules* is pretty much a hash, an amalgam of Ovid and everything else, not to mention all of contemporary media culture (this Hercules becomes a T-shirt). But who cares? Hercules, after all, is not a tragic hero like Oedipus or Prometheus. His story is almost pop fiction to begin with; even in ancient Greece, the myths surrounding Heracles (as he was known) were pumped by stories about other heroes.

The cleaning of the Augean stables is gone, as are many other less redolent feats. In this version, Hercules is born to Zeus and Hera. A powerhouse even in swaddling clothes, he grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken by James Woods), lord of the underworld, tries to rob him of his godhead, for Hercules is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods, the best thing in the movie, plays Hades as a chiseling con man, a Hollywood agent desperate for a deal and therefore both propitiatory and bullying. Hades uses the ripe Megara to trap the young champion, and Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall.

The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for

Aladdin, does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top (literally, a hothead), is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. Greek myth and Greek art are a fertile source of the instant heroic: Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances.

IN *MEN IN BLACK*, TOMMY LEE JONES DEALS with anyone who knows too much about the aliens by holding up a skinny little instrument and blanking out his memory. That is what I imagine the studios would like to do to the film audience—wash out our memories of recent summer blockbusters, so they could start all over. In *Speed 2*, you can feel the desperation of Jan de Bont as he tries to top things he did in the original *Speed*. This one's set aboard a cruise ship, and Sandra Bullock is back but with a new daredevil partner, Jason Patric, who replaces Keanu Reeves. There's also a new villain, Willem Dafoe, who apparently has more teeth than William F. Buckley. Dafoe plays a disappointed maritime-software designer who got fired and now wants to destroy the ship whose computer systems he devised. Of course he can't simply blow a hole in the ship's hull below the water line—if he did, there would be no summer-season movie. Grinning and popping his eyes, Dafoe booby-traps the liner, causing engines to overheat, fire doors to lock, the ship's course to change—he does everything but place carpenter ants in the bingo lounge.

The first *Speed* worked an enormous number of changes on the simple theme of a bus that had to keep going fast or blow up; the movie was exciting and even elegant because the restricted situation forced the filmmakers to invent. But this movie is just silly—an endless chase through studio-set corridors. There's a fairly exciting sequence in which Patric, underwater, tries to wrap a cable around the propeller to stop the ship from plowing into a tanker, but most of the action is whipped-up nonsense made dynamic by rapid cutting. In the grand finale, the ship plows into a little town on St. Martin, coming right down the street long after a real ship would have run aground.

The big summer movies have created the means of their own extinction. They have become more and more ludicrous, and now some of us feel like pashas who have seen too many naked bodies; we didn't ask to become jaded, but still we are—stupefied by the sight of immense resources wasted on idiotic stories. We can refresh ourselves by seeing small movies—or by quitting altogether. ■

Alone Together

Richard Ford is often stereotyped as a literary Marlboro Man. But his characters aren't particularly strong or silent—they just get their signals crossed.

Women With Men

BY RICHARD FORD

Alfred A. Knopf; 255 pages; \$23

LET ME GUESS," SAID A FRIEND, LET'S CALL HIM Joe, on being told that I was reading Richard Ford's new collection of three long-to-longish short stories, *Women With Men*. "It's about divorced men living lives empty of feeling in houses empty of furniture." To my way of thinking, this guess would be a much surer shot with just about any collection of Raymond Carver short stories; I expect Richard Ford short stories to be about either divorced men in a petty-criminal, manual-labor environment in the West and Northwest, or teenage boys in the same part of the country whose parents have recently, are about to get, or are in the process of getting divorced.

As a matter of fact, two of the stories are about divorced men, and one of them is about a teenage boy in a western or northwestern environment whose parents et cetera and so forth. In the context of a publishing industry dominated by the literary equivalent of the event movie (*The Kiss*, all O.J. books, all soon-to-be-a-major-motion-picture Grisham/Crichton novels), *Women With Men* announces itself not only by its subject matter but also by its title (a reference to the Hemingway collection *Men With Women*), as traditional, nonevent, unexperimental literature in every way, and damn proud of it. That snide idiots like me and my friends greet it with knee-jerk derision says much more about a cultural trend than it does about the work, and our snide idiocy is its own punishment, because not to read Richard Ford is unreasonably to deprive yourself of pleasure.

Indeed, Ford (not so) obliquely comments on this very cultural trend in *Women With Men* when he writes, of a character whose novel "depicted ordinary, middle-class people caught in the grip of small, internal dilemmas of their own messy concoction," that this "was not usually a popular subject, he understood, unless the people were

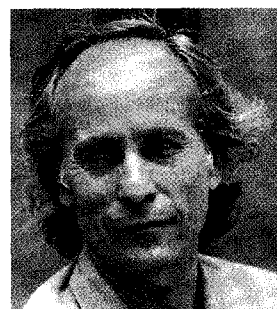
lesbians with sexually abusive fathers, or else homicide detectives or someone suffering from a fatal disease. . . ."

Really, I think "Occidentals," the story in which this quote occurs, itself turns out to concern someone suffering from a fatal disease. I think that Ford's reputation as a rugged writer, whose work, like Irish Spring soap, has a manly but universal appeal, has always been, if not untrue, off-point. Whatever his subject, his theme, increasingly evident in the movement from *The Sports-writer* to *Independence Day*, is communication. True, the narrative almost always involves communication between men and women—as the Library of Congress category for the new collection so succinctly (not to say metaphysically) puts it, "Man-woman relationships—fiction." But the terrain that most of Ford's protagonists spend the bulk of their time apprehensively negotiating is simply the process of communication itself.

So although Ford's narrators tend to tell you that they are empty of feeling, this is usually the first indication that they are, in both senses, full of it. They simply find the movement from thought to expression, and, if that process is successfully completed (which it hardly ever

is; another way in which Ford's men are not stereotypically manly is that they are weak on their follow-through), from expression to response, so painful that they will spend 30 pages telling you every goddamn sensory detail of their surroundings before answering a simple question like, for example, So what did your son die of, already?

Women With Men's first story, "The Womanizer," and its closer, "Occidentals," share a number of characteristics: Both take place primarily in Paris on the periphery of the publishing business; both involve visits to toy shops; and both include a new, mildly postmodern motif involving the consequences of autobiographical fiction. (The second, "Jealous," takes place in Montana on the periphery of civilization, (continued on page 72)



WOMEN WITH MEN



RICHARD FORD

Women are from Mars, men are in Paris: Ford plays variations on a theme by Hemingway.

Dirtyish Dancing

A sexy dance but a cheesy production, 'Forever Tango' loses its tang after a few minutes; 'As Bees in Honey Drown' is smothered by its own shallowness.

Endless dance:
Miriam Larici in
Forever Tango.

IFIRST SAW *Forever Tango* LAST SUMMER IN SPOLETO IN a Roman amphitheater as the bright summer afternoon inched into blossom-scented night. Except for my discomfited bottom, everything felt like a great, enveloping enchantment. I realize now that the setting was a large part of the magic. Indoors at the Walter Kerr Theater, the company is still that of Luis Bravo, but I feel less inclined to shout, "Bravo, Luis!"

The tango is a wonderful thing, but only a genius could squeeze an evening's worth of sufficiently varied entertainment out of it. The way the jackknifing legs of the dancers zoom between or alongside each other's thighs—or even over the partner's head—is fascinating, especially because the torsos tend to stay sexily and imperceptibly close together. The faces express almost painful concentration, as if the dancers are at the very least planning to overthrow the government if not actually grappling with higher mathematics. When the tango was first demonstrated in Paris in the early thirties, President Doumer commented, "Very nice, but in France we do it horizontally."

Even if you've never undergone a tango evening, unless *bandoneon* music gets you where you live, and a stocky but soulful male singer's warbling hits you like *boleadoras*, you may feel surfeited well before show's end. The eleven-piece band knocks out better and poorer tangos with equal acumen, and all the dancers are ex-

pert, replete with *duende*. A couple of the women are also alluring, but all the men seem to me vintage graduates of Argentine productions of *Grease*. Nothing here shines more dazzlingly than the performers' hair, polished to perfection and making clear what is meant by art holding up the mirror to nature.

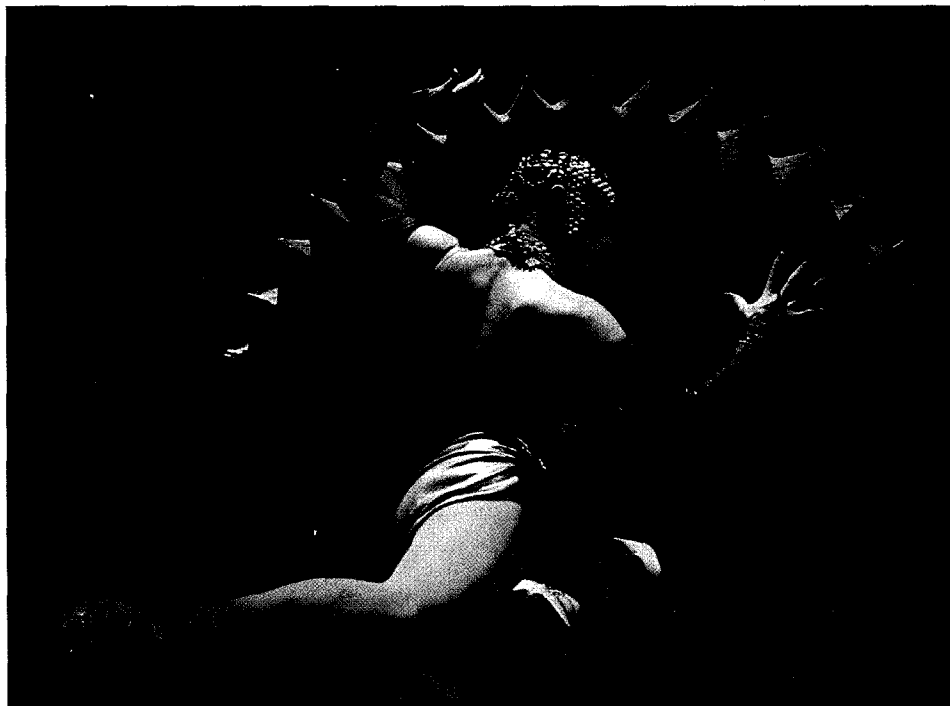
One number, however—the penultimate—takes your breath away. Miriam Larici, with her partner Diego Di-Falco, does a tantalizing tango that, for aesthetics or acrobatics, would be hard to equal. It may even reconcile you to the rest of the show.

THE DRAMA DEPT. (THAT ABRIDGEMENT PRESUMABLY MEANT to suggest depth) offers, third time around, *As Bees in Honey Drown*, by its artistic director, Douglas Carter Beane. In this smart-ass farandole, Alexa Vere de Veer, a swinging millionairess who is actually a consummate con woman, hires Evan Wyler, a successful first-time novelist, to ghostwrite her autobiography with an eye to a future movie version. Evan (whose real name is Wollenstein, as Alexa's is Gelb) is sucked in, hook, line, and sexual preference, forgetting even his homosexuality as he falls into bed and love with Alexa.

She, in turn, offers him luxuries *Sunset Boulevard*-style, although, because she scorns credit cards and carries only cash, it is soon Evan's card that must carry the burden of their joint extravagances. By reimbursement time, she vanishes. Shocked and hurt, Evan pursues her by tracking down her past victims, male and female. As you may have guessed, true love is revealed to exist only between men.

Alexa's way of testing Evan's literary prowess is to put to him this poser: "If you absolutely had to sleep with one of the Three Stooges, which one would it be?" To her query "You do love men?" Evan responds, "No. I don't love anyone. I sleep with men." When Evan tells Alexa's gay ex, "I slept with her, and I'm gay," he replies, "What do you want? Frequent-flyer miles?" which doesn't strike me as pertinent. The pithy quintessence of Beane's wit is this exchange: "Jewish?" "Close—Catholic." You can tell the level of sophistication by someone's pronouncing *George Grosz* to rhyme with *gauche*. Gross!

Most of the acting under Mark Brokaw's alert direction is fine, though Sandra Daley is weak in several parts. Josh Hamilton and J.



Smith-Cameron are good in the leads, but the best work comes from Cynthia Nixon, Mark Nelson, and especially T. Scott Cunningham, in several smaller roles each. I understand that this sort of multiple casting saves money, but being ubiquitous these days, it begins to smack of undue archness. Here it fits in only too well: Mr. Beane is so full of beans, he drowns in them.

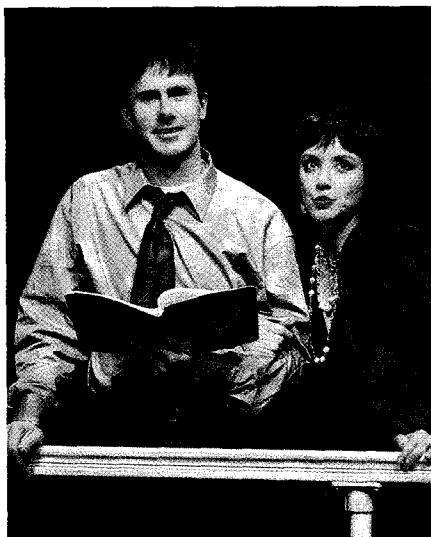
Seeking the Genesis MAY BE THE CLUMSIEST title of recent years, but Kia Corthron's play fully manages to live up to it. A drama about violence in the projects; it centers on C Ana, a young mother whose eldest, Justin, 16, is already a longtime pusher, with illegal handgun peddling as a sideline. He is supporting his small illegitimate daughter and her mother. Kandal, his sister, circa 8, is a nice kid, but the youngest, Kite, 6, is most worrisome to C Ana: His hyperactivity takes many forms, including noisily running around in circles. A teacher recommends drugs.

The play, too, runs around in circles about whether Kite should or shouldn't take Ritalin. The entire back wall of Christine Jones's set is one huge blackboard, on which a white professor diagrams the workings of the drug as he delivers a laudatory lecture on it. This, regrettably, may be the play's artistic highlight. Meanwhile, Justin gets sucked in ever deeper with the crime boss, Sac, who also has a small daughter to wax sentimental over at crucial moments. Aside from various whopping improbabilities, the play also saddles us with the task of deciphering what it is confusedly trying to say.

Is Ritalin, which oversedates Kite, a blessing or a bane? Would he have turned into Justin without such medication? Is a good but zonked student better than an uncontrollable live wire? Justin, after a light gun wound, turns to some kind of saintliness, but of a troublesomely bizarre sort. And where does all this leave Ana, about whom we learn next to nothing? Not even why she is played by an actress who seems to be the same age as her eldest, if not younger, or why there is no period after the C.

I honestly don't know whether the director, Kaia Calhoun, could have done more with what Kia Corthron provided. The acting is good, especially from Kevin Rahsaan Grant as Kite, Sharon Washington as the teacher, and Armand Schultz in two contrasting parts. Aunjanue Ellis tries hard, but is too much the ingenue for C Ana. Best of all is the Justin of Donn Swaby, a sensitive and soaring young actor who should go far. Worst of all is the ending, in which an anti-Ritalin argument is supposedly contradicted by what is inadvertently a powerful case for it.

My Night With Reg, KEVIN ELYOT'S PRIZEWINNING British play, is the latest from the



Josh Hamilton and J. Smith-Cameron in *Honey*.

deserving New Group. It concerns the interaction of six homosexuals, some of whom are old Oxford friends, some their lower-class lovers. Reg, who is never seen, was the live-in companion of Daniel but cheated on him merrily with John, whose great clandestine love he was, and also with almost everyone in the play and beyond. Repressed Guy, in whose garden apartment the action is laid, has been hopelessly in love with John ever since university days, and is even saving one of John's discarded jockstraps. Everybody—including Daniel, the acerbically witty, outrageous queen, so smart about everyone except Reg and himself—confesses to poor, frustrated Guy, who, however, can offer little more help than another drink. He himself lacks even the nerve to declare his love to John.

The universal love object, after Reg dies of AIDS, becomes Eric, the young chap fresh from Yorkshire, who works in a pub and does odd jobs for Guy. Eventually, John, the rich wastrel, inherits Guy's apartment. After Guy's death from AIDS, we end with a nude postcoital proto-sex scene for him and Eric, as Daniel drops in to reaffirm future bonds with John and perhaps Eric. Skillfully orchestrated without intermissions is the passage of several years, told in terms of three distinct get-togethers at different times, but woven together into a seamless tapestry of transience and underlying sameness.

Under the clever but superficial dialogue, under the touching but trivial recorded events, there is very little substance. The entire cast, cannily directed by Jack Hofsiss, performs valiantly, with Edward Hibbert (Daniel), who gets all the best and bitchiest lines, and Sam Trammell (Eric), as the naïf who is quite a manipulator in his own right, both outstanding, histrionically and accentually. The others follow closely, especially David Cale as a comic-pathetic plastics

salesman. But as John, Maxwell Caulfield, who is British-born, seems to have forgotten his English accent.

The play, whose title alludes to *Ma Nuit chez Maud* (Rohmer's film figures amusingly in the background), keeps missing chances to let humor and pathos interpenetrate, as in its best line, when two of his guests slink off for sex in his garden, and Guy agonizes, "I hope they're not killing my plants!" Here joke and character meet in wonderful comic-pathetic harmony, rather than, as elsewhere, going off in separate, less revealing ways.

Baby Anger, BY PETER HEDGES, IS AN ATTEMPT at an absurdist satire on the exploitation of children by their parents, in this case via lucrative TV commercials that bring a little boy unwanted stardom and adulation but also turn him murderously against his folks. The savage ending, alas, cops out into a feel-good dénouement.

Hedges, who is also the author of the insufferable *Imagining Brad* and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*, has a certain dexterity, especially in introducing off-the-wall minor figures in ludicrous episodes. But his main characters and plot are schematic and predictable, mere vehicles for facile ironies—straw men who do not catch dramatic fire. There are funny scenes, such as the one where the downsized and desperate ex-executive seeks a job from a jaded personnel officer, who tells him that he is overqualified. Whereupon the poor man sweatily protests that he has "no real ability." But such gems are rare, and the screed against commercialism is rather commonplace.

The production, directed by Michael Mayer, has several strengths. John Pankow is a winning loser as the father, Ben Shenkman droll as a jaded and exasperated child-actors' agent; Carl J. Matusoich and Adam Ross score as the exploited boy and his wheelchair-bound chief fan. Good, too, are Robert Ari in all the smaller male roles, and, especially, Linda Emond in the female ones.

Unfortunately, Kristen Johnston, as the mother, is only so-so. But Mark Wendland's cunningly rearrangeable high-tech scenery, Frances Aronson's perkily tongue-in-cheek lighting, and David Van Tieghem's wry music-sound design are enormously right.

There are good lines; e.g., a husband's about his would-be-actress wife's problem, "She can't pursue her career enough to know that she can't have a career," or the wife's *cri de coeur* to the agent about relocating in Orlando: "It's either you help me or—I can't even say it!—Florida, Mr. Dodge!" But for playwrighting, unlike for connecting the dots in by-the-numbers drawings, lines are not enough. ■

ART MARK STEVENS

Performance Anxiety

In her photographs at the Modern, Cindy Sherman depicts the roles mass culture assigns to women; at the Whitney, Keith Haring's populist simplicity.

LIVING? WE'LL LEAVE THAT TO THE SERVANTS," a French writer once remarked. Many people today seem to have a similar attitude, except that they leave the living to celebrities. They regard the phantoms who flicker in television shows, movies, politics, and the gossip columns as the principal owners of significant life. They find less savor in their own experience than in what Brad thinks of Gwyneth; uncertain of their own identities, they understand Kathie Lee's pain better, perhaps, than their own.

This particular form of alienation is a classical modern subject, by now widely treated. Walker Percy addressed it in his novel *The Moviegoer* almost 40 years ago. And Andy Warhol lived it when he wrapped himself in the cellophane of celebrity and, with the vanilla stylishness of a fifties bobby-soxer drinking a milk shake, began to draw nourishment from the glitz around him. In the late seventies, a young artist named **Cindy Sherman** provided a fresh—and essential—take on this tradition with her *Untitled Film Stills*, which brilliantly captured the aura of narcissism, nostalgia, and movie-longing that suffused contemporary life and often isolated women in its glow.

In this series of 69 black-and-white photographs—a complete set of which went on display last week at the Museum of Modern Art—Sherman impersonates an actress, assuming the various female roles and guises beloved by Hollywood and pop culture in the forties, fifties, and sixties. We see her play the ingenue in the big city, her anxious face framed by the confident skyscrapers; the slutty siren lifting a skirt to show some leg; the tough young thing lighting a cigarette in the darkness; the innocent waiting on a rural road with her suitcases; the busty teenager in the library who arouses unbookish thoughts; the housewife dreaming at the stove.

"We sense right away that we already know them," writes the organizer of the exhibit, Peter Galassi, of these women. They are almost family to the baby-boom generation; they

have been seen constantly in the movies, on TV, in high school, on the beach, and in the backyard. "There are no Cleopatras, no ladies on trains, no women of a certain age," Galassi says. "There are, of course, no men." But the women depicted, he continues, "map a particular constellation of fictional femininity that took hold in postwar America." Not surprisingly, this has led many critics to stress the feminist implications of the *Untitled Film Stills*, since they provide a dream map of the roles mass culture has assigned to women.

But this cannot quite explain the uncanny power of the art itself—which is more elusive, personal, and poignant than any taxonomic approach can suggest. In contrast to much subsequent postmodernist work, which appears deduced in a cool intellectual way from fashionable academic attitudes, the *Untitled Film Stills* seem to come from inside the artist—to remain, in part, unconscious. Sherman was 23 when she began to make these works, and though a sophisticated satirist, she was also not far from adolescence. You can sense in these pictures the spirited playfulness of girls who dress up in adult clothes and then vamp around trying out various styles of being.

The adolescent note is apt because American dreams are not, as a rule, very mature. That's their appeal. Not only does Sherman convey some pleasure in the dressing-up, but she also captures the simple and often melan-

Portrait of the artist as a young woman: Cindy Sherman's *Untitled Film Still #21* (1978).



Photograph by Cindy Sherman.

choly appeal of the clichés that these women embody. To put it differently, she does not condescend to her subject. Although Sherman likens the pictures to film stills, they do not have a tough Hollywood gloss. Some could almost be casual backyard shots. Seen as a group, they seem to marry the snapshot to the movie still, the personal to the abstract—a difficult marriage that suggests better than any didactic observation about modern society the poignant striving of the individual to fit the dictates of her culture.

Where is "the self" in these pictures?

You cannot quite locate it. An artist impersonating an actress performing different roles: Try to unwrap that one. Yet it is also Sherman herself in the pictures, so that you are constantly aware of her individual presence. In the *Untitled Film Stills*, "the self" seems absurdly inflated, with Sherman endlessly posing—a comically narcissistic strategy—but it's never clear who she really is even though she's always there. An essential characteristic

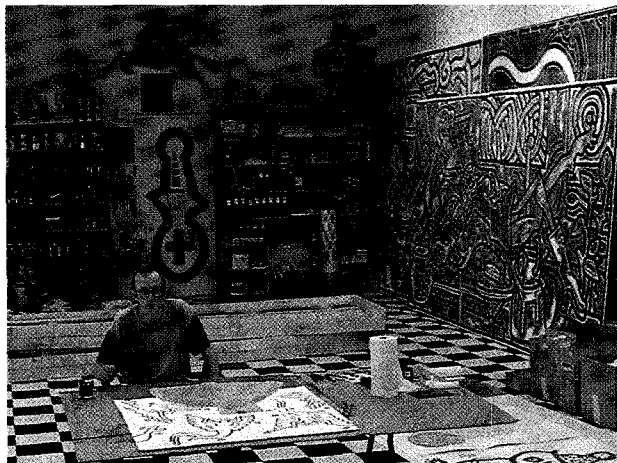
of celebrity culture is exactly this shiny murk and hollow inflation, this sense of having both too much and too little, of being simultaneously sated and famished.

There is also menace in the *Untitled Film Stills*. Some pictures have a kind of virginal halo; in one of the best-known, a young woman, radiantly lit, waits beside a western road. Others appear steeped in trashy sex. (Sherman sometimes places herself in a sleazy motel room.) The women are almost always alone; the viewer has the privileged perspective of the voyeur. These elements—together with the way the women sell themselves to powerful styles—evoke something akin to the dark excitement of prostitution. What will happen to these virginal women who make themselves up to please others? And what is celebrity, after all, but the prostitution of fame?

The great distances in modern culture are not geographic but existential—especially the aching distance between the icon and the self. Many of the best depictions of celebrity come from artists with a religious background, who have an instinctive appreciation for the ghostly emanations of the self. The work of both Percy and Warhol, for example, is steeped in Catholicism. I don't know whether Sherman has this kind of background, but Madonna is paying for her show at MOMA—a fine benediction. American culture made a madonna of Marilyn Monroe,

so Madonna abstracted the idea and sold it. She constantly changes her look. She aspires to be a Marilyn or an Eva or a great chanteuse, yet seems always less than her models. She will find her true self when she looks in Sherman's mirror.

Keith Haring, WHO DIED OF AIDS IN 1990 when he was just 31, was one of the hot artists of the eighties. The issue now is whether he was also an important one. The Whitney Museum of American Art has mounted a summer retrospective of his art to help answer that question. Or-



Underpraised, overpraised: Keith Haring in his studio in 1988.

ganized by Elisabeth Sussman, the show includes more than 100 works, ranging from large paintings to buttons. The razzle-dazzle installation includes rock music, televisions, and darkened hallways.

Haring was an appealing populist who developed an instantly recognizable graphic style. His *Everyman* has the visual pop of that famous cartoon character who sticks his finger in the electric socket. Haring wanted to be accessible, and he was, simplifying his iconography to the bare basics—babies, barking dogs, hearts, and energy waves. He seemed to scribble his antic line over almost everything, as if to claim the world for play.

Not surprisingly, Haring is both overpraised and underpraised. In today's environment of all-or-nothing judgments, it is very hard to tell the truth about an artist of this kind, which is that his achievement is small but also not nothing. His best works are the clandestine subway drawings; and his light-spirited illustrations on T-shirts, cribs, and so on are cheery. He does not have the visual or mental strength, however, to take the measure of more difficult subjects, such as AIDS. Much is made in the show of both his democratic instincts and his simplicity. But being democratic does not make you a great artist. In art, there is a simplicity, as in Mondrian, that seems to leave out nothing essential. And one that, as in Haring, leaves out too much.

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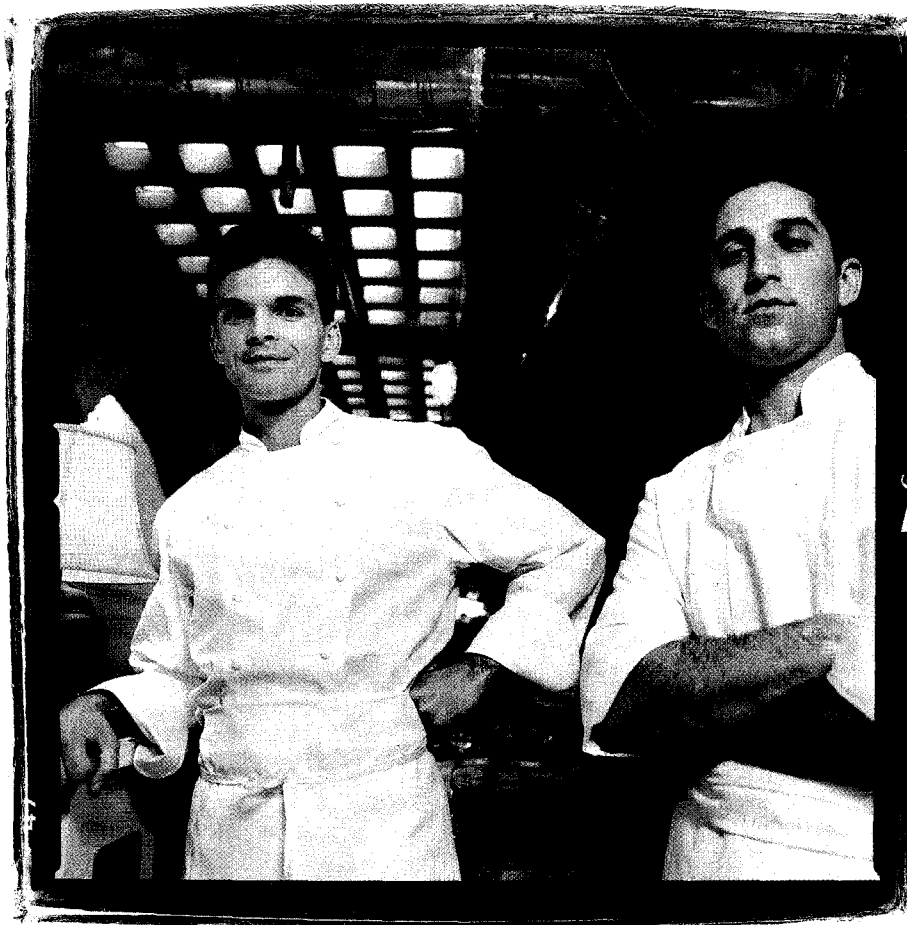
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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAIL GREENE

My Cuisine Vinny

Matthew Kenney honors the anchovy and gives Sicily's savory peasant cooking an elegant French twist at Monzù, under SoHo's Guggenheim museum.



Culinaria rusticana:
Executive chef Kenney and his right hand, Adam Perry Lang, at Monzù.

TRY TO IMAGINE THE GODFATHER TUCKING INTO sautéed foie gras with blood orange and toasted almonds. Or gnawing pan-roasted quail with sun-dried figs, pine nuts, and thyme honey. The mythic dons and bagmen of Sicily should only eat so good. But that's what happens when you cross a passion for lusty Southern Italian cooking with the Gallic sensibility of American chefs. Grilled prawns meet black-olive toasts, and minted shrimp lie down with crostini at Matthew Kenney's fairy-tale Sicily, **Monzù**, named for the chefs Napoleon left behind on the conquered island—a corruption of the word *monsieur*.

Plundering cooks in our town have already bitten off a big chunk of Mediterranean folk food, so many of these rustic tricks may seem familiar. Indeed, since first falling under the hex of the sardine and the pine nut in the Sicilian kitchen of the late Malvasia, Kenney has been strumming these same notes, first in his Moroccan fantasy at Matthew's and again at Mezze,

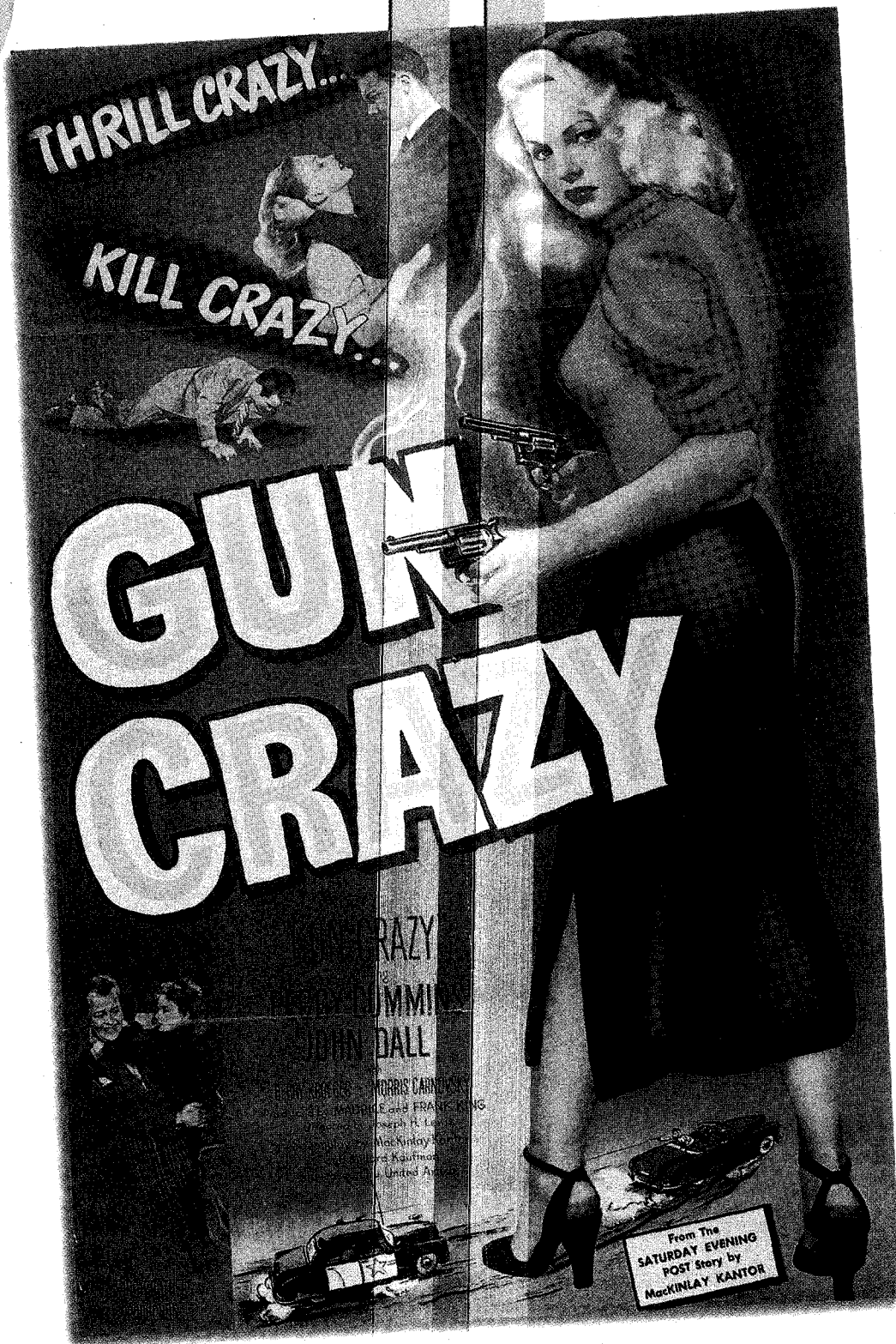
his midtown café-and-carry-away.

Now he is filling the vast cave under the SoHo Guggenheim with big blasts of flavor, delighting his fans and quickly luring a youthful neighborhood following. Too bad Sicily seems to have eluded designer Greg Jordan, the genie who materialized a gentle Saigon at Le Colonial. Except for the old brick walls, arches, and rough metal lanterns, we could be in a mid-scale hotel dining room in the American heartland, easy and comfortable but anonymous. Too much brick has been hidden by vaguely Asian, vaguely St. Rémy fabric. The wicker chairs say budget, and the dime-store table lamps say desperation. The mirrors tilt but not so you can really scope out the room. Still, it's amusing to look through the windows and watch the legs striding by on the sidewalk above. The welcome is warm, and the big bar, with its almost sink-size stash of glorious olives, invites hanging out.

The service, bumbling at first, quickly gets better. The exaggerated beer flute comes frosted, and the waitress pours carefully to preserve a foam head. Busboys bring a saucer of olive oil and keep the crusty peasant bread and chewy focaccia coming. Starters lumped in with entrées by category—"from the earth," "meat, game, and fowl," "from the sea"—says anything

goes. Feel free to eat a little or a lot, with perhaps a series of small plates from \$6 to \$14, or pastas and entrées from \$15 to \$26. Start one evening with a big ceramic rectangle of fourteen antipasti—duck prosciutto, sensational Sicilian anchovies, marinated mushrooms, grilled octopus, spicy soppressata sausage, crisp-fried baby artichokes, smoked swordfish, and more. Or begin by dividing the rigatoni with eggplant, spicy sausage, and ricotta. Or share the squash-flower-saffron'd risotto. Then go on to pan-roasted Chilean sea bass with fennel, clams, olive tapenade, and preserved lemon, and the swordfish poached in olive oil with tomato tapenade.

Kenney and his Daniel Boulud-trained right hand, Adam Perry Lang, dare some risky free falls. Sea urchin is an acquired taste, but once you fall in love, you just can't get enough of that intense sea musk, here tempered with nothing but salt and lemon. Salty bottarga (the roe of tuna) is another love/hate provocateur. It turns up on toast with tuna tartare and also flavors fettuccine. A bizarre mingling of (*continued on page 83*)



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Attack of the Killer B's (page 62)

movies

Guantanamo... 4 Little Girls

New Films

Addicted to Love—Directed by the actor Griffin Dunne (it's his first feature), *Addicted to Love* is a contemporary, halfway-perverse screwball comedy—a near-success that promises more for the future. Matthew Broderick has the James Stewart role—a Midwesterner, a mild-mannered astronomer named Sam who adores Linda (Kelly Preston), a beautiful blonde teacher. But Linda is bored. She goes to work in New York for a while but doesn't come back; she leaves Sam for Anton (Tcheky Karyo), a French restaurateur, tough guy, and all-around great lover. Sam pursues her; he sets himself up in an abandoned loft on Wooster Street, right opposite the Frenchman's apartment, and, using a camera obscura, spies on the lovers, projecting an image of the goings-on across the street onto his own wall. He's joined in this peculiar vigil by Maggie (Meg Ryan), Anton's abandoned fiancée, who is some sort of downtown art person—a photographer, a motorcyclist who wears black leather and lots of eyeliner. Maggie quickly bugs Anton's apartment, and she and Sam sit there, day after day, watching and listening in masochistic pleasure and misery as their ex-partners eat, talk, and noisily make love. The material goes further into perversity than most Hollywood movies but, alas, not far enough. In general, *Addicted to Love* is just strange and interesting enough to make one angry that it's not fresher and more daring. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street.*

Austin Powers—Mike Myers stars as a Brit supersleuth of some sort who was cryogenically frozen in the sixties; now thawed out, he can't negotiate modern life. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Manhattan Twin; National Theatre; Gemini; UA East.*

Batman & Robin—The fourth installment in the franchise, with George Clooney as the Dark Knight and Chris O'Donnell as the loyal yet petulant sidekick. Directed by Joel Schumacher. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Bliss—Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee are a young married couple who attempt to salvage their relationship through the study of Tantric sex. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Chelsea.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Beekman.*

★**Breakdown**—This picture is very good—lean and tense, without a superfluous shot, an extravagant performance, or a slip in tone or style anywhere. Kurt Russell and Kathleen Quinlan play a Boston yuppie couple crossing the country in a red Jeep

Cherokee, a perfectly fashionable and competent car that mysteriously breaks down on the open road. In the middle of nowhere, Quinlan, trying to get help, climbs into a passing truck. And promptly disappears. Has she been kidnapped? The truck driver (J. T. Walsh) had seemed friendly enough. Baffled, Russell sets out to find her, without much help. He's a big-city boy, and the emptiness of the landscape mocks him: There are very few people around, the police are ineffective or perhaps treacherous, and under an enormous barren sky the road stretches on forever and goes nowhere. *Breakdown* may be a genre movie, but it presents a kind of primal American nightmare—the great wilderness as a glaring, hollow space that offers little reflection of the human presence. In his polo shirt and slacks, Russell enters a fly-specked

“café,” and the people hunkering over food stare at him as if he had stepped out of a Martian spaceship. Are they hostile or just indifferent? Has he become paranoid, or is he just a loser? He can't tell, and neither can we. Russell's loss of confidence is both social and metaphysical; the breakdown is complete. Compare *Breakdown* with the typical big-scale action picture of the nineties (*The Rock*, *The Fifth Element*), in which everything is exaggerated or burlesqued and the shots are thrown together from nowhere to nowhere. Making his first feature, the director Jonathan Mostow doesn't overstate anything; he sticks to his business, gets us cleanly and coherently from one place to another, and pulls the line of tension taut. (Denby; 5/26/97) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street.*



Happening ... Sting Like a B

So rare are most of the curios offered during Film Forum's Killer B's fest (July 4–August 28) that even our regular schlock expert, director John Waters, pleads ignorance. “I’ve only seen like five [out of the 60] movies here,” he explained. “I really don’t feel comfortable commenting or speculating—but I’ll definitely be there!” As should we all: Such esteemed auteurs as Fritz Lang, Stanley Kubrick, Nicholas Ray, and Don Siegel contributed to the genre (that’s William Leslie, left, and Eli Wallach in Siegel’s 1954 thriller *Riot in Cell Block 11*). And the eight-week B-movie marathon also features 1965’s truly excellent and still-transgressive *Who Killed Teddy Bear?*, with Sal Mineo as a sexually repressed, iron-pumping city kid who stalks nightclub fixture Juliet Prowse. (See “Museums, Societies, Etc.,” for more info.)

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Buddy—Rene Russo stars as Gertrude Litz, an eccentric New Yorker who lived with her beloved apes in her Brooklyn home. Directed by Caroline Thompson. (1 hr. 24 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; Gemini.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Sutton; 62nd and Broadway.*

★Con Air—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex-U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a bar-room brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously in his cell and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. We're informed that he wants a chance to serve his country once again, but one glance at Nicolas Cage—who looks crazed—tells us he's as close to murder as any of the professional killers. As always in these quasi-fascist entertainments, anarchic violence, after running loose for a while, has to be restrained by righteous violence (for instance, Lee Marvin's authoritarian officer in *The Dirty Dozen*). Nicolas Cage has gone from the Everyman reluctant hero in *The Rock* to a superman style that can only be called neo-Clint. His Poe is primed to explode, and when he does, lean yet bursting out of his undershirt, with ropy trapezius muscles leading up to his neck, he becomes a spectacularly violent man—a superhero who speaks, like Clint, in sardonic little sentences. Cage, a great, daring actor, underplays, holding the screen with sheer concentration; for all his gallantry as Poe, he's faintly inhuman (and will probably become a huge box-office star because of that inhuman quality). The director, Simon West, a Brit maker of commercials, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. Through all the carnage, Poe supposedly wants only to save his diabetic buddy; save the woman guard, who is chained up and menaced by a rapist; and get back to his wife and daughter. He drags that bunny right through the movie and finally presents it to his flaxen-haired little girl. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

Dream With the Fishes—A suicidal young man encounters a dying stranger, who offers to murder him in exchange for friendship.

Written and directed by Finn Taylor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Dust of Life—Rachid Bouchareb's fact-based drama about a 13-year-old Amerasian boy in Saigon who longs to escape to America. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

East Side Story—A documentary about the former Soviet Union's wildly popular Marxist musicals. Directed by Dana Ranga. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Face/Off—John Travolta and Nicolas Cage star as arch-enemies who each try to ensnare the other by literally swapping faces. Directed by John Woo. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Brooklyn Heights.*

Fall—Writer-director Eric Schaeffer stars as a downtrodden cabbie who embarks on a highly unlikely romance with a married supermodel. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Fifth Element—About everything and nothing, *The Fifth Element* is the dream project of the noisily ungifted French director Luc Besson. The movie is set (mostly) in the twenty-third century, and one of its few successful elements is an animated version of a future Manhattan, with traffic whizzing through the air at many different levels and fast-food stands suspended from the sides of buildings way up high, maybe a mile from the ground. Bruce Willis is the master of this high-flown chaos; he does his hairy-ape prole-Everyman thing, and he's very good at it—relaxed, modest, with that familiar smirk that says, "I'm ready for anything." Willis plays some sort of defrocked special agent reduced to driving a cab, and into his lap falls a beautiful female creature who has been restored from DNA. At the same time, great actors stand around projecting bits of business into a void—Ian Holm, fussing and giggling as a benevolent priest, and Gary Oldman, straight hair flapping to the side like Hitler's, vamping the camera in ecstasies of nastiness. Except for Willis, *The Fifth Element* is a carnival of geeks. (Denby; 5/19/97) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street.*

For Roseanna—An Italian villager (Jean Reno) des-

perately tries to secure his sick wife one of three remaining burial plots by relentlessly tending to anyone who has a chance of dying before she does. Directed by Paul Weiland. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Eastside Playhouse.*

Gabbah—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★Grosse Pointe Blank—John Cusack plays a criminal—a professional assassin—who goes home to his ten-year high-school reunion and picks up with Minnie Driver, the girl he abandoned on prom night. The premise is no more than a joke, but it's a good joke. Cusack's character, Martin Blank, has pushy clients, he has supply problems, and he has rivals who want to dominate him. He botches a couple of jobs; his heart is no longer in it. Depressed, and worried that he has chosen the wrong line of work, Martin goes to a shrink, the great Dr. Oatman, who is very frightened of his troubled patient. That John Cusack was likable became clear as early as *Say Anything*; that he was a terrific film actor became obvious in *The Grifters*. Now it's evident as well that he knows how to be a movie star. With his long, pale face and small mouth, Cusack can look like a degenerate or a choir boy, and his smoky voice has surprising registers. He's very adroit with tiny, rapid shifts of mood, from mild mockery to sweet literalness and then back again. *Grosse Pointe Blank* is as funny as *Get Shorty* and as hip as *Pulp Fiction*, though not as sleek and high-powered as the first or as ostentatiously ironic as the second. It's a real charmer—a dark comedy that is too romantic and affectionate to be called black. Directed by George Armitage. (Denby; 4/28/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

Hercules—See David Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Plaza.*

Innocent Sleep—A murder mystery based on an actual Italian case, in which an Italian banker was found hung from a bridge; the ensuing investigation uncovered an enormous conspiracy. Directed by Scott Mitchell. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★Kolya—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband—is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of *Kramer vs. Kramer*, though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park*, journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the secret island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond



Opening Politics of Love

When, after 50 years, her elderly aunt is reunited with the love of her life, Mirtha Ibarra (above, with Carlos Cruz) reexamines her own static marriage to an inflexible bureaucrat in 'Guantanamo.' The mordantly amusing love story—set in present-day Cuba—opens July 11.

PRESERVATION PLAN ON IT

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

(Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are, agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs; the movie becomes a simple chase and hunt, with characters we don't care about moving through the night and getting lost and then picked off in jungles or fields. Sarah and an animal-rights-activist-photographer (Vince Vaughn) carry a wounded baby *T. rex* back to the team's trailer—perhaps the stupidest act in the history of the movies—provoking Mommy- and Daddy-saurus to come looking. The sequence that follows, with the animals pushing the trailer over a cliff as the humans hang on inside, is one of Spielberg's most physically inventive, but it's just spectacle and nothing else. Spielberg and screenwriter David Koepp seem both timid and exploitative, afraid to offend the animal-rights movement even while using animals to rip humans to shreds. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the tendency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin*; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre.

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The adaptation of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play about the enduring friendships among eight gay men. Directed by Joe Mantello. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Men in Black—See Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea*; *New Coliseum*; *Nova*; *Olympia Theatre*; *Plaza Twin*.

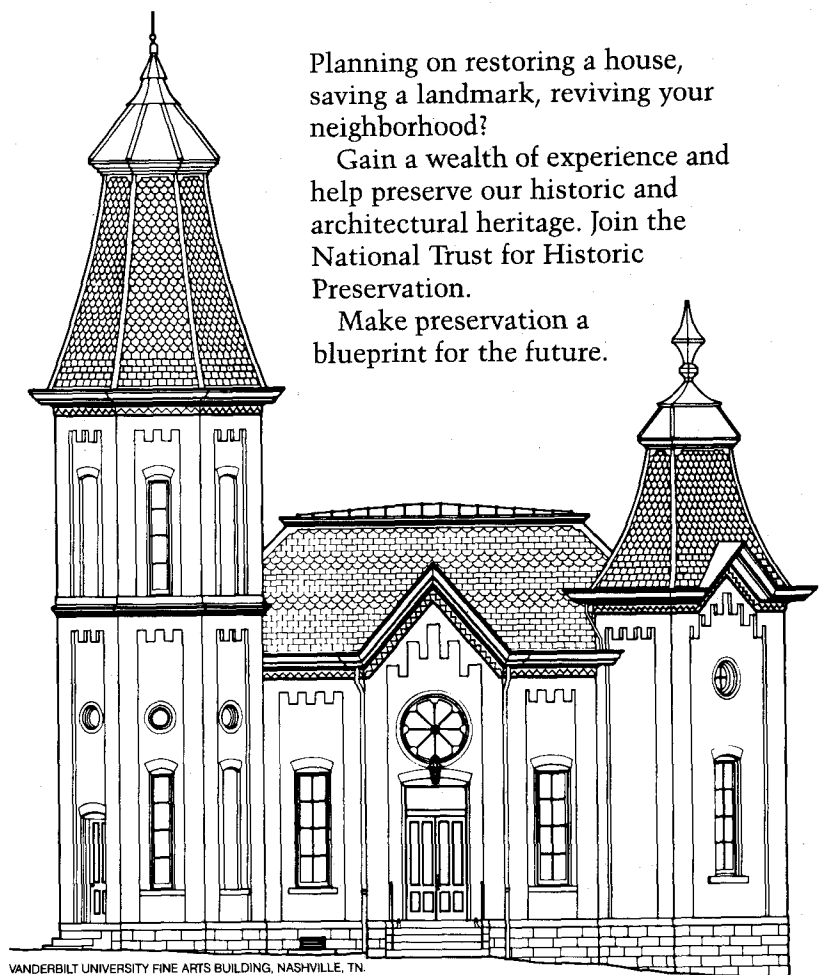
My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts stars as a woman who learns her best friend Michael (Dermot Mulroney) is about to be married and promptly sets about sabotaging the nuptials. Directed by P.J. Hogan. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East*; *19th Street East*; *Murray Hill Cinema*; *Criterion Center*; *Orpheum 7*; *Lincoln Square*.

Night Falls on Manhattan—In Sidney Lumet's twentieth movie set in New York, the Manhattan D.A. (Ron Leibman) stands on a desk and harangues his staff with lurid profanities. The sequence is entertaining, but one's pleasure in it just barely survives the realizations that (a) Leibman's "shocking" language is an awfully easy way of getting laughs, and (b) almost everyone talks this way in Lumet films. A veteran Queens cop (Ian Holm) gets shot three times when attempting to arrest a notorious Harlem drug dealer. The dealer, who has been paying off cops for years, surrenders himself to a William Kunstler-type liberal lawyer (Richard Dreyfuss), and the case goes to trial. The D.A. wants to improve his own chances for re-election, so he seizes on the wounded cop's son (Andy Garcia), a young prosecutor, to try the case. The trial and its aftermath sorely test the idealism of the young prosecutor, whose own father may be involved in corruption. Is moral behavior in public office possible, or even desirable? Does compromise necessarily destroy the compromiser? The movie wrestles with these familiar Lumet themes, but what it's really about is

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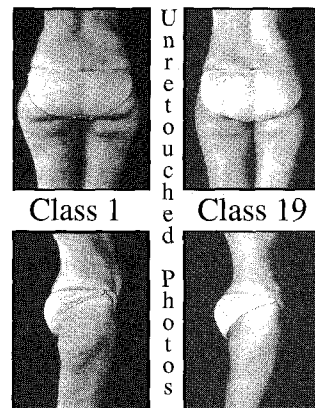


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Lumet's fantasy of New York—a city endlessly loud and confrontational. Lumet works for intense emotion, and that's why he may not notice or care that except for Richard Dreyfuss, everyone in the movie is miscast—that neither Andy Garcia nor the excellent British actor Ian Holm seem like Queens Irish, and that Lena Olin, suppressing her accent as a lawyer who falls in love with Andy Garcia, doesn't seem like much of anyone. *Night Falls on Manhattan* is never dull, and there are some touching moments, but one wishes it had been done with more precision, more quiet observation, and more taste. (Denby; 6/2/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) 34th Street East; Chelsea; Embassy 2-4; Manhattan Twin; 84th Street.

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon reteam for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; National Theatre; 86th Street; Brooklyn Heights.

***Ponette**—Exquisitely molded faces, softened by natural light; Rubenesque lips, ripe and full; an enormous seriousness and responsibility before the world's sorrows—the children in *Ponette* are very beautiful, and perhaps beauty at this level of intensity is all we need. The 4-year-old girl Ponette (Victoire Thivisol) has lost her mother in a car crash, and writer-director Jacques Doillon tells the story of her grief entirely from her point of view. Ponette's father, young and tense, conscious of his responsibility yet also terrified, tries to console his daughter but then leaves, dumping the girl into the arms of her aunt, who lives in the country somewhere in the French Alps. The aunt does all she can, and so do Ponette's cousins, especially little curly-haired Mathias (Matiaz Bureau), who offers his protection with romantic tenderness and the readiness of a cavalier. But Ponette still has to bear up by herself. She does so by not letting go of her sorrow, holding to her grief as closely as she does to her little rag doll. Jacques Doillon keeps the camera low to the ground and respectfully records lengthy conversations among the children, their metaphys-

ical speculations and their ideas about marriage and love and singleness. Shot in the country, much of the movie is physically beautiful, and one has to say that these are exceptional, even idealized, children. Except for one moment, they don't chant, and I heard no pooppy-dooopy jokes, no Barney chatter. Neither pop culture nor vulgarity has touched them. Despite its concentration on grief, the movie is something of an idyll; the children are seen as profoundly serious. Doillon doesn't offer any "mature" view of death because, of course, there isn't any. Ponette manages her unbearable loss as well as anyone ever does. Flinching from nothing, she's a true heroine. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) Art Greenwich Twin; Carnegie Hall Cinema.

***La Promesse**—In this extraordinary Belgian film, two brothers with a background in documentary filmmaking—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne—dig so deeply into a specific scene that one sees its very bones and arteries. Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. Rushing about madly, the two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial

wasteland. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him. The Dardenne brothers use a handheld camera, and much of the film has a hustling, caught-on-the-run quality; we see little acts of desperation and pleasure as people exchange money or rush down obscure corridors. And because the picture is so brazen and energetic, it is never depressing. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Speed 2: Cruise Control—See Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.

Tempress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Tetsuo II: Body Hammer—A sci-fi, live-action manga sequel to Shinya Tsukamoto's cult hit *Tetsuo: The Iron Man*. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) Cinema Village 12th St.

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman (Vivian Wu) with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggie mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez (*Gal Young 'Un*, *Ruby in Paradise*) loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette. Everything is seen very clearly and plainly, without exaggeration: Ulee's work is repetitive and undramatic; a couple of young Florida hoods are just banal and stupid. Ulee, a hero of day-by-day integrity, has been hurt so much he won't let himself feel anything; he's become joyless and censorious, and the movie, of course, chronicles his slow thawing-out as he tries to pull his family together. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and unvaried. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Regency.

When the Cat's Away—A lonely, heartsick Parisian girl (Garance Clavel) is aided in the search for her lost cat by an entire network of people she never knew existed. Written and directed by Cédric Klapisch. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Wild America—A fact-based drama about the young Stouffer brothers, who, in the sixties, documented wildlife in its natural environs. With Devon Sawa, Scott Bairstow, and Jonathan Taylor Thomas. Directed by William Dear. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) Village East; Chelsea.

Manhattan

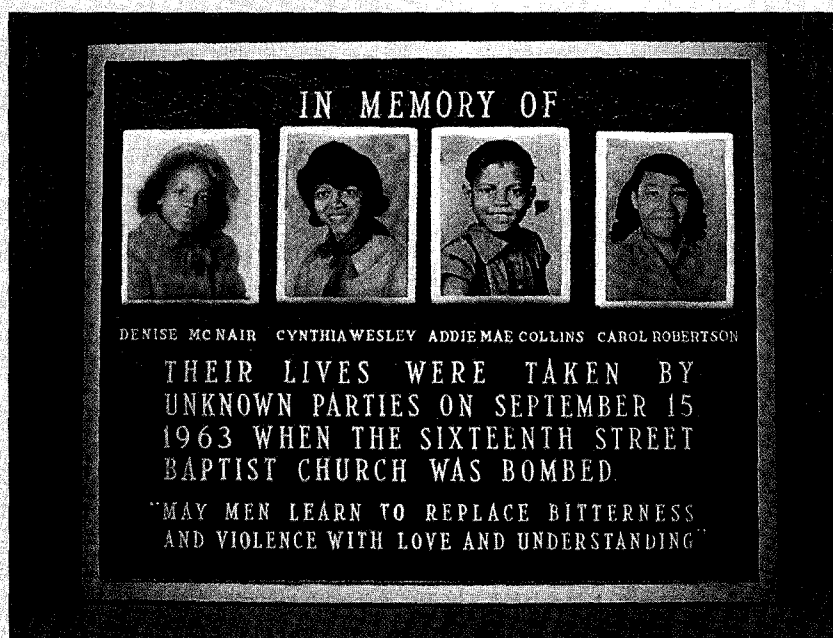
Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off*; *Dream With the Fishes*; *Fall*; *Tempress Moon*; *The Pillow Book*; *Ulee's Gold*.

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Lost World*; *Ponette*. Opening 7/2 *Out to Sea*.

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Tetsuo II: Body Hammer*; *Waco: The Rules of Engagement*. **Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Dust & Life*; *East Side Story*; *Irma Vep*. (See also "Museums Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Innocent Sleep*; *When the Cat's Away*. Opening 7/2: *Gabbeh*. **Screening Room**—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334



Opening In Memoriam

Spike Lee's *'4 Little Girls* is a devastating account of the 1963 church bombing masterminded by "Dynamite Bob" Chambliss—a tragedy that claimed the lives of Denise McNair (11), Cynthia Wesley (14), Addie Mae Collins (14), and Carole Robertson (14). Lee's documentary—both a concrete historical document and a gentle portrait of enduring grief—opens July 9 at Film Forum.

2100) (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Chasing Amy*; *Con Air*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*. Opening 7/2: *Wild America*.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Austin Powers*; *Batman & Robin*; *The Fifth Element*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off*.

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Night Falls on Manhattan*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*.

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Bliss*; *Buddy*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*. Opening 7/2: *Men in Black*; *Wild America*.

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Con Air*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Con Air*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient*.

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Follow Me Home*; *Kama Sutra*.

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Batman & Robin*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Brassed Off*; *Ponette*.

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hercules*; *Love! Valour! Compassion!*; *Ulee's Gold*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*.

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *The Fifth Element*; *Love Jones*; *Murder at 1600*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*; *Sprung*.

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Trial & Error*.

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *For Roseanna*.

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Con Air*.

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Breakdown*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*; *Scream*.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hercules*. **Manhattan Twin**—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Austin Powers*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*.

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Austin Powers*; *Liar Liar*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*.

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Closed for Renovations*.

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Face/Off*.

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Chasing Amy*; *Con Air*.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Donnie Brasco*; *Double Team*; *Fathers' Day*; *Kama Sutra*; *Scream*; *The Saint*.

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Head Above Water*.

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Pillow Book*.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Lost World*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*.

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Hercules*.

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts.



Opening When Nature Calls

One of the more elegant and reverent nature series in television history, *Wild America* began as the brain-child of the Stouffer brothers, three pugnacious teens who, in the sixties, documented all manner of uncaged, free-roaming wildlife. In the fact-based film of the same name, Devon Sawa, Jonathan Taylor Thomas, and Scott Bairstow (left to right) star as the insatiably curious young men who alternately marvel at and flee from their subjects. Opens July 2.

(505-CINE#606) *Brassed Off*.

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Addicted to Love*; *Breakdown*; *The Lost World*.

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Austin Powers*; *Batman & Robin*; *Buddy*; *The Fifth Element*.

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Face/Off*.

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Austin Powers*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Chasing Amy*.

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Trial & Error*; *Addicted to Love*; *Breakdown*; *Con Air*; *The Fifth Element*; *The Lost World*; *Night Falls on Manhattan*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gabbeh*; *Kolya*; *La Promesse*; *Temptress Moon*; *The Pillow Book*; *When the Cat's Away*.

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Face/Off*; *Batman & Robin*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Men in Black*.

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hercules*; *The Lost World*. Opening 7/2: *Men in Black*.

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Batman & Robin*; *Buddy*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's*

Wedding; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Face/Off*; *Batman & Robin*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Con Air*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*; *Wild America*.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Face/Off*; *Out to Sea*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Batman & Robin*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Batman & Robin*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Wild America*.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*. Opening 7/2: *Men in Black*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*. Opening 7/2: *Men in Black*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Batman & Robin*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Hercules*. Opening 7/2: *Men in Black*; *Wild America*.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Addicted to Love*; *Buddy*; *The Lost World*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Batman & Robin*; *Chasing Amy*; *The Lost World*; *Speed 2: Cruise Control*.

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Men in Black*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave.

Photograph by James Bridges/Warner Bros.

JULY 7, 1997 NEW YORK 67



Retrospective The Write Stuff

From 1916 to 1946, Frances Marion (right, with best friend Mary Pickford) pretty much ran the show in Hollywood—writing more than 200 scripts, commanding the highest fee of any screenwriter in town, and single-handedly resurrecting the careers of flailing actresses Marie Dressler and Marion Davies. Through July 20, MOMA honors the long-forgotten Marion—and her power-chick contemporaries—with 'Frances Marion and Her Circle, Part One,' a 30-film retrospective. (Part Two bows this winter; see "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for info.)

(821-5993) *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *Men in Black*; *Wild America*.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *The Lost World*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Hercules*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Batman & Robin*; *Hercules*. Opening 7/2: *Out to Sea*; *Wild America*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Batman & Robin*; *Brassed Off*; *The Pillow Book*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *The Lost World*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Batman & Robin*; *The Fifth Element*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*:

Cruise Control.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Hercules*; *Face/Off*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*. Opening 7/2: *Men in Black*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Batman & Robin*; *Face/Off*; *Men in Black*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Lost World*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Chef in Love*; *The Lost World*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Batman & Robin*; *Hercules*.

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Hercules*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Face/Off*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Con Air*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*. Opening 7/1: *Men in Black*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Hercules*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Batman & Robin*; *Con Air*; *Face/Off*; *Hercules*; *The Lost World*; *My Best Friend's Wedding*; *Speed 2*: *Cruise Control*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Music for Silents: Original Soundtracks for Silent Films." 7/5: *Spite Marriage* (1929), *Steamboat Willie* (1928) and *City Lights* (1931). 7/6: *Moulin Rouge* (1928) and *The Blue Light* (1933). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—6/30-7/3: *Frank and Ollie* (1996). 6/30-7/6: *Underground* (1995). 7/3: *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* (1944). 7/4-7/6: *Arizona Dream* (1993). 7/5: *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé* (1956). 7/5 and 7/6: *Corridor* (1994). 7/6: *Pickpocket* (1959). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/30: *Sorry, Wrong Number* (1948). 7/7: *My Darling Clementine* (1946). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—7/6: *Suddenly, Last Summer* (1959). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Dorothy Dandridge." 6/30: *Island in the Sun* (1957) and *Malaga* (1960). 7/1: *Dandridge: The Early Years* (1941-1953) and *The Harlem Globetrotters* (1951). 7/2: *Murder Men* (1962) and *Tarzan's Peril* (1951). 7/3: *Carmen Jones* (1954). Beginning 7/4: "Killer B's." 7/4-7/6: *Gun Crazy* (1949) and *Kiss Me Deadly* (1955). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Jean-Luc Godard, Moviemaker." 6/30-7/3: *Contempt* (1963). 7/4-7/7: *For Ever Mozart* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$8.

French Institute—7/1: *Caroline chérie* (1950). 7/8: *La Nuit de Varennes* (1982). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Frances Marion and Her Circle." 7/1: *The Scarlet Letter* (1926), *A Girl's Folly* (1917), and *Humoresque* (1920). 7/3: *Blondie of the Follies* (1932), *Love* (1927), and *The Wind* (1928). 7/4: *Let Us Be Gay* (1930), *Good News* (1930), and *Riffraff* (1935). 7/5: *The Champ* (1931) and *Dinner at Eight* (1933). 7/6: *Camille* (1937) and *Red-Headed Woman* (1932). "American Race Films." 7/1: *Sissie and Blake* (1924), *Sepia Cinderella* (1947), and *Hi-De-Ho* (1947). 7/1 and 7/6: *Eleven P.M.* (1928) and *The Scar of Shame* (1926). 7/3: *The Birth of a Race* (1918), *Body and Soul* (1925), and *Boy! What a Girl*. (1945). 7/4: *Blood of Jesus* (1941) and *Double Dea*. (1939). 7/5: *Two Gun Man From Harlem* (1938) and *Underworld* (1937). 7/6: *Broken Strings* (1940). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Cases of Misplaced Identity." 7/3-7/13: *Breakdown* (1955), *The Case of Mr. Pelham* (1955), and *Poison* (1958). Also through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965) 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); \$6.

Screening Room—"Spike and Mike's Festival of Animation." Call for program info. Also, Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St. below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

Patsy Cline...Woza Afrika!...Sedaris

Broadway

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. \$40-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck*, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre*, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. \$20-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton dolos out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stunted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. \$25-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/2/97. *Belasco Theatre*, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. No performances on 7/1 and 7/4. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.

The Gin Game—D.L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in like

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. (Simon: 5/5/97). \$15-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox; Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine, and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Jekyll & Hyde—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom*, in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardi-ers



Opening Crazy?

Country giant Barbara Mandrell, Dallas bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of *Always*... Patsy Cline for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife.

bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$15–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. \$40–\$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst*, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-per-

formance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65–\$75. *At the Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theater*, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Victor/Victoria—Curves be damned! Raquel Welch, whose va-va-voom figure has tormented men for

three decades, succeeds Julie Andrews as the sexual palindrome of Broadway—a woman-playing-a-man-playing-a-woman. Written and directed by Blake Edwards; musical adaptation by (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse. Also starring Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York. \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theater*, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Henry VIII—The Shakespeare Marathon, started by Joseph Papp, has lasted more years than this king had wives. It concludes its decade-long spree this month with the story of England's most fickle-hearted monarch, coincidentally the season's first production of Shakespeare in Central Park. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Opened 6/26. Through 7/9. *Delacorte Theater at Central Park* (539-8655).

Incident at Cobbler's Knob—An exuberantly demented product from David Sedaris, author of *Naked* and *Barrel Fever*, and his sister, Amy. Presented by Lincoln Center Festival 97. \$32. 7/8 at 8:30; 7/9, 7/10, and 7/11 at 8. *LaGuardia Theater*, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (721-6500).

Les Danaïdes—A sprawling, 120-person production on the same magnificent scale as Peter Brook's *Mahabharata*. The Aeschylus play, which dates back to roughly 460 B.C., is seldom performed today, but Romanian director Silviu Pucarete's reconstruction of the work has already earned him raves abroad. He now tries it, here in the U.S., as part of Lincoln Center Festival 97. In French with English supertitles. \$50. Tues.–Sun. at 9. Performances begin 7/8. *Damrosch Park*, Amsterdam Ave. at 62nd St. (721-6500).

Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. \$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/9 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre*, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

Those Left Behind—While a female stranger is checking his forehead for a fever, a man slams facedown onto the countertop of a Hoboken diner, pulverizing his glasses and spraying the customers with blood. The attempt to determine whether this was her doing or his, and what possible circumstances could lead up to this untidy moment, makes up the rest of this Ben Bettenbender play, presented by the Directors Company. \$12. Mon.–Fri. at 8. Previews begin 7/7 for a 7/15 opening. *Theatre 3*, 311 W. 43rd St. (246-5877).

Woza Afrika: After Apartheid—As a tenth-anniversary follow-up to "Woza Afrika!"—Lincoln Center's 1987 celebration of South African township plays—Festival 97 now offers four separate programs of plays and monologues written since the collapse of institutionalized white rule. \$45. Begin 7/8. Tues. at 8:30, Wed.–Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Jay College Theater*, Tenth Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts. (721-6500).

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, Dallas bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its sellin' points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texan housewife. \$40–\$45. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).

Baby Anger—A yuppie couple's baby boy is cast in an award-winning commercial—as a girl. Quel drap! Presented by Playwrights Horizons, written by Peter Hedges (*What's Eating Gilbert Grape*), and starring Kristen Johnston (*3rd Rock from the Sun*). \$3. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/8. *Anne G. Wilder Theater*, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community

Opening Aesop, Sans Morals

As an adolescent, David Sedaris was such a bristling mass of tics he could have made Valium nervous. He jerked his neck, he made high-pitched sounds, he rolled his eyes back into their sockets until they disappeared. Perhaps at no time were these habits on more electrifying display than in the twelfth grade, when he took the lead role in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. "It was humiliating," says Sedaris, now 40. "I told everyone it was the lights." Since then, Sedaris has taken his rightful place behind the scenes, channeling his prodigally deranged energies into scripts and best-sellers (*Barrel Fever*, *Naked*). He has also discovered the soothing properties of cigarettes.

But with playwrighting, as with his entire career, Sedaris has also taken a rather hectic approach.

The author—whose odd curriculum vitae includes stints as a maid and a Santaland elf—has been known to introduce new characters 48 hours before opening night, tinker with shows long after they've closed, and cut perfectly pleasing spools of dialogue simply because he's sick of his own jokes. "The people who memorize their lines the quickest get new pages," says Amy, his sister and collaborator. But for the

Sedaris family's upcoming production, *Incident at Cobbler's Knob*, neither character definition nor dialogue is the problem. It's plot. "This script is pretty much worthless after page 55," says a note, typewritten by David, that accompanies the 57-page draft. "The animals will be brought back to life and crown the worm as their king. At the end of the show he is stepped on by the donkey. I think. Maybe. Today." *Incident*, as this zoological cast might suggest, was originally intended as a children's play. "But right now, the language is kind of a barrier," says David, probably referring to a few outbursts from a lecherous donkey, a limerick-prone worm, and a gay beaver. "Though we still like the trappings of a fable," he adds. As always, Amy

Sedaris will star in the production, which opens on July 8, playing both the aforementioned donkey and a witch who's camping out in a trailer. As part of Lincoln Center Festival 97, *Incident* will be the duo's first production to appear above 14th Street. Not that it matters. "We'll do what we ordinarily do," says David. "But bigger."

JENNIFER SENIOR



By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. \$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Collected Stories—The conflict between the established artist and the adulatory fan who becomes a protégé, disciple, colleague, and friend—and finally threatening rival—is one of those great topics that have fascinated us at least since Paul Bourget's *The Disciple* (1889) through Joe Mankiewicz's movie *All About Eve* (1950) to our time. It resurfaces in Donald Margulies's provocative new play, which confronts the prominent short-story writer Ruth Steiner with her student turned confidante turned competitor Lisa Morrison. (Simon: 6/1/97). Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Debra Messing and Maria Tucci. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Opened 5/20. *The Manhattan Theatre Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$35-\$40. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; and conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50-\$40. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed.



Previews Head Case

While a female stranger is checking his forehead for a fever, a man slams facedown onto the countertop of a Hoboken diner, pulverizing his glasses and spraying customers with blood. The attempt to determine just what circumstances led up to this untidy moment makes up the rest of Ben Bettenbender's "Those Left Behind," opening July 15 at Theatre 3.

at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—After a long and giddy run at the Greenwich House, the Tectonic Theater production has finally found a home on Off Broadway. From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minnetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minnetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good of boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed

away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$45. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. \$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. \$25-\$45. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay His-panic experience starring Felix A. Pire. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 10. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogriorgio. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

My Night With Reg—The New Group concludes its third season with yet another British import, which the organization's executive producer, Claudia Catania, has suggested should be renamed *A Housewarming Party and Two Wakes*. The dark comedy, which won the 1995 Olivier Award and other assorted accolades, follows six gay men as they contemplate their relationships with the never-seen title character. \$15. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. Through 7/19. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Queens Blvd.—A new comedy about the turmoil wrought by an attractive new roommate. Written by Paul Corrigan, Shubert Award winner for playwrighting. \$20-\$25. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Seeking the Genesis—Kia Corthron's newest drama. C Ana, a single mom from the projects who has already lost one of her two sons to gangs and drugs, is confronted with a moral dilemma about how to spare the other. \$32. Tues.-Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 7/6. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

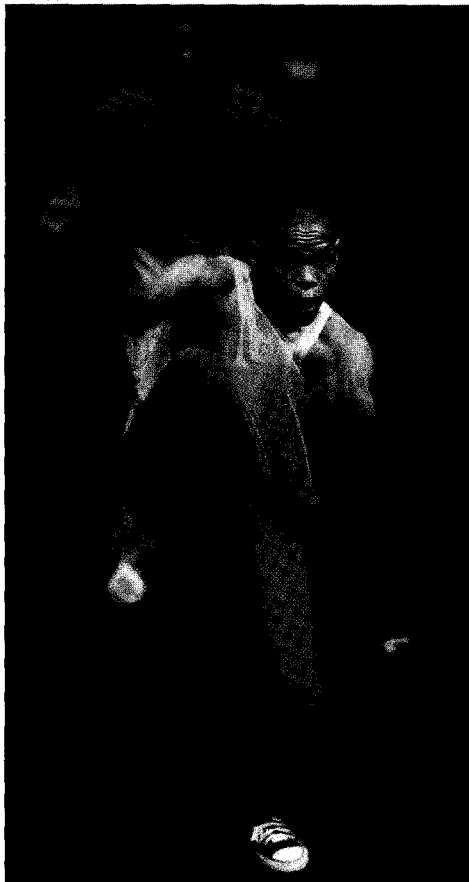
Something Blue—The honor of your presence is requested at a trailer-park-wedding fiasco. Written and performed by Michaela Murphy; directed by

Tim Blake Nelson. \$32.50-\$35. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Wed. at 7; Sat. at 2 and 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 6/22. Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29.50-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (279-4200).



Opening Following Fugard

As a tenth-anniversary follow-up to 'Woza Afrika!'—Lincoln Center's 1987 celebration of South African township plays—Festival 97 now offers 'Woza Afrika: After Apartheid,' four separate programs of plays and monologues written since the collapse of institutionalized white rule. Begins July 8.

Udovitch continued from page 55

and involves a constellation of characters—teenage boy, absent mother, jealous father, attractive aunt—that in every way makes it seem like it was planning to be in Ford's previous collection, *Rock Springs*, but got hung up and arrived ten years too late.)

The protagonist and womanizer of the title, Martin Austin, is a traveling paper salesman for a Chicago company, an unreliable narrator, and a self-deluding jerk, engaged in wrecking the lives of his wife and a young Frenchwoman who has the bad luck to encounter him at a vulnerable time in her life. His communication breakdown, like Frank Bascombe's in *The Sportswriter* (though not Frank Bascombe's in *Independence Day*), is first and foremost within—he is a man so distanced he thinks of himself by surname. He is quite literally unable, when kissing a woman he's met at a party, to understand that *non* means no:

"What she was saying all the while Austin was kissing her thin mouth was—whisperingly, almost dreamily—'Non, non, non, non, non. Please. I can't. I can't. Non, non.'"

"Though she didn't stop. 'No' was not what she meant exactly."

He is, as his wife points out while dumping him, a man who takes not only others but also himself for granted, a person for whom any deviation or change from an expected norm is a threat that, if it can't be ignored, must be destroyed. Told by a hotel clerk—as an April Fool's joke, it turns out—that a strike has stranded him in Paris without accommodations, Austin at first stands "amid his suitcases, breathing in the air of defeat and frustration and anger he felt certain it would be useless to express." A few moments later, he blows up: "This man would be the focus of his anger. He couldn't help himself. Anger couldn't make anything worse."

Similarly situated abroad, "Occidentals" is much more explicitly concerned with the near impossibility of communication. Charley Matthews, the character from whose point of view the narrative unfolds, is the author of one, autobiographical, novel. Stood up by his French publisher, and traveling with his rather scary (to him) girlfriend, he is whiling away a few days in Paris waiting for an appointment with his translator. Matthews wouldn't be a Richard Ford man if he were actually a nice guy, but he is a more generous and tenderhearted man than Austin, and also a more astute one, even if he is too self-centered to absorb fully the fact that the woman he is traveling with is dying of cancer.

Mostly, he is almost farcically hounded by missed connections, shortfalls between

appearance and reality, and misunderstandings in general. But unlike Austin, or indeed the usual run of Ford male, he has some capacity for adjustment. He is man enough to travel with his girlfriend, Helen, although she is almost formidably vivid. A last-minute substitute for a departing black female professor, he ends up permanently teaching African-American literature although his field is the eighteenth century. ("Eventually the chairman decided he could stay on and even work for tenure . . . so that the college could avoid hiring another black woman, who everybody felt would turn out to be a lot of trouble." Although it is dark, "Occidentals" is a little uncharacteristically funny.) In some situations, he can even enjoy his inability to engage:

"Yet there was another, good side to it: since, when he would listen in on some conversation Helen was having . . . and would try to figure out from this word or that what either one of them was saying, he got almost everything wrong. Listening this way, he made up whole parts and sometimes the entirety of conversations. . . . It could get to be addictive, he believed, not understanding what people were saying."

In the main, however, this sort of anti-Forster sentiment (do anything but connect) is presented as the process of loss, as in this exchange Matthews has with a woman at his U.S. publisher who has just indicated that she believes that Dante wrote in French:

"'Well. Go to France and live it up.' She chuckled. She was typing something on a computer. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'"

"'I don't know what that means,' Matthews said. He knew very little French."

"'It's something about Prince Charles. Something he said, supposedly. It probably means 'live it up.'"

Although the true translation of this phrase, the motto of the fourteenth-century Order of the Garter—roughly "evil to him who evil thinks"—would usually not bode well for any Ford male, Matthews is a rare Ford short-story protagonist in that he finishes the story in a significantly better frame of mind than that with which he started it. That this is so, despite a milieu of disturbing and even tragic events, admittedly ones that primarily affect other people, doesn't make him the most sympathetic character. It suggests, however, that while there is something lost in translation—in the case of "Occidentals," from Helen's life to Matthews's good mood, from language to language, from man to woman, from life to traditional, nonevent, unexperiential fiction—so is something, by someone, gained. It's just a question of who pays the price.

art

Terra-Cotta New York...Cristina Iglesias

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue
and Vicinity

Emanuele de Reggi—Small figurative sculptures; through 7/31. Kouras, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Peter Waite—Paintings on paper that continue the artist's themes of landscape, interiors, seascapes, graveyards, and buildings; through 7/12. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

57th Street Area

Walter Boyer—Paintings of abstracted images from nature; through 7/31. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Steve Currie—Wood and plaster sculptures that appear to have a utilitarian function; through 7/25. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Morris Graves—Recent paintings of images from nature; through 7/31. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Jaquín Torres-García—A selection of paintings and drawings executed between 1899 and 1949 from the collection of the artist's grandchildren; through 7/18. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Paul Marcus/Sue Coe—New paintings by both; through 7/12. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Christophe Seillon de la Feuillerat—Recent collages; through 7/10. Australian Consulate-General, 630 Fifth Ave., fourth floor (408-8453).

Victor Vasarely—A survey of paintings from the thirties through the seventies by the founder of Op-Art (1908-1997); through 8/1. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Michael Wetzel—Plein-air landscapes and studio scenes of birds; through 7/25. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ans Accola/Douglas Kolk—New sculpture/Drawings that depict the adventures of a character the artist calls Suicide Girl. Through 8/1. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Erald Scarfe—Line drawings for the animated Disney film *Hercules*; through 7/6. Z, 70 Greene St. (966-8836).



Talent Abstraction gets heroic again in the paintings of Denyse Thomasos, who uses a single brush to create sprawling grid structures with squares that appear to protract or recede in space. She'll even stir things up with an occasional errant stroke. At Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway; through July 25.

Keith Haring—Paintings, drawings, and sculpture by the late artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 7/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Herzog & De Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Alun Leach-Jones—Recent charcoal and pastel drawings shown with tribal art from New Guinea; through 7/25. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Peter Nagy—Five "altar" assemblages by this artist who has been living mainly in New Delhi since 1992; through 7/25. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Paloma Pelaez/Edouard Duval-Carrié—Paintings that depict theatrical events from a distinctly feminine perspective, by the Spanish artist/Narrative paintings that incorporate voodoo iconography by the Haitian-born artist. Through 7/25. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Donna Rosenthal—Sculptures that take an ironic look at women's traditions, their identities, and the roles imposed upon women by society; through 7/12. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Annika Ström—A video installation by a Swedish artist; through 7/12. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Toshiko Takaezu—Recent ceramic works; through 7/18. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Denyse Thomasos—New large-scale abstract paintings; through 7/25. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Valery Vershov—Paintings that romanticize the material world by depicting flamboyant interiors of houses belonging to the very rich; 7/2-7/31. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Dan Walsh—Recent diagrammatic paintings; through 7/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Chelsea

Kim Abeles—An installation by the California artist; 7/2-8/3. Art Resources Transfer, 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Stefan Altenburger—A site-specific video installation that incorporates objects scavenged from the streets of New York and documents a performance given by the artist using those objects; 7/2-8/9. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Lawrence Anderson/Eric Willmer—Small-scale paintings based on snapshots of urban landscapes/Small-scale geometric abstract paintings; through 7/20. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Thomas Baldwin—An installation of paintings, photographs, and sculpture; through 7/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Pamela Harris/Chris Johnson—Paintings of iconic ranch and split-level houses/Paintings whose imagery suggests out-of-focus snapshots taken from moving cars. Through 7/18. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Lucio Pozzi/Steve Currie—Large-scale paintings of flowers/Insectomorphic sculptures of wire lathe and cement plaster on poplar stilts. Through 7/25. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Frank Lloyd Wright—Drawings by the architect spanning the years 1905 to 1957; through 7/31. Proetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Other

Agnes Denes—Lithographs from "The Pyramid Suite," part of the artist's 25-year investigation of the pyramid form, and drawings of recent projects; through 7/12. View, 250 E. 51st St. (317-9757).

Susan Mastrangelo/Ana Kariotakis—Plaster sculptures of figures/Photographs of abandoned dolls. Through 7/20. Curcio/Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

- Baumgold**—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.
- Berry-Hill**—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). Depictions of roses, with works by Homer, Chase, Sargent, others; through 7/18.
- Knoedler**—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.
- Reinhold Brown**—26 E. 78th St. (734-7999). An exhibition focusing on the influence of Russian Constructivism on international graphic design, with works by Anderson, El Lissitzky, Malevich, Matter, Scher, the Stenberg brothers, Weiner, others; through 7/26.
- Shepherd**—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). French paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the nineteenth century, with works by Boilly, Gerard, and Gericault; through 7/26.
- Ubu**—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "One-Line Drawing," for which 40 artists have created works based

on a directive from the gallery limiting the finished work to one interrupted action in the medium of the artist's choice; 7/8-7/31.

57th Street Area

- Adams**—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Works by Arneson, Arnold, Barsness, Bedia, Dill, Neshat, Saul, Winters, others; through 8/6.
- Clark**—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Homage to R. Mutt," an exhibit honoring Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, the readymade urinal he submitted to the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by Arneson, Baron, Bidlo, Cecula, Dickey, R. Mutt, Oldenburg; 7/8-8/8.
- Danese**—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.
- Equitable**—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.
- Fischbach**—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.

- French**—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.
- Kraushaar**—724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730). Works in black and white by Callahan, Degner, Gechtoff, Lechay, Schrag, Sperry, others; through 7/31.
- Lelong**—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Works by Chilla, Förg, Jaar, Kounellis, Lee, LeWitt, Mendieta, Newman, Scully; through 7/31.
- Marlborough**—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). "Four Chilean Artists," with works on paper by Benmayor, Cienfuegos, Lira, Maffei; through 7/20.
- Miller**—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "Affinities With the East," with paintings by Fishman, Marden, Martin, McLaughlin, Steir; through 8/1.
- Rosenfeld**—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944-1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.
- St. Etienne**—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirschfeld, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.
- Snyder**—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelp, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.
- Tatistcheff**—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Life drawings by fourteen artists, among them Bartlett, Doyle, Hull, Massad, others; through 7/31.

In Print City of Clay

New York City offers few views more Arcadian than the one from the Gramercy, the stately Victorian apartment building where Susan Tunick and her family took up residence in 1980. But despite the sculptured greenery of Gramercy Park—and the *Age of Innocence* façades around it—nothing held Tunick's attention quite like the walls of her own building's light court. Often, Tunick recalls, she'd find herself peering out the side windows of her apartment, wondering what material had been deployed to create their decorative motifs, an unlikely combination of simple geometric patterns and rows of Indian heads, eagles, and figurines. "It was the color of brick," Tunick remembers, "and it occurred to me that it was clay." Although she'd gotten a master's degree in ceramics, Tunick was unfamiliar with architectural terra-cotta; soon, though, she was discovering it everywhere, on buildings both famous (the Flatiron, the Woolworth, the Fuller) and anonymous, used as cladding, ornamentation, or both. "Everyone called New York the 'concrete jungle,'" says the now-enlightened Tunick, "but one out of every two buildings erected in 1911 incorporated clay." After months of spotting it on her bicycle rides through Manhattan, Tunick became truly active in the terra-cotta cause—becoming president of the Friends of Terra Cotta, helping to win landmark status for several New York buildings, and, now, publishing *Terra-Cotta Skyline* (Princeton Architectural Press; \$45; to order, call 212-662-0768). This authoritative guide is more than a compilation of New York's terra-cotta treasures: It's a comprehensive look at one of America's lost arts, an art so forgotten, in fact, that when Tunick began her research she could find only one book on the subject at the New York Public Library (published in 1920) and had to glean much of her information from estimating records left by long-defunct terra-cotta companies. Being a terra-cotta crusader isn't easy, Tunick says. Her husband has asked her not to bring home any more broken artifacts, and the networking is endless. But the rewards are obvious. "The nice part is being able to see it so easily," she says. "To hear people say, 'Oh . . . that's what that is.'"

EDITH NEWHALL



SoHo and TriBeCa

- Artists Space**—38 Greene St. (966-3970). "Tampering With the Reel," with film, video, and video installations by Bordwin, Lewis, Sogo, Toufic, Yeomans; through 7/19.
- Bravin Post Lee**—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). A show that examines an aspect of painting in which certain artists deliberately sabotage the medium in order to revitalize it, with works by Bacon, de Benedetto, Dona, Marcaccio, Stella, others; through 7/19.
- Foster**—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by four Korean artists represented by the Galleries Bhak in Seoul, Korea, including Nam June Paik, Hyun Ki Park, Kwang Young Chun, and Beom Moon; through 7/26.
- Golden**—16 Mercer St. (334-3124). Works by Fitzgerald, Lyon, Starr, Vega; through 7/25.
- Hoffman**—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Off the Wall," with works by Calderon, Deese, Harris, McCarty, Norrie, Okulick, others; through 7/7.
- Ingbar**—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.
- Kind**—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works that suggest the symbols or vestiges of systems, by Ayon, Lukacs, Mora; through 7/31.
- Luhning Augustine**—130 Prince St. (219-9600). Paintings and sculpture by Hammond, Kessler, Kippenberger, Mayerson, Pierson, Rae, Wool, others through 8/1.
- Malca**—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.
- Perlow**—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Vo Betzen, others; through 8/15.
- Postmasters**—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Close Circuit," a site-specific project by Silvia Kolbowski that addresses the recent move of a number of SoHo galleries to Chelsea; object-works that allude to craft, design, and performance by MacL Rose, Wampler; through 7/12.
- Rosen**—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Ashkin, Gursky, Fischli & Weiss; through 7/11.
- Silverstein**—476 Broome St. (226-0640). Works by Breit, Cotton, Gower, Sax, Rossell, other through 7/12.
- Sperone Westwater**—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Works on paper by Kuitca, Laib, Lasker, Moor Nauman, Smith, Tuttle, and Vital; through 7/25.
- Tilton**—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works in various media by young artists from China through 7/31.
- TZ'Art**—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Uncomfortable," with works by Bruns, Grabner, Jacobs, Kars Morris, Ruttan, others; through 8/2.
- Wimmer**—560 Broadway (274-0274). Paintings by Amer, Byron, Dona, Hollingsworth, Howe, Mias, Schoen; through 7/28.

Photograph by Peter Mau

Chelsea

- Baldacci**—521 W. 21st St. (463-0919). "Ut Scientia Pictura," with works that suggest a scientific bent, by Cemin, Hyde, Long, Lucas, Moylan, Muniz, Raskin; through 7/31.
- Chaim & Read**—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Benglis, Fuss, Salle, Spitzer; through 7/31.
- Hearn**—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Works by Heilmann, Jonas, Koether, Prieto; through 7/31.
- Kreps**—529 W. 20th St. (741-8849). "Perfect Day," with works by Day, Hansel, Harman, Warner, Wilder; through 7/27.
- Team**—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). New paintings by Abbott, Featherly, Gonzalez, Ruyter; through 7/13.
- XL**—504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111). Recent works by Cantor, Lovett/Codagnone, Minter, Sale; through 7/26.

Other

- Art in the Anchorage**—Cadman Plaza West, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251), Thurs.–Sun. 1–6. Digital and media installations by Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.
- Storefront for Art and Architecture**—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Testing 1 . . . 2 . . . 3," an installation of speculative architectural projects by David Lewis, Paul Lewis, and Marc Tsurumaki; through 8/2.
- Trans Hudson**—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). Sculpture by Christopher Lesnewski; works by Beech, Dodd, Lee, Sussman; through 7/27.
- YWCA**—610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781). "The Bathing Suit Show," with bathing suits by 21 artists, including Fried, Guarnaccia and Hochbaum, Lovell, Mischak, Oji, Williams; through 7/26.

Photography

- John Abbott**—Photographs of jazz musicians; through 7/19. Carr, 478 W. Broadway (673-5518).
- Alex Harsley**—Photographs that concentrate on the often overlooked details of urban life; 7/7–8/1. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).
- Lillian Bassman**—Vintage prints by this photographer whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Fashion Institute of Technology; 7/2–8/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).
- Ken Botto**—A retrospective of the artist's early color photographs of tiny constructed tableaux made from old toys, postcards, and memorabilia; through 7/19. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).
- Marilyn Bridges**—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).
- Kenneth Chen/Jason Yates**—Collaborative works that incorporate paintings, performance, and video; through 7/22. Gallery at 678, 678 Broadway (477-8422).
- Jessica Craig-Martin and Lucas Michael**—Two separate series of photographs—one by each artist—that are meant to be viewed as a collaborative effort; through 7/25. Boesky & Gallery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).
- George Daniell**—Photographs of New York in the thirties and forties; through 8/1. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).
- Janziger**—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Cameron, Cunningham, Leibovitz, Weston, others; photographs of nudes by Larry Colwell made between 1943 and 1959; through 7/31.
- XC Moore**—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Photographs by the painters Paul Cadmus, Jared French, and Margaret French that were taken during their summers together on the beaches of Fire Island, Provincetown, and Nantucket, and during winters back in their New York and New Jersey studios; through 7/11.
- Rich Hartmann**—Photographs of Nazi concentration camps; through 8/9. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).
- arry Fink**—Images that reveal the various manifestations of power—in sports, on Wall Street, and in fashion—by this photographer whose work is

currently on exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art; 7/2–8/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

- Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame**—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of his friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).
- Fung**—537 Broadway (334-6242). Works by Arbus, Baldessari, Barney, Goldin, Serrano, Sherman, Wegan, Welling, others; through 7/25.
- International Center of Photography**—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.
- International Center of Photography Midtown**—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); \$4, \$2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Cross-town." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7. . . "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood." Photographs by Lauren Greenfield. Photographs exploring the youth culture of Los Angeles by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Young Photographer; through 7/13. . . "Altered Landscapes: The Photographs of John Pfahl"; through 7/13.
- Petra Karadimas**—Computer-manipulated photographs of New York City buildings; through 7/19. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).
- George Platt Lynes**—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935–1955; through 8/15. Wessel & O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).
- Mann**—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.
- Miller**—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; 7/2–8/20.
- Miller**—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting," with photographs that explore photography as a painterly medium by Eggleston, Gerber, Gursky, Kalpakjian, Polidori, Welling; through 8/1.
- Liana Muccio**—Black-and-white photographs of the photographer's family in New York and her relatives who remained in Italy; through 7/31. Ellis Island Immigration Museum (call 269-5755 for Circle Line Ferries schedule; ferries leave Manhattan for Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty at Gangway 5 in Battery Park), daily 9–5; \$7 round-trip fare, \$3 children.
- PaceWildensteinMacGill**—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.
- Saul**—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; 7/2–9/6.
- Ozzie Sweet**—Photographs of baseball stars; through 7/25. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).
- Witkin**—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!" with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/8.

Museums

- American Craft Museum**—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 9/7. . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri.,

Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

- American Museum of Natural History**—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

- Asia Society**—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855–1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. . . "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/20. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

- Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts**—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1994." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

- Brooklyn Museum of Art**—"Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

- Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum**—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. . . "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. . . "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

- Dahesh Museum**—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that recreates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

- El Museo del Barrio**—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . "Project: Print." Works by high school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

- Fashion Institute of Technology**—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

- Frick Collection**—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventeenth-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

- Guggenheim Museum**—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$10, \$7 students and seniors.

- Guggenheim Museum SoHo**—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway

(423-3500); Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897-1983); through 9/7. . . "Cartier: 1900-1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . "The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843-1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . "The Print in the North: The Age of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden"; through 7/13. . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900-1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th-19th Century"; through 7/6. . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Passion for the Past: The Collection of Bertram K. and Nina Fletcher Little." A collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and furnishings gathered by the Little family over

several decades for their eighteenth-century summer retreat, Cogswell's Grant, in Essex, Massachusetts; through 7/6. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman." The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. . . "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects." Highlights drawn from the portfolios, sketchbooks, and models of the ten architects asked to submit designs for the museum's expansion and renovation; through 7/8. . . "Brought to Light: Black Cinema, 1921-1959." Postcards, lobby cards, pressbooks, and heralds that focus on African-American independent cinema, from the collection of James A. Wheeler; through 7/6. . . "From the Grace M. Mayer Collection." Photographs and prints bequeathed to the museum by its former curator emeritus; through 7/15. . . "American Photography 1890-1965: From the Collection"; through 7/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8.50, \$5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . "A Museum for a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century." 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection"; 7/2-9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav

Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10-5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley"; through 9/13. . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Spiegelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; through 7/6. . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958-1990) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922-1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882-1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

On View Basque Style

While fusing strikingly incongruous images and materials—as in this bamboo forest rendered in cast aluminum—the immense sculptures of Basque artist Cristina Iglesias also hide partly obscured interiors, offering poetic ruminations on surface and space. At the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Avenue through September 7.

Photograph courtesy of the Donald Young Gallery, Seattle

restaurants

Olde New York... First Le Zoo, Now Waterloo

Manhattan

Lower New York

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Felix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. 340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Cir. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Palaaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street, nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

alesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and



Opening (Maybe) The Great

Now that Mediterranean cuisine has overrun New York almost as successfully as Alexander the Great did the Mediterranean, midtown's new Alexandre couldn't be more aptly named. Chef Scott Snyder serves his French-inspired take on Med-rim—grilled pomegranate quail with chickpea-bulgur salad; grilled sumac shrimp with tabbouleh; lamb moussaka with yogurt custard—in a sumptuous subterranean room. (123 East 54th Street.)

brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the cre-

ative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Below 14th
Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in rodizio, a dramatic procession of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. 417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.

Below 14th
Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiophiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. 70 W. 3rd St. (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace cur-

tains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. 243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable \$18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. 116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dish-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them.

The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows:

(E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

es like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the DJ booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gentle vibe. 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri remoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courrant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. 239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V

Pitchoune—A cute, tremendously popular neighborhood hangout that attracts fans from all over town for its affordable Provençal-inspired food. Entrées such as crisp-cod with black-olive mashed potatoes, crusted skate with artichokes and barigoult vinaigrette, and filet mignon with ratatouille and polenta in juniper sauce run \$14-\$17. 226 Thir Ave., at 19th St. (614-8641). (M) MC, V

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lam shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. 358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, the moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, or so buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

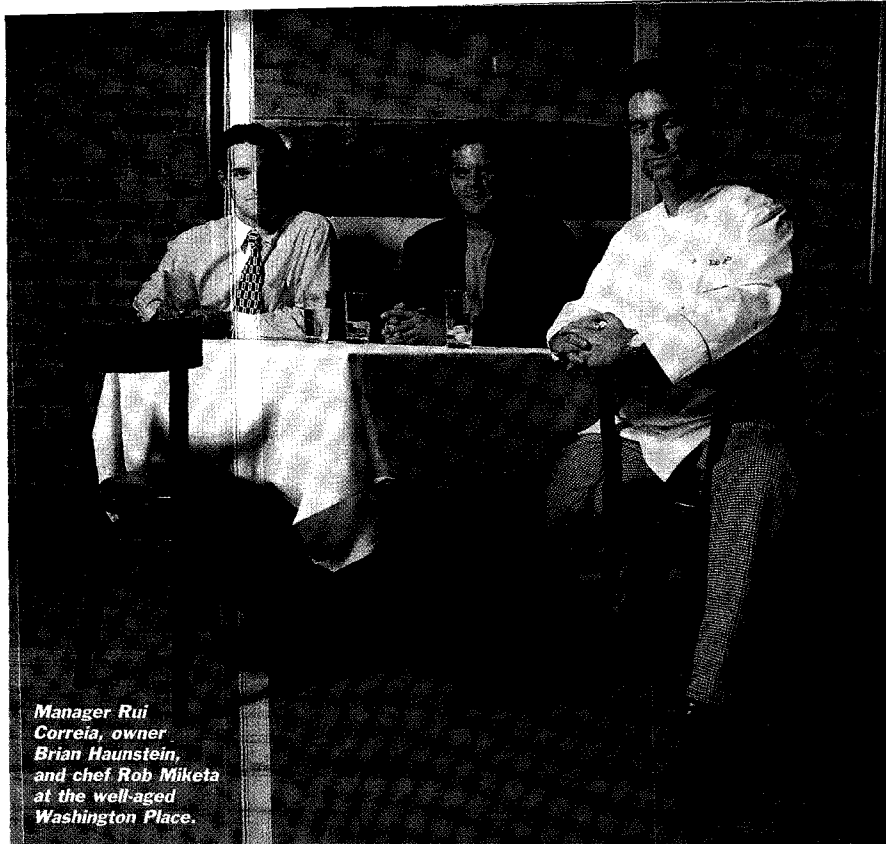
World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten

ASK GAEL



I hear there's a baby Balthazar.

It's a stretch. A couple of guys who cut their teeth at Keith McNally's Lucky Strike are welcoming a parade of youthlings (most of them smoking, alas) at Rialto—a cozy bar-bistro-lounge-and-garden on a funky cut of Elizabeth Street (No. 265). Sean Meenan and Sam Martinez say Tina Brown, Jann Wenner, and assorted MTV types have also been by for springtime risotto, "yesterday's" soup, the chicken-fried pork chop, and portobello napoleon—none of it memorable (from a \$6.95 turkey burger to sirloin at \$17.95). Wraithlike space maidens serve.



Manager Rui Correia, owner Brian Haunstein, and chef Rob Miketa at the well-aged Washington Place.

Opening The Bay Scallops Are Coming! The Bay Scallops Are Coming!

The re-created Colonial-era décor of the new and unusually gracious Washington Place—with its antique heart-pine flooring, beamed ceiling, and hand-colored sailing charts—is so faithful that it seems to have been there for centuries. Chef Rob Miketa has retained the comfort-food flavor of his cooking at Hot Tomato, adding refined flourishes in dishes like pan-roasted Rocky Mountain trout, maple-brushed salmon, and roasted lobster with summer vegetable ragout (entrées \$13 to \$18). (75 Washington Place.)

Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Embassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza-Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Full & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. 301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ivive Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (F) AE, MC, TM, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Méditerranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. 947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.

Le Périgord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. 405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and a new menu from chef Keith Korn offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with corn, pea greens, and hash browns. 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly mod-

ern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. 230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Preheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

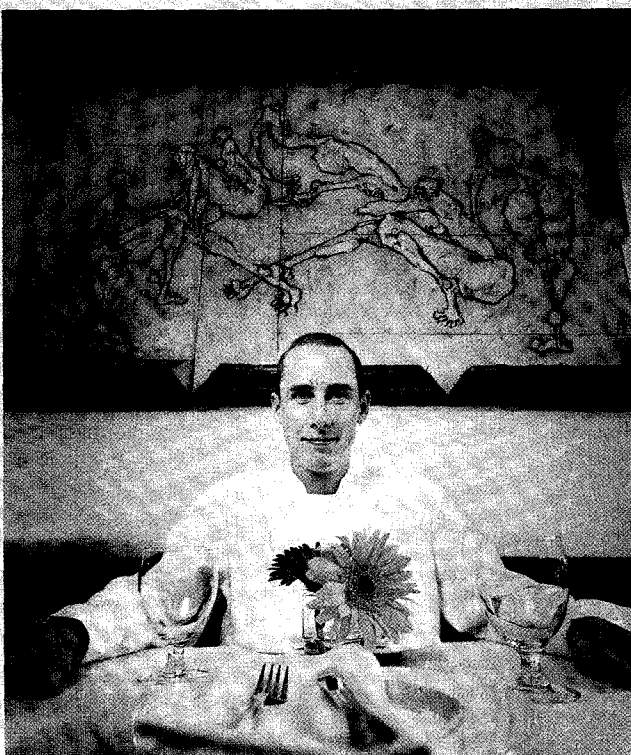
Opening Take the Menu and Run

Much to the dismay of the professional chef, there's no patent on something as improvisational yet reputation-making as a recipe. Signature dishes are shamelessly copied, down to the swirl of sauce garnishing a plate. And the most invidious class of larceny involves an employee—a trusted sous-chef perhaps—who commits a cook's culinary creation to memory and absconds with it. William Prunty, until recently executive chef of all three of Jean-Claude Iacovelli's downtown restaurants, endured five years of particularly pernicious (or perhaps flattering) imitation. The sort of inexpensive, creative French-American food he pioneered at Jean-Claude, Caffè Lure, and So-Ho Steak is now available in newer bistros all over town, from the Upper West Side (Savann) to Gramercy Park (Pitchoune). And even when the chef isn't a Jean-Claude, Inc., turncoat, the telltale elements are unmistakable. Sponge-painted walls? Check. A cash-preferred policy? Check. Postage-stamp-size tables crammed together for maximum capacity? Check. But Prunty, who, with his brother Joseph, is fi-

nally opening his very own restaurant, Liam (Gaelic for William), next week, has tracked the glut. "It's dying," he says, with more than a little satisfaction. "People are getting sick of these little thrown-together restaurants." Instead, he says, they want lounging, they want martinis,

they want to dress up—desires that Prunty will happily accommodate in his spacious, unfussy new digs at 170 Thompson Street. The Bay Ridge native's French-American style will lean more toward the American here, with dishes like salmon in potato crust with golden-beet salad, or warm oyster ragù with Chinese noodles. And his break with Iacovelli hasn't soured their relationship, one that Prunty considers invaluable. "I got a chance to open three restaurants without my own money, and still get great experience"—an experience that apparently hasn't embittered him, as he harbors no suspicions that his new crew will pull an *All About Eve*. "They're my friends," he says kindly. "And if they leave me, I will hunt them down and kill them."

ROBIN RAISFELD



Photograph by Bernd Aue

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a \$21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. 1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this theme diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. 1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Udson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. 152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

a Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. 234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.

a Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

angan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

attanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

a Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.

artini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

ike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. 650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I-M) AE, TM, V.

teria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. 58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. 761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. 160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sella continued from page 39

er around a table of cold salads. No one here has ever heard of Rich Brown, but many guests who appeared on his old program know Frank Hope and draw near to bask in his respect. They seem to bend heliotropically toward him as he walks by.

The evening is a laser show of self-promotion. A diminutive white-haired man named Dr. George Kayatta is telling anyone who'll listen that he is "the world's foremost genius, constantly compared and contrasted with Da Vinci." The 80-ish Dr. Audrey Kargere, decked out in a vast gold-beaded gown, gold broadbrimmed hat, and gold eyelashes, tells Hope she raised a million dollars for our troops in World War II. "Boy!" Hope says reflexively. "That's a lot of money!"

There seems to be no one in the room who is not a doctor of some kind. The Beaux Arts Society's president, Dr. Thomas Robert Stevens, turns out to be a doctor of jurisprudence: a lawyer. Dr. Kargere, when pressed for details, says she has a Ph.D. from the Sorbonne in what she describes, after a long pause, as "the science of color." Hope nods at everything, accepts everything. The boldest claims on earth cannot wake the cynic in him.

"This place is a gold mine for a show like ours—a real pool of talent," he says, scribbling down Kargere's phone number. "Of course, the switch to MTV doesn't mean much to some of the older members. To them, we're just moving from Channel 34 to Channel 20."

At last, the gala is in full flight. Young Mark Nivet, who is very big on Caribbean TV and whose résumé touts his "personable personality," does a splash-fabulous falsetto rendition of "The Rose." All the while, the ample Stevens is sweating profusely and shushing people, but attaching strange little advertisements to his reprimands: "Please! If you're going to talk, go into the hall! The Society was formed in 1893 and has 350 members!"

George Kayatta, the megagenius, is wiping cold ham out of his mustache. "When I go on TV," he whispers contemptuously, "I am introduced as the world's foremost Renaissance man—or I don't go on!" Hope nods resolutely, but Kayatta eyes him with suspicion. Kayatta was a guest on *Beyond Vaudeville* and is still irked that his appearance was followed by a dancing pig. Even so, Hope is in high spirits.

As the evening winds down, the Beaux Arts performances come to an end. Stevens's gray twill jacket is so sodden with sweat that broad dark patches are spreading over his entire back. Yet Frank Hope is a man who sees wonder wherever he turns. "Wow!" he says excitedly. "Tom's really perspiring!"

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant-lounge-sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. 33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole table-side (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. 19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Joanna's Fine Cuisine—The neighborhood has already fallen for this Californian-Italian newcomer, just steps off Madison Avenue in Carnegie Hill. The long, narrow room is candlelit, and the kitchen features fish, pasta and seasonal specials. 30 E. 92nd St. (360-1103). (E) AE, MC, V.

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Oriente—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. 205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Piccolo Pomodoro—An Upper East Side trattoria decorated with Italian movie posters. Dine outdoors on grilled vegetables, agnolotti stuffed with porcini mushrooms, and angel hair with lobster and Manila clams. 1742 Second Ave., nr. 90th St. (831-8167). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trattoria Libertà—This Italian trattoria specializes in home-

made pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. 1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tucul—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. 206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. 519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.



Opening Brussels, Sprouting

For years, Belgian food was virtually ignored in New York; suddenly, it's the next big thing—thanks to burgeoning appreciation for the country's superlative way with fries (at the instantly popular *Pommes Frites*), waffles and chocolate (at the quickly replicating *Petite Abeille* cafés), and beer (everywhere). Now from the wunderkinds behind *Le Zoo* bistro comes *Waterloo Brasserie*, the first major Belgian opening since *Café de Bruxelles* fifteen years ago. Architect Ali Tayar has decked out the former West Village garage in a grid motif of prefab glass panels, woven mesh fabric, and Siberian-birch plywood, achieving a spiffily modern background for such fare—yes, Belgian fare—as mussels by the kilo (with "real" Belgian fries), lobster-and-pike cake wrapped in endive skin, and free-range chicken with cherry-beer sauce. Entrées up to \$19. (145 Charles Street, at Washington Street.)

Photograph by Warren Salo

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—and a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. 373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. 48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. 70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. 2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Long Island

'5 Main—A popular Hamptons hangout, with a modern, breezy décor to match its modern, mildly Asianized menu. The wine and Scotch lists are vast and varied, and the menu runs to such stylish items as star-anise-cured salmon and warm chocolate torte with malt-ball ice cream. 75 Main St., Southampton (516-283-7575). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

he Farmhouse—What a combination: a French country farmhouse on the south fork of Long Island serving American bistro food. House specialties include wood-fired pizza, steak-frites, homemade sorbet, and banana bread pudding. Good selection of wines and microbrewed beer. 341 Montauk Highway, East Hampton (516-324-8585). (M) AE, MC, V.

acific East—Far East on the East End. This newcomer specializes in seafood like grilled Florida pompano, Sichuan lobster, and tempura tuna sashimi. The Havana cigar room caters to less healthy tastes. 415 Main St., Amagansett (516-267-7770). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Greene continued from page 60

honey-painted charred eggplant, zucchini, and squash, served with slivers of Sicilian pecorino, surprisingly pleases.

With each visit, the lamb shank gets better, tender and lemon-scented beside a hill of cannellini beans seasoned with oven-intensified tomatoes. Rosemary-grilled rib eye for two arrives sliced on a platter with the bone and iron-skillet potatoes, everything hinting of garlic and lemon. Glazed sweet-and-sour pork is especially mellow, cooked slightly pink (as we requested), delicious with bitter greens, pearl onions, and pancetta.

As befits peasant cooking, there is much ado about bread—from classic garlicky tomato bruschetta to white pizza with mushrooms and fresh ricotta. There is even a Sicilian bread stuffing on roast turkey breast (to return in the fall) as well as a splendid bread salad. Native cheeses get a workout, too: Aged caciocavallo with lettuce. Pecorino with grilled pears and black pepper. Spicy Peperdelizia with tart green apples and mâche.

Sicilian desserts have the inevitable American chic of chocolate and fruit-coulis calligraphy: Lemon ricotta tart with ricotta ice cream. Chocolate-hazelnut mousse cake studded with chopped apricot. Marvelous orange-anise zabaglione. Torrone semifreddo with hazelnuts wears a veil of honey-fried cappellini. And sfince proves to be a kind of profiterole. An intense duo of citrus sorbetti make the accompanying berry ice seem much too sweet. The wine list is focused and select, with a fair choice at the low end and a dozen wines by the glass.

If you stroll to the far end of Monzù, you can watch the kitchen crew at work through handsome dark-wood mullioned windows. Kenney, with the smoldering eyes of a doomed poet, looks like you could knock him down with a breadstick. I don't think I'll be accused of resorting to cliché if I say his admirers worry he may spread himself too thin. Besides his own 3M empire—Monzù, Matthew, and Mezzè—he moonlights as a partner to the André Balazs-Frederick Lesort operation in the Stanhope's kitchen. That could lead to a role at the eternally gestating Mercer Hotel if Balazs ever manages to open the doors. For now, Kenney insists, "Monzù is taking up 199 percent of my energy."

Monzù, 142 Mercer Street (343-0333). Lunch, Monday through Friday, and brunch, Saturday and Sunday, noon to 6 p.m. Dinner, Sunday and Monday, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., Tuesday through Friday, till midnight. Late menu, Tuesday through Saturday, midnight to 2 a.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

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nightlife

Coleman... Cole... "Smokin' Grooves"

Concerts

Blackstreet—Ladies and gentlemen, the music industry's latest hybrid spawn: New Jack R&B that borrows catchphrases from quasi-hardcore rap. That is to say, the appealing, gospelized harmony in which they sing notwithstanding, when these four young men croon "No diggity," they are quoting, more or less, Das EFX, by way of hackneyed streetspeak. Hot diggity dog. With Mint Condition, Jay Z, and Changing Faces. 7/8 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall*, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (307-7171). \$37-\$52.

"Blues Cruise"—The blues isn't inherently better suited to waterside enjoyment than, say, jazz or rock and roll. But an event such as this one affords a rhyme-opportunity just pleasing enough to tip the scale to this genre's favor. Hearing Pavement on a barge would be lovely, but who's going to sign up for the big "indie-rock cruise"? Hence, every Wednesday, New York Harbor's murky depths are graced with music from the muddy banks of the Mississippi. 7/2: Roomful of Blues. Shipping out at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *Seaport Liberty Cruise Lines*, Pier 16, South Street Seaport. (1-888-DA-BLUES). \$20-\$25.

Boston—What would a nineties summer be without yet another tour from the seventies' premier guitar-geek outfit? 7/9 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I.* (212-307-7171). \$35.

Celebrate Brooklyn Performing Arts Festival—Three months of free jazz, soul, world music, and read-

ings. Shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. 7/5: Dark Latin Groove. *Prospect Park Bandshell*, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). Free (\$3 suggested contribution).

Central Park Summerstage—As electronic dance music begins to take over the world, the world has begun to take over dance music, as Summerstage's quadruple bill, 7/6, proves. Bally Sagoo, the London DJ, who has earned a global reputation with his intoxicating drum-and-bass reworkings of India's way-cool Bhangra music, spearheads the date. He's joined by fellow pan-continental hybridists Afro-Celt Sound System (whose music is a delightful, unlikely success story), Natacha Atlas, and Transglobal Underground. 7/4: Me'Shell Ndegéocello leads her lovely funk-soul combo with a mixture of grace, discipline, and freedom that makes her an ideal, if less than obvious, candidate for Independence Day spokesperson. 7/5: Peter Dinklage's excellent vocal-free Seattle supergroup Tularosa. Shows at 3 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield*, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS). Free.

"Carnegie Hall Celebrates the Music of Nat King Cole"—In addition to leaving legacies in song ("Unforgettable," "Route 66") and on film (*Cat Ballou*, *St. Louis Blues*), Cole left a trail of goodwill among his peers, as well as two ambitious, talented children. In this two-night program, Cole père's contemporaries (Harry "Sweets" Edison, Ruth Brown) join son Freddy as well as youthful devotees like Diana Krall in offering a series of salutes. *Unforgettable*,

7/8, features Ruth Brown, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Tommy Flanagan, and Diana Krall. *Orange Colored Sky*, 7/9, stars Monty Alexander, Freddy Cole, Jon Hendricks, John Pizzarelli, Abbey Lincoln, and Weslia Whitfield. 7/8-7/9 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall*, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). \$18-\$70.

Ornette Coleman—Two orchestra-backed nights of *Skies of America*, one with a quartet, and one with electro-fusion ensemble Prime Time. (See essay, page 85). 7/8-7/11 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall*, *Lincoln Center* (721-6500). \$20-\$55.

Dan Fogelberg—7/1 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre*, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$35-\$45.

"Furthur Festival"—"Furthur" than what, exactly, one might be tempted to ask. "Furthur" into the garish fashion choices for which the U.S. Tennis Center is famous? Well, yes. The horde of Dead-loving, tie-dye wearing longhairs invading Forest Hills will undoubtedly do little to warm the hearts of haberdashery-conscious tennis enthusiasts loyal to Wimbledon's traditional dress code. "Furthur" into the spirit of musical adventure that Jerry Garcia engendered in this tour's gaggle of Dead vets (Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Bruce Hornsby)? Possibly, but less likely. The notion that Ratdog (Weir's new outfit), Planet Drum (Hart's attempt to bond with percussionists of the world), or the Black Crowes (one of the comparatively youthful acts on the bill) will carry the tradition much of anywhere is a little tough to buy. 7/3 at 3 P.M. *Forest Hills Stadium*, *Westside Tennis Center*, 1 Tennis Place, *Queen* (212-307-7171). \$31.50.

Lyle Lovett—America's favorite swinging country-folk-jazz crooner. 7/8 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom* (307-7171). \$35-\$42.50.

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Lincoln Center's delightful summer-long outdoor dance-a-thon has outvoted, hands down, as the city's most unpretentiously romantic activity. This year's expanded five-night-a-week live-music lineup is heavy on big-band swing, but look for the occasional disc salsa, and tango nights. 7/2: Thelma Houston, Kathy Sledge. Boogie-oogie-oogie! 7/3: Dr. Michael White's Original Liberty Jazz Band and Frankie Ford, "The New Orleans Dynamo," present a tribute to the Dew Drop Inn. 7/4: Frank Vigola's Hot Club USA and Ed Polcer & His 52nd Street All-Stars salute Django Reinhardt and the Hot Club of France. 7/8: "Tango Tuesday" with the New York-Buenos Aires Connection and Pasión. 7/9: D. L. Menard & the Louisiana Ace Les Méchants Macquereaux (which, incidentally translates roughly to "the Wicked Pimps"). *Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza* (875-5766). \$9.

"Smokin' Grooves"—Of all the big, ridiculous new package tours the nineties have spawned, this both the most coherent and the most diverse. So granddaddies George Clinton & the P-Funk All Stars, the brilliant young jazz-rap fusionists the Roots, and—most promisingly—young soul-jazz-hip-hop luminary Erykah Badu highlight the bill. 7/5 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I.* (212-307-7171). \$35.

Styx—What a dilemma: Hit Jones Beach for Styx, or wait a week for Boston? What year is it, again? With Pat Benatar. 7/1 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I.* (212-307-7171). \$35.



Performance Dead Again

Jerry Garcia may be gone, but the trip gets longer and stranger: The second Furthur Festival (named for a Ken Kesey-owned bus) teams youthful jammers moe and the Black Crowes (pictured) with the post-Grateful Dead vehicles of Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, and Bruce Hornsby at Forest Hills Tennis Stadium, July 3.

Clubland

Acme Underground—The club formerly known Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New Yo

Photograph by Ross Hall

City's classiest small rock venue. 7/3: Stuck; Plastic. 9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). \$.

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-ish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 7/3: Hot Water; Tom Clark. 95 Stanton St. (358-1633). \$.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/5: The Bad Livers. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 7/1: Gary Meister; Perry Serpa. 7/3: Mommy. 7/5: Boston's greatest, most underrated band, the Lyres. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 7/4: Joey Ramone Fourth of July Extravaganza featuring Dee Dee Ramone, the Dictators, and their sonic heirs. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). \$.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/1: Candy Butchers. 7/4: San Francisco's wonderful underground folk-popper Barbara Manning; Containe; Maggie Estep. 7/8: The beyond-mental psychedelia of Family of God. 7/9: Maggie Estep and Knox Chandler. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

The Supper Club—Keanu Reeves' alterna-pop venture, Dogstar, may sound like any number of post-Nirvana angst-rockers. But thanks to the Beatles-worthy screaming that accompanies bassist Keanu's every sweat-wipe and shoulder shrug, you can concentrate on the visuals, and leave the music-criticism to those lucky enough to own a copy of Dogstar's debut EP, *Quattro Formaggio*. Feel the magic. 7/1. 240 W. 4th St. (921-1940).

ramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/1: Eric Burdon Band. 7/2: D.C.'s most stylish post-punks, the Make-Up, may not have the musical chops of their stylistic *confrères*, the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. But they do share a few important traits with that New York trio: sultry good looks, a penchant for borderline-Reichian screaming, and an unabashed sloppiness that may or may not betoken a certain lack of respect for the gospel music from which they draw inspiration. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

etlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," and jungle-techno-hip-hop—"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 7/4:

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Talent Ornette Unbound

Ornette Coleman isn't the sort to gloat. Even on the eve of opening Lincoln Center Festival 1997—a gig of decades-delayed canonization that should spark at least a little smugness—the 67-year-old father of free jazz is typically generous. "I've always had musicians on my side," says the saxophonist, graciously forgetting, for instance, Miles Davis's mid-sixties accusations of charlatanism and drummer Shelly Manne's rather pointed two-word assessment of his 1966 *Empty Foxhole* ("unadulterated shit"). "Now I'm getting the administrative part more on my side," Coleman says simply, "which is good."

Titled with a characteristic mix of enigma and import, Coleman's four-night program, *? Civilization*, draws on three key phases of his hugely influential career. July 8 and 9, accompanied by Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic, he will revisit *Skies of America*, the haunting, dissonant 1972 symphony which has never been available on CD. On July 10, Coleman will lead a quartet that features two of his earliest, most significant collaborators, drummer Billy Higgins and bassist Charlie Haden—the latter of whom Coleman has played with only rarely since the sixties. On the final night of *? Civilization*, Coleman will front his distinctly brainy funk combo, Prime Time. But don't call it a retrospective: In assembling the program, he says, "I thought I would try to represent a diverse concept of music more than worrying about how I was going to be remembered." Such purity of motive lies at the heart of Coleman's impact. Since first liberating jazz improvisation from the confines of chord changes, Coleman's music has been noisy, lyrical, tangled, and lovely—but, he maintains, all of it was the result of pure self-expression, not a quest to "revolutionize jazz" or, God help us, get rich quick. "[Now] I feel like I'm moving in the right environment," he says of this week's uptown embrace. "I've been able not to change any of the qualities of what I'm doing to be in that company." Indeed, some changes are *meant* to be avoided.

ETHAN SMITH



"Deadrave"—ten nonstop hours of live Grateful Dead covers. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band-era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 7/1: Ronald Muldrow. 7/2: Ron Affif Trio. 7/3: Fleurine Plus Five. 7/4-7/6: Steve Marcus, Lee Musiker, Omar Hakim, Will Lee, and Andy Fusco pay homage to drum great Buddy Rich. 7/8-7/9: Carl Allen Quintet, featuring Mulgrew Miller. 315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/1-7/6: Larry Carlton. 7/7: Sal Salvador & Crystal Image. 7/8-7/13: Betty Carter & Her Trio. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall-style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz

comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 7/1-7/6: Abdulla Ibrahim Trio. 7/7-7/13: Jacky McLean Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. 2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). \$.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 7/3: Myron Walden Trio. 7/4-7/5: Chris Anderson/Ronnie Ben-Hur Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gordon Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 7/3-7/5: Richie Cole Quintet. \$10 cover; two-drink minimum. 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/1-7/6: Leroy Jones Quintet. 7/8-7/13: Bill Frisell Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tslis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. 125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/3-7/6: Ricky Harris; Angel Salazar. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an NYC apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 6/30-7/6: Greg Giraldo; Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 6/30-7/6: Joe Mulligan; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 7/4-7/5: Lewis Black; Wali Collins; Greg Vacarello; DC Benny. 34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "Eating It," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American

and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.-Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 7/4-7/5: Sunda Croonquist; Sam Brown; Sarge; Todd Barry. Sun.-Thurs. at 7; Fri.-Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7-\$12.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 7/19: 27-year-old-on-the-make Tom Postilio. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$35; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, extension 154).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder and bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$45; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. \$10; jacket and tie required. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).

Eighty-Eight's—An unassuming bar in the West Village concealing an intimately classy theater within. Tuesdays through 7/8: Willis Moore. Wednesdays through 7/9: Charles Cermele. \$12, with a two-drink minimum. 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, pre-war charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. \$40 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. 1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).

Bars

Barcode—A dark, appealingly divey Alphabet City outpost, with a fine early-rock and country jukebox, a gaggle of Pratt students huddled over their pints of Bass, and bartenders who breathe fire (literally) nightly. The best free nighttime entertainment in the city. 100 Ave. C, at 9th St. (No phone).

Cheetah—The self-proclaimed "fastest club in the world" offers an impressive selection of drinks, smokes, and food at even more impressive prices. \$25 glasses of Scotch? Check. Macanudos? Check. Chocolate soufflés served till 4 A.M.? You get the idea. But one thing we don't get is why all the chairs are covered with leopard-print fabric. 12 W. 21st St. (206-7770).

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unattractive new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Avoid the khaki-wearing yuppies who descend Saturday nights. 200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).

Subway Inn—Twenty minutes here and you're practically waiting for the latest update on the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Subway is 64 years old and looks it: Communist-red walls studded with Americana and photos of Marilyn Monroe; a beautifully maintained old oak bar (and a beautifully maintained old bartender); an unstudied mix of blue- and white-collar patrons. If someone lit up a cigar in here, it would be an old bald guy reading the *Post*, not some yuppie talking Dow after the final bell. 143 E. 60th St. (223-8929).

Vain—Right next door to 2A (a bar so genuinely East Village that Dictators singer Handsome Dick Manitoba tends bar four nights a week), Avenue A now has its first velvet-ropes-and-all fashion-crowd hang. Faced with the prospect of navigating between the Scylla of an evening with the neighborhood's plentiful supply of multiply pierced *Singled Out* rejects and the Charybdis of sipping Cosmopolitans among the coltish aspiring Kates and Naomis, we might turn around and go home. Then again, we might not. 9 Ave. A (253-1462).

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. 3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest (in the best way imaginable). 7/2: Everlounge. 7/3-7/5: The Flipped Fedoras. 7/9: Last of the International Playboys. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).



Performance Long Live the King

Culminating a slow-building wave of Nat King Cole mania (Natalie Cole's posthumous "duets" with her father, Diana Krall's wonderful *All For You*), nearly two dozen stars gather for **Carnegie Hall Celebrates the Music of Nat King Cole (July 8-9)**. Though neither Nat nor Natalie will be on hand, Cole's gifted singer son, Freddy, will add to his current vogue by joining Krall, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Tommy Flanagan, and Abbey Lincoln for the festivities.

in concert

Verdi in the Park...Romeo and Juliet at the Met

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 1

Festival Wind Ensemble—Performs Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Octet in E-flat Major, and Fidelity; Henry Schuman, conductor. Washington Square, near the Garibaldi statue (431-1088), at 8; free.

Ruth Ellis, Soprano—Performs music from the Mormon church, including Gates's hymn, *O How Lovely Was the Morning*, Phelps's *Spirit of God*, and Careless's *Through Deepening Trials*. The New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, at 77th St. (873-3400), at 7; \$5.

Battery Park Young Musicians—Performances by the New York Percussion Quartet, from the Juilliard school. Battery Park, on the Lawn (566-6700), at 12:30; free.

New York Choral Society—Performs Haydn's *Te Deum* and Berlioz's *Requiem*; Mark Shapiro, conductor. Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; \$8.

Wednesday, July 2

Stella Celeste—Performs seventeenth- and eighteenth-century love songs. St. Michael's Church, 5 W. 99th St. (666-031), at 8; \$15.

Thursday, July 3

Argemusic—Works by Barber, Kreisler, and Beethoven. Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

Battery Park Young Musicians—See 7/1.

Friday, July 4

Sari Gruber, Soprano, and Joel Sachs, Conductor—Chamber orchestra performances of Varese's *Integritas*, Leon's *Sin normas ajenas*, poems from the Sung Dynasty, and works by Cordero and del Aguila. Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Garden, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.

Argemusic—See 7/3, at 4.

Saturday, July 5

Metropolitan Soloists—Open-air performances by this wind ensemble, with works by Bizet, Mozart, Strauss, and Krommer. Bennet Park, 183rd St. and Fort Washington Ave. (569-7137); free.

Previews Atlas Danced

sauteous and sprightly, the members of Pilobolus nonetheless chose to title their troupe after a light-loving fungus. With a name like that, they've got to be good. The Joyce Theatre, 7/1-7/16.

Photograph by Howard Schatz.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sari Gruber, Soprano, and Joel Sachs, Conductor—See 7/4.

Opera

New York Grand Opera Company—Performs Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, with Japanese soprano Yoko Ojima as Amalia; Vincent La Selva, conductor. The performance begins at 7:30. Summerstage, Central Park at 72nd St. (245-8837); free.

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. The Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); \$30-\$65.

Pilobolus Dance Theater—Performs *Olympic Dances*, *Aeros*, and *Pylarid of the Moon*, 7/1-7/3 and

7/5 at 8, 7/4 and 7/5 at 2. Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$35.

American Ballet Theater—Performs *Romeo and Juliet*, 7/1 at 8, 7/2 at 2 and 8, and the "All-American" program, including *De Mille's Rodeo*, *Tippett's Some Assembly Required*, and *Feld's Variations on America*, 7/3 and 7/4 at 8 and 7/5 at 2 and 8. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-2000); \$18-\$65.

Gross continued from page 23

a smaller chunk of space in the emerging project, the two parties agreed to call it off in early 1996.

At about the same time, Roth's effort to acquire Millennium Partners fell through. So, nearly four years after Alexander's had filed for bankruptcy, Roth was back at square one. "After the Christie's thing broke down, he told me, 'I don't know; I have another vision,'" says one broker familiar with the situation.

Roth has turned to outside help to realize this vision. Last December, he lured Michael Fascitelli, then-head of the Goldman Sachs real-estate department, away from the firm with a compensation package that included a \$25 million signing bonus and options on 1.75 million shares of stock. As president of Vornado, Fascitelli is expected to bring his considerable deal-making capabilities to bear on the Alexander's site.

The conventional wisdom holds that any project will likely combine major retail space on the bottom with residential or hotel space above. But further improvements in the commercial-real-estate market have blurred the picture. Office rents in midtown have risen to a level that may justify new construction. That lends credence to the latest rumors about the site, which involve the investment house Bear Stearns and developer and Mets owner Fred Wilpon (who sits on Bear's board). Although none of the parties involved would comment, an announcement involving Bear Stearns could come any day, or any week. Given Roth's track record, though, it wouldn't be surprising if it didn't come at all.

As long as property values continue to rise, Roth has every reason to sit tight. In 1993, Vornado bought a building near Union Square and immediately rented it out to Bradlees—a transaction he labeled "the mistake on 14th Street." "We could probably rent it for more than double today," he wrote in Vornado's 1994 annual report.

Indeed, as the market has recovered, the midtown site's value has increased dramatically. It may be that Roth isn't obsessed as much with putting up a signature building as with maximizing his return. Says one real-estate expert: "If the Sultan of Brunei came and said, 'I'll give you \$250 million for the site,' it's over."

Meanwhile, the Alexander's building remains what it has been for the past five years—an empty, if highly coveted, vessel. "I have a client who calls every week asking about the site," says one broker. "Every week." And every week, the broker reports the same news: Nothing has changed.

the mix

Pyrotechnics... Referencing the Yankees

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—7/5 at 10 P.M.: Igor Korchilov talks about his book *Translating History: Thirty Years on the Front Lines of Diplomacy With a Top Russian Interpreter* and recounts his experiences with world leaders; prosecutor Linda Fairstein, head of New York's sex-crimes unit, discusses her second novel, the thriller *Likely to Die*; George Plimpton discusses "the return of serious fiction in the summer-reading issue of *Esquire* magazine"; Larry Swasey, of the New York Transplant Program, talks about the importance of organ donors. WOR, 710 AM.

Puccini's Madame Butterfly—7/2 at 8: A *Great Performances* simulcast of the opera broadcast on Channel 13. Starring acclaimed young soprano Ying Huang as Butterfly and Richard Troxell as Pinkerton. James Conlon conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Gershwin's America—7/4 at 4: Stan Martin hosts this celebration of Gershwin's centennial. The concert takes place on the lawn of Battery Park, features Frank Sinatra Jr. and his 44-piece orchestra, and is part of the "Music at Castle Clinton Festival." You'll hear it on WQEW, 1560 AM.

The Pirates of Penzance—7/5 at 1: "Saturday Afternoon at the Opera" presents Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

An Hour of American Opera—7/3 at 10: With host George Jellinek. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—6/30: Jennifer Gould talks about her book *Vodka, Tears, and Lenin's Angel: A Young Journalist Discovers the Former Soviet Union*; Lawrence Joseph tells us what lawyers talk about when they talk about law (which, as it happens, is the subtitle of his new book *Lawyerland*); National Public Radio's Bob Garfield discusses his book *Waking Up From the American Dream*; longtime independent filmmaker Morris Engel (*Little Fugitive*) talks about his work. 7/1: Philip Van Munching reveals the inside story of the brewing industry's curious battles for your money; poet Joshua Clover talks about his new book. 7/2: Daphne Merkin on her collection of essays, *Dreaming of Hitler*. 7/3: Journalist John Hess details all that's wrong with the world; Joseph Machlis talks about his novel *Allegro*; Bruce McCall discusses his memoir of growing up Canadian, *Thin Ice*. 7/7: Timothy Naftali

on *One Hell of a Gamble: The Secret History of the Cuban Missile Crisis*; Arthur Hailey's latest book, *Detective*. 7/8: C-SPAN's Brian Lamb on *Booknotes*; Cynthia Ozick talks about her collection of essays, *Fame & Folly*. 7/9: Nichols Fox on *Spoiled: The Dangerous Truth About a Food Chain Gone Haywire*; grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper on the English language. 7/10: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on current events and his conservative spin; Paul Beatty and his debut novel, *The White Boy Shuffle*. 7/11: Al and Larry Ubell, the gurus of how-to, on the nuts and bolts of home repair; Joseph Kannon on his novel *Los Alamos*; open phones on topics of the day. Noon to 2 on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

"A Visit with Hermann Prey"—7/10 at 10: With George Jellinek. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

New Queer Fiction—7/13 at 7: Queer writers Scott Heim, Ed Sikov, J. M. Beazer, Tim Driscoll and David Pratt will read from their recent work. Cornelia Street Cafe, 29 Cornelia St. (575-0433); \$5.

Bob Arnot—7/9 at 7: Reading from *Dr. Bob Arnot's Perfect Weight Control for Men and Women*. At Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Martin Amis—7/16 at 6: Reading from *Night Train*. At Benetton, 597 Fifth Ave., between 48th and 49th Sts. (685-4300, ext. 153); free.

Laurence Bergreen—7/10 at 7: Reading from *Louie Armstrong: An Extravagant Life*. At Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Lectures and Panels

A Tribute to "Palestrina"—7/2 at 7: A panel on Hans Pfitzner's work. At Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Events

Macy's Fireworks—7/4 at 5: An estimated million burst of color and light, taking off from four barges, will be visible from 23rd to 42nd St. in Manhattan and from parts of Brooklyn and Queens. For accompaniment tune in to 105.1 FM where you'll hear a son from *Titanic* and the voice overs of assorted celebrities. The show lasts approximately 30 minutes.

Tours

Revolutionary New York—7/4 at 1: A tour of lower Manhattan sites associated with George Washington. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); \$9.

Greenwich Village—7/5 at 1: A opportunity to experience the unique and elegant homes of the area. Meet at the Washington Square Arch. (439-1090) \$9.



Happenings Independence Day brings the requisite abundance of patriotic events, some unspeakably contrived, some happily unavoidable (Macy's fireworks), and plenty of particular interest to kids (a flotilla of modern naval vessels on view at the Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum; go-back-in-time celebrations at Historic Richmond Town with make-your-own ice cream and a pie contest). See "The Mix" and "Kids."

In Print Sins of Youth

Cynthia Ozick, whose collection of literary and personal essays *Fame & Folly* is just out in Vintage paperback (\$13), freely details her youthful misapprehensions. She was wrong, in her twenties, about Henry James: "I misheard him, I missed, absolutely and irrevocably, his essential note," which was that the artist does not sacrifice life but embraces it. (As a result of this error, the young Ozick—whose passion for literature developed almost accidentally in her parents' Bronx drugstore—spent years doing an arid impersonation of the dewlapped master.) She was also wrong, she hints, about those G.I. Bill students she encountered in NYU classrooms, "diffident Midwesterners with names like Vernon and Wendell, wretchedly quartered in Long Island Quonset huts together with old-fashioned wives and quantities of babies," men who "wanted to know what poetry and history were for," men who were "contaminants . . . despoiling my youth." And she was wrong, too, about Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise*. She had seized upon that book as she was closing in on two decades of nearly complete literary neglect; Connolly "opened the wounds," she says, "gave names to their mouths, and rubbed in the salt." The salt, she discovered years later, was actually "a puff of spun sugar."

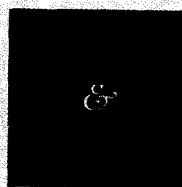
I wonder, though, if there is not an uncorrected adult misapprehension in Ozick. In person and in print, she still emphasizes the importance—the necessity—of rapid success.

She says she has never recovered from watching people five years older or younger publish second and third books while she stood, age 35, in the lobby of *The New York Review of Books*, begging simply to write a review. Yet not only Ozick's case suggests that prolonged failure, although unpleasant, is often unavoidable. Lesser writers can whip through the canon and, self-possession intact, sharpen their pencils. Great ones, with a few exceptions, are busy suffering their apprenticeship. (And it is generally writers of grave seriousness who are swindled or diverted or paralyzed, early on, by Henry James. Willa Cather's style was so famously cramped by James that she was 40 before she published an autonomous novel.) While Cynthia Ozick in her unpublished days was probably ludicrously better than her companions in the slush pile (and better, yes, than plenty who had no trouble accumulating bylines), I doubt she was the Cynthia Ozick we know. Even at the time of her first novel, *Trust* (1966), she had yet to come into her own. But her "despairing thirties" were worth it, if not for her then for us. In her soaring sixties she is a finer essayist than those peers with whom she was denied competition—Updike, Oates, Styron, Sontag, Baldwin, and the largely forgotten Alfred Chester, an NYU schoolmate who is the subject of *Fame & Folly*'s best essay. Leave early splendor to Olympic gymnasts, concludes the reader, selfish and wholly adoring.

LINDA HALL

FAME

"A genuine literary education. . . . Each of these pieces is informed, gracefully written and propelled with narrative energy." —*San Francisco Chronicle*



CYNTHIA OZICK
author of *Metaphor and Memory* and *The Shawl*

FOLLY

om Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—7/6 at 1: A day of tasting and touring in Chinatown, Little Italy, and the Jewish East Side. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); free.

ghts! Camera! Greenwich Village!—7/9 at 6: See why Manhattan's known as "Hollywood on the Hudson." Meet in front of the Washington Square Hotel at 103 Waverly Place. \$35 includes dinner at C3 restaurant.

ictorian New York" Walking Tour—7/12, and 7/13 at 12:30: A guided historical walking tour through Gramercy Park, Madison Square, and Ladies Mile. For further information and reservations, call 465-3331; \$12.

ioviemanian" Walking Tour—7/4, 7/5, and 7/6 at 12 on the East Side, 2 on the West Side: Two walking tours of famous movie sites on both sides of the city. For further information and reservations call 465-3331; \$13.

Exhibitions

lore Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 black-and-white images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

Independence Day Hike—7/4; 10 A.M.: Before the fireworks, spend three hours hiking through woodlands and wetlands with the Urban Park Rangers. Bring water and something to eat. Meet at the Urban Forest Ecology Center, next to the Van Cortlandt House Museum. Call 800-201-7275.

Baseball—7/1-2: Yankees vs. Atlanta Braves at 7:35 P.M., 1:05 P.M. (WPIX), Yankee Stadium; 7/10-13:

Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers at 7:35 P.M. (WPIX), 7:35 P.M. (MSGN), 4:05 p.m. (MSGN), and 1:35 P.M. (WPIX), Yankee Stadium; 7/3-6: Mets vs. Florida Marlins at 7:40 P.M., 7:40 P.M., 1:15 P.M. and 1:40 P.M., Shea Stadium (Sportschannel).

Arena Football—7/2: Liberty vs. Houston Comets at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 7/10: Liberty vs. Charlotte Sting at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (ESPN2).

Online

Snoop, Snoop—Did you know that most of the commercial sites on the Web collect information about you and your computer every time you visit? If you didn't know, you can't be blamed: Only about one-third of them publicly acknowledge that fact. Anyway, the Electronic Privacy Information Center puts you wise to all manner of cyber-skullduggery, and posts regular bulletins about your rights in the face of it. www.epic.org

The Web-Based Canon—This site aspires to be a "Dictionary of Pop-Cultural Literacy for the Nineties," and it mostly succeeds. Building on the content of the popular Alt.Culture book series, this online reference is still being compiled, but already contains a thousand short, witty essays about everyone from Tommy Hilfiger to the Lemonheads. Couldn't find anything about Kiki Smith, though. www.altculture.com

Als Sprach Computer—Well, as achievements go, it doesn't quite match the invention of the transistor,

but the Bell Labs text-to-speech page is kinda fun. After downloading some free software, you can get almost any desktop computer to speak (in English or in German) just about any text you care to type in. Worth a look. www.bell-labs.com/projects/tts/index.html

Caveat Browser—This online resource provides help and information to people who are going through (or contemplating going through) a divorce. Advice ranges from genuinely useful (a "Divorce Checklist") to highly technical ("The Doctrine of Equitable Estoppel in Paternity Cases") to slightly suspect: The publishers apparently allow divorce lawyers to market their services through the site. www.divorce-online.com

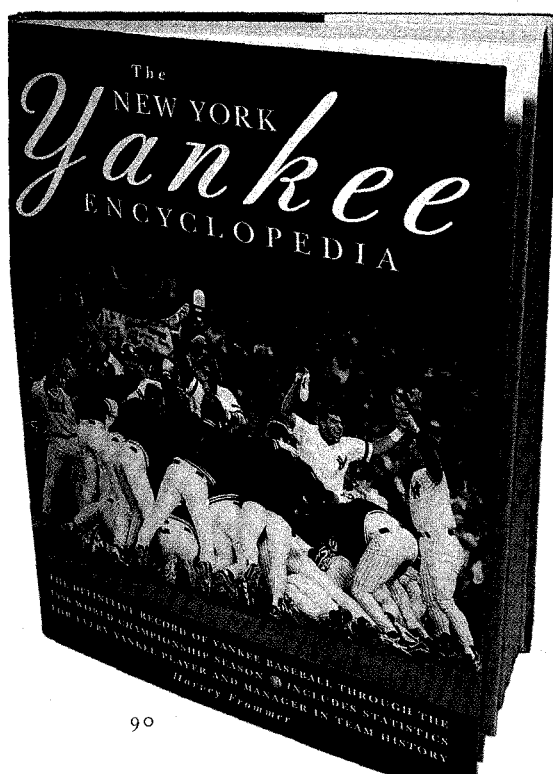
There Must Be 50 Ways to Help Your Neighbor—Based on Rabbi Charles Kroloff's book, *54 Ways to Help the Homeless*, this site contains scads of useful ideas for everyone who's ever walked by a homeless person in the street and wondered how to make things better. ecosys.drr.virginia.edu/ways/54.html

But What Will We Do With the Kids While We're at Calvin's Party?—This site helps Hamptons parents figure out where, and to whom, they should parcel out their kids while enjoying the social round of the East End. Information available here ranges from advice on the vagaries of hiring a live-in nanny to finding a baby sitter for the night. www.marshad.com/nanny

The World's a Stage—Believe it or not, the Stage Deli has launched its own Web page, at which you can order some of their trademarked specialties (e.g., "Exclusive Celebrity Salami") for delivery by mail and browse recipes that are updated about once a week or so. www.stagedeli.com

In Print Diamond Mine

Exhaustive and long overdue, *'The New York Yankee Encyclopedia'* delivers facts random (Phil Rizzuto's lifetime batting average) and felicitous (George Steinbrenner, that double-knit dandy, was born on the Fourth of July)—all concerning the team that is baseball. Macmillan; \$39.95.



Andrews continued from page 31

you were going to be interested in literature and the value of the word, and not all this being so obsessed by money." He gives me a disgusted look. "I mean, journalists are always interested in money, and it's a venal situation. Almost every single thing is judged by money, money, money, money, money, money, money."

"You know, the questions I was asked about Powell were more about money than about politics or philosophy. It was: 'Are you going to make it?' 'Are you going to make it?' And the answer for me, and probably for Si and Alberto, is, 'We'll worry about that. You worry about what we're offering the public. We'll run our businesses, thank you very much.'"

The rumors that Evans forgot to inform Newhouse and Vitale of the size of the Morris advance fit with the picture people paint of Evans's management style, but they are denied by Vitale—sort of. "I was informed completely," he says. "Let me tell you that whoever doesn't inform me is not with the company within an hour. You've got to have that kind of discipline, or else." But then Vitale says he first knew of the contract after the scandal, although Evans had made the secret deal with Morris ten months earlier. When did he know? There is a long silence, and Vitale says, bringing to an end this part of our discussion, "Maybe there is a secret deal from you and the public, but there is no secret deal from me."

But that is not the reason for all the chatter about Evans's shaky hold on his job. "You can't look at one or two books," says a senior Random House staff member. "The promotions codified something that has been going on for several months now." Evans, former editors say, was not good at managing the imprint—which left him vulnerable to people who were.

Among agents and editors in New York, Ann Godoff is spoken of in glowing terms. Smart and ironic, the 46-year-old is seen as hugely powerful within Random House, editor of such best-sellers as *The Soul's Code*, by James Hillman, and Jeffrey Toobin's *The Run of His Life*.

It was Godoff who powered Random House to record profits in 1994, with her books *The Alienist* and *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, the literary phenomenon that has been a New York Times best-seller for 155 weeks. Within Random House, it is said that one doesn't get very far without Godoff's blessing. She objected, for example, when Jason Epstein and Norman Mailer insisted that Random House publish Lawrence Schiller's O.J. book, *An American Tragedy*, after she had bought Toobin's book. "Anne was run-

ning around saying Schiller's book was going to flop and that it was no good," says one former editor. She was vindicated when sales on Schiller's book fell far short of what Random House needed to make a profit.

When asked about the Toobin-Schiller contretemps, Godoff half smiles. "We paid more for Schiller," she says, choosing her words carefully. "Epstein and Mailer did believe Schiller's sources and reporting would not be replicated any where. A lot of people believed that. Although," Godoff says after a pause, "it was a lot easier to read Toobin."

"Godoff," says an editor who recently left Random House, "is very political; she keeps her cards close to her chest and Alberto Vitale loves her."

"Walter Weintz has basically been cleaning up after Harry's messes for years," says one editor. "And Ann has kept a lot of Random House together. Harry wasn't interested in the management of Random House." It was something that agents had sensed, especially in the past year. "You have to be present in all phases of your books as a publisher and Harry wasn't," says one agent. "He loved the parties, press conference, meeting big authors, but that isn't the only thing that good publishing involves."

Unless, of course, Evans is offered a job by Blair, it is expected that he will remain at Random House. "We definitely want to keep him," says one insider. "And use his talents. But day to day, Ann and Walter will be in charge of the budgets, of publicity, and of the lists."

Vitale, in his own way, acknowledges this. "Ann is responsible for the Random House imprint," he says, "reporting to Harry."

IT IS LATE MORNING, AND THE SUN is streaming through the wraparound windows of Harry Evans's eleventh-floor office at Random House. Books fill the floor-to-ceiling shelves on two walls. On the radiator are two black-and-white portraits of Brown and their children, and posterboard advertisement for *The New Yorker* is propped behind Evans's chair.

Evans is talking about publicity—and its dangers. "Let me remind you again that the word *publish* means 'to make known,'" he says. "How often have you seen: 'Publishers are hopeless. They don't know how to publish books, they ruin this book, they lost this book'? That's the perception. On the other hand, as soon as you've published a book well and you know it, you are accused of hype, of manipulation."

"So," says Evans, a bit wearily, "you can't win. You can't win."

Photograph by Wayne Simp

kids

Time Travel...Pyrotechnics

Children's Events

Snap Crackle Bang—Invoking John Adams's proclamation in 1776 that Independence Day should be observed with "bells, bonfires and illuminations," Macy's has taken it upon itself yet again to set up a "pyrotechnic extravaganza" of firecrackers on the **EAST RIVER**. Look for giant butterflies, hearts, stars, and streamers as an estimated million bursts of color and light take off from four barges visible from 23rd to 42nd Streets in Manhattan and parts of Brooklyn and Queens. For the full over-the-top effect, tune in to 105.1 FM to hear a song from *Titanic* and assorted celebrity narrators. 7/4 at 9 P.M. for 30 minutes. ●●

Historic July 4—Go back in time: to 1855 at **SUNNYSIDE**, where Independence Day would have been marked with country dancing, speeches on issues of the day, a slack-rope walker, and a pie contest; to 1797 at **VAN CORTLANDT MANOR**, where guests picnic and meet members of the Van Cortlandt family, and local militia fire the cannon, march and drill with children, and then guests are invited to play eighteenth-century games and engage in country dancing. Help churn the ice cream at **HISTORIC RICHMOND TOWN**, enter a pie in a contest, or, better yet, help judge the pies. The day at Rich-

mond Town includes a patriotic speech and a peek at historic shops and homes. Afterward, drive to your air-conditioned home to surf the Internet and revel in modernity in general. All three locations are open 7/4 from 10 to 5. Sunnyside is on West Sunnyside Lane in Irvington, N.Y. (914-591-8763); Van Cortlandt Manor is on South Riverside Ave. in Croton, N.Y. (914-271-8981). General admission to both are \$8, \$7 for seniors, \$4 for children ages 6 to 17. Historic Richmond Town is at 441 Clarke Ave., Staten Island (718-351-1611). Admission to Historic Richmond Town is \$4, and \$2.50 for seniors and children ages 6 to 18. ●

Frog Kissing—David Mamet's take on *The Frog Prince*—the classic story of arrogance getting its comeuppance—has extended its run of matinees Sundays at 1 through 8/3. (Recommended for ages 8 and up.) **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB**, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050); \$8, \$5 for children.

Garden Pleasures—(See photo.) Depending on their ages and interests, visitors can water a 30-foot caterpillar, frolic in a "toddler tent," make things using natural materials, or see what chocolate looks like as a plant, on an eco-tour through the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. Families who tour the Victorian glasshouse—recent-

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

ly restored, to the tune of \$25 million—can see plants that dinosaurs ate, find out what papyrus looks like, and learn how plants trick other plants and sometimes even thwart human diseases. The garden is full of informal hands-on activities set up beside flower beds and in the forest. A new café has opened; picknicking is also encouraged. 7/4, 7/5, and 7/6. Hours are Tuesday through Sunday, and Monday holidays, 10 to 6. **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). Basic admission is \$3, \$1 for seniors, students, and children, free to kids under 6. Free on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 10 to noon. (Conservatory admission is separate). ●

You Must Remember This—Kids who visit the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** this weekend will be shown how to make elegant accordion books to hold the pressed flowers, tickets to Yankee games, miscellaneous rocks, and other mnemonic devices that will bring back the summer of '97 years later. 7/5 and 7/6 at 1, 2, and 3. 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); \$2 plus \$4 admission. ●

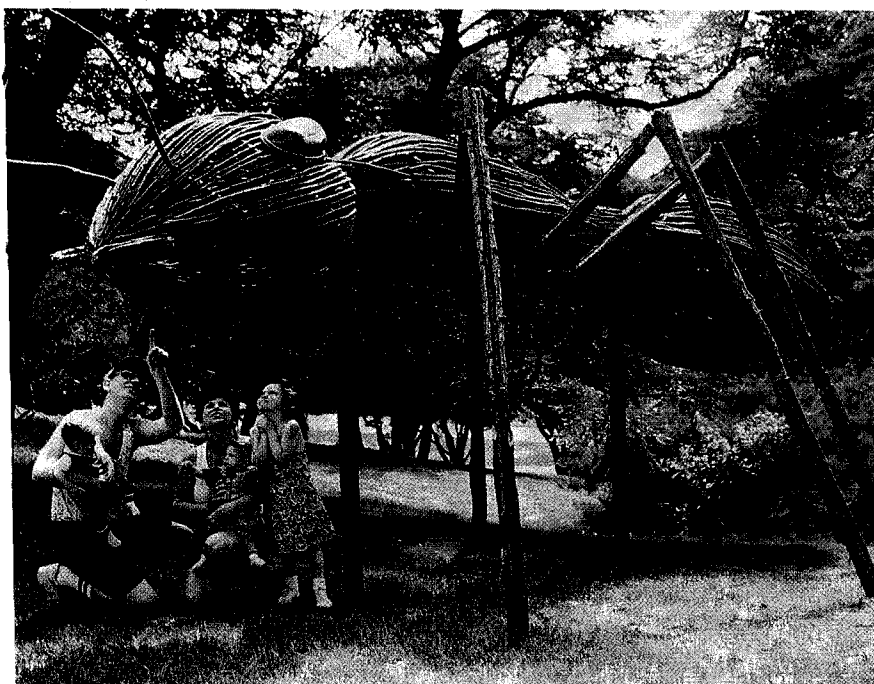
The Lost World Deconstructed—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates (made-up) dinosaurs from the movie and astounding new (real) fossil finds, is on view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** through 9/30; admission is \$12, \$8.50 for students and seniors, \$6.50 for children ages 2 to 12; includes museum admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

Have Carpet Will Fly—Carved wooden marionettes perform the most famous of Scheherazade's 1,001: *Tales of the Arabian Nights* in a show recommended for children ages 3 and up. The undisneyfied version of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, set to the music of Aram Khachaturian's *Gayane Ballet Suite*, includes all manner of special effects, among them a flying carpet and a vanishing castle. Sundays, 7/6, 7/13, 7/20, 7/27, 8/3, and 8/10, at 1 and 3. **GREENWICH VILLAGE CENTER THEATRE**, 219 Sullivan St. (965-3391). Admission \$7, \$5 for children.

Asian Hands-on—Kids who are 4 and up can drop by the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM** on any Wednesday afternoon in July and learn a traditional Japanese craft. Gyotaku (fish printing) is demonstrated 7/2 and 7/9; kids learn to make origami animals 7/16 and 7/23 and doll-making 7/30. 40 W. 53rd St. (965-3535); \$2 materials fee in addition to admission; general admission \$5, \$2.50 for seniors and students, free to children under 12.

Athletic Smorgasbord—Work off steam with a special "Fourth of July Sampler" day pass at **CHELSEA PIERS** that allows you to rock-climb, do gymnastics, ice skate, and more with supervisors on hand—all for one price: \$18 for adults, \$12 for children. Passes can be purchased on the day only at the Chelsea Piers Store, Pier 62 at 23rd St. and the Hudson River. Call 336-6262 for time slots for individual sports.

Naval Alert—Visitors are welcome to take a free tour of the flotilla of modern German Naval vessels berthed at the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** for the weekend—a frigate, a sub tender, and two U-boats. 7/2 through 7/7. W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (957-7055). General admission to the museum itself is \$10, \$7.50 for seniors, veterans, and students 12–17, \$5 for children 6–11. ●●



Happening Green Rx

Nature shows off her pharmaceutical bent at the New York Botanical Garden's newly retrofitted Enid A. Haupt Conservatory: Juice from gargantuan banana leaves can soothe burns; pink periwinkle plants can treat childhood leukemia. Outside, enormous sculptural bugs (pictured) prowl the grounds, providing a lush setting for Independence Day family festivities. (See listings for details.)

tograph courtesy of the New York Botanical Garden.

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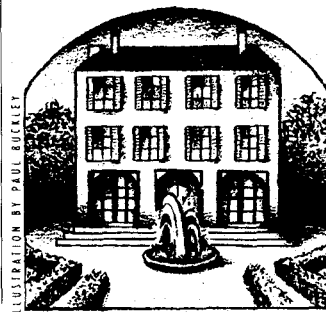
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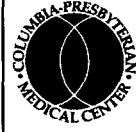
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Seeking Arts Lover—By bright, funny, successful, attractive man, tall, Jewish... Looking for attractive, fit woman, 30s-early 40s, well-educated, high-energy, who loves NY culture...for fun/serious relationship. 7338 ☐

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Joie De Vivre Woman—Sensuous, attractive, eclectic, Jewish, seeks emotionally/aesthetically evolved male, 50-65, for loving relationship. 7382 ☒☐

Fit, Fun And 41—Male pianist/author, into karate, seeks female who loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone. 7346 ☒☐

Partner Sought—By sensitive, tall, tan black career woman, mid 30s. Seeks caring man with depth, financially secure, 37-40s. Photo/phone. 7251 ☒☐

Seeking A Partner—To meet life's challenges. You: beautiful lady, 32-38, fit, fun, with a good sense of oneself. Me: successful exec, handsome, tall, athletic, stable, looking for that special relationship. Photo/phone. 7250 ☒☐

A Man For All Seasons—Successful Jewish stock-market analyst, 38, seeks special Jewish woman, 24-36, for loving partnership. I'm 5'10", dark-haired, with Ivy degrees, good sense of humor and traditional values. Interests include travel, sports, art, history and the beach. Seeking a one-of-a-kind woman who is cute and curvy, warm and loving, with a zest for life and a yen for cuddling. Nonsmokers, please. Note and photo. 7298 ☒☐

Decent, Honest—Manhattan Jewish man, 42, skater, pianist, photographer, linguist, wants to marry a kind, smart, responsible, slim woman. Letter/photo please. 7270 ☒☐

Hot Summer In NY—Is no place to be without this tall, dark, handsome, 40s, successful, funny, affectionate Jewish businessman. Interested? 30-something female? Note/photo/phone. 7331 ☒☐

Very Good-Looking, Intelligent—Highly successful and financially secure professional, 34, 6' fit/athletic, dark brown hair, caucasian, nonreligious man, MBA, MSC, warm, fun, loving, a good listener and outgoing (live and work in NY). Seeks similar traits in a woman. 27-34, who is looking for compatible friend to share life with. Note/photo/phone, please. 7405 ☒☐

Accomplished Bachelor—Seeking an independent, lean, lovely woman, 38-48, who is creative. You possess a free spirit, open heart, sense of humor, and desire friendship, intimate conversation and perhaps romance. Note/photo. 7255 ☒☐

Gay Woman—48, good shape, stable, likes tennis, theater and lots of other stuff. Seeks to meet complement. 7390 ☒☐

So Why Can't I Find Her?—I have so many fabulous things to offer: incredibly successful entrepreneur, self-made, unpretentious, Jewish, intelligent, charming, humorous, emotional, fit, 5'8", attractive, divorced, no children yet, nonsmoker...and "non" anything bad. Serious about remarrying, family and sharing success with the right woman, who, among other things, must be: Jewish, 30-37, no children, nonsmoker, petite, very thin, very adorable, very smart, very funny, very dynamic, very successful yet a bit traditional. 7344 ☒☐

Successful, Accomplished NYC Surgeon—In his 40s, 5'10", warm and attractive, looking for outgoing, sensitive, good-looking woman, 27-35, who enjoys skiing, pop music concerts, movies/theater, travel, good restaurants and other sensuous experiences. Want to share many adventures with someone special. Recent photo a must. 7267 ☒☐

NJ Lawyer—45, 5'6", Jewish man - kind, smart, reliable, honest, humorous. Seeks similar, pretty NJ Jewish woman, 33-45. Note/photo/phone, please. 7257 ☒☐

Pretty Lady Doctor—Elegant, refined, warmhearted, sensitive, affectionate. I enjoy music, theater, dining out. Seeking a successful Jewish man, 40s, for caring relationship. 7233 ☒☐

Virgin (Here)—Intellectual, offbeat beauty, mid 30s. Loves: indie film, NPR, travel, fiction, skiing, peonies. Lacks soul mate: 34-44, smart, funny, articulate, interesting, attractive by standards other than mom's. Don't lie, I didn't. Write. 7248 ☒☐

Beautiful Former Bostonian—Slim, successful Harvard graduate - enjoys travel, tennis and skiing. Seeks bright, attractive, athletic man, 45-54, with a sense of humor and traditional values. Photo a must. 7322 ☒☐

Sincere, Attractive Female—28, Northern NJ - enjoys working out, dining, travel. Seeks thoughtful, intelligent, successful professional male, 27-37, interested in possible long-term relationship filled with fun, romance and communication. Note/photo. 7324 ☒☐

White Widow, 54—Pretty, classy, seeks honest male, 54 plus, for lasting relationship. POB 106, Flushing, NY 11285

Handsome Wall Streeter—Late 30s, successful, cultured, athletic...seeks intelligent, cultured, slim female to enjoy NYC cultural life and more! Note/photo. Photo optional. 7235 ☒☐

It Ain't Over 'Til It's Over!—Is there a 65ish, wise and witty optimist who'll share the world with an upbeat, mid-60s professional gal who loves theater, music and travel? 7315 ☒☐

Are You The One?—39-year-old Catholic physician, 5'11", 200 lbs, never married, hoping to find a sincere and honest female for dating and possible marriage. Sense of humor a plus. 7387 ☒☐

Take Me—With you. Passionate, slim and pretty, single Jewish female, 33, brunette, 5'4", professional, secure and possesses a fine mind and a warm heart. Seeks handsome, sincere, kind and intelligent, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 32-41, to share every star in the sky. Note and photo, please. 7330 ☒☐

Angel In The Outfield—Kind, handsome northern NJ Jewish professional, 43, 5'5", 150 lbs, athletic, sports-minded, with easy smile and sense of humor. You: a romantic, funny, sensual, beautiful and petite lady with heart of gold. Must love children and be financially independent. Note/photo/photo. 7388 ☒☐

Ageless 70-Year-Old—Attractive widow seeks man with intellectual vigor, warmth, interest in theater and fine food. 7377 ☒☐

Attractive, Athletic Ivy Attorney—5'11", 190, 60, bright, fit, good sense of humor, nonsmoker, outgoing, financially secure - seeks similar qualities in a fun lady, 40-60, Westchester, CT or NYC, for friendship, travel, tennis, boating and maybe more. Photo/note/phone. 7296 ☒☐

Warm, Pretty LI Woman—Blond hair, blue eyes, 5'4", 110 lbs, MBA professional with a sense of humor, seeking handsome gentleman, 48-59, who enjoys nature walks, music and friends - who loves animals, has a zest for life and a wonderful heart. Letter/photo/phone. 7229 ☒☐

Downtown Sensibility—Literary snob who also loves old Britcoms and Yiddish jokes, Stax soul and country blues. Single white female, 36, Villager with happily snotty sense of humor, possessed of good friends and welcoming of new ones, seeks good man, 30s-40s. Me: large, feminine, good-looking, successful and independent, ready to laugh, lavish with affection. You: a relaxed book lover, mature in outlook, solvent, open to friendship that can lead to commitment. Cogent note and photo, please. 7359 ☒☐

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Here's How:

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New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Lawyer—44, 5'8", fit, Jewish, seek: pretty, smart, creative, moderately well-read woman, 30-38, with varied interests sense of humor/style. Note/photo. 7350 ☒☐

Pretty, Witty, Literary—LI teacher/mom of one, cook, restorationist, traveler, want a reason to slow down. Be my reason! If you are 40-50, funny, kind, intelligent honest and handsome, please send note and photo. 7228 ☒☐

Soulful Male—35, slim, 6'1", sensitive eyes, seeks kind, emotionally deep, intellectually stimulating female with easy laugh. Photo appreciated. 7242 ☒☐

Bright, Beautiful Blond—Jewish female 37, involved with two dynamic career: seeks a man to seriously date - a ma happy and secure enough to share the pleasures of a relationship. Phone/photo a must. 7380 ☒☐

Not A CEO Type—A CEO, 41, looking for not a model, a model type, 20s-30 for a physical attraction to spark a emotional reaction. Note/photo/phone and I will respond. 7293 ☒☐

Cute, Handsome Professional—31, who enjoys good conversation, Central Park, the Sunday Times, seeks sensual, spirituous attractive female for companionship: intimacy and a meaningful relationship! Photo/photo, please. 7336 ☒☐

Stunning Actress/Anchorwoman—Leggy and sylphlike, with long blond hair, green eyes, seeks gentleman 45-58, intelligent, kind and compassionate, to share the arts, humanity and each other. 7277 ☒☐

Writer—Seeking thirtysomething woman with wit, beauty and love of language I'm athletic and, though 53, immature just the right ways - and can make you laugh. Photo, please. 7269 ☒☐

Pretty Woman—36-year-old RN, M blue-eyed blond. Interests include travel outdoor activities, jogging, dining and dancing. If you're an ambitious m: (32-45), good-natured, quick-witted, life and are truly seeking a real boyfriend with potential for future/family! reply! Photo/note. 7334 ☒☐

Pass On If Self-Compliments Interest—And yet I think myself as rare... Sin after long marriage and two children. Sense of humor, manners, educated, athletic, cultured, musical, love business. Good-looking, optimistic, tasteful. Dec if flawed. Attractive woman sought, plus, smart and humorous. Come, be girl. I'll concede within irony. 7252 ☒☐

Are There Any Sexy—Very feminine commitment-minded females who we enjoy partaking in building a house with a good-looking, 34, fun, business-minded Jewish guy? Note/photo. 7262 ☒☐

Saks Is Where You Shop—You're fit, fun and kind. So am I. 34-year-old MD, Ivy, tall, seeks attractive Jewish lady. Photo. 7361 ☒

Tall, Dark, Handsome—(6'4") business owner, 56, seeks unpretentious, intelligent, attractive woman, 37-42, to be my mate. I am looking for a woman to help crew my sailboat (Stamford, CT) and turn my house into a home (VT). And we could ski, laugh, love and enjoy life together. Note/photo. 7288 ☒

Affectionate, Intelligent Woman—CEO, seeks man willing to lie about how we met. Are you 45-65? Note/photo. 7238 ☒ ☒

Tell Me It's Not The Impossible Dream—Looking for all-around, witty, nice guy who either golfs, skis, bikes...age 40-50. Am a food professional, easygoing, outgoing, attractive, who likes the outdoors, children, dogs, the city and hopefully you (not necessarily in that order). 914 or (203) preferred. Please send photo and note. 7379 ☒

Gay, Energetic Woman, 39—Attractive professional by day, kid at night - seeks ame. Sparkling personality, bright, warm, enjoys outdoor activities. Seeks friendship or romance with affectionate woman, 34-40, with good sense of humor. Hope to have my fire lit. Note/photo. 7348 ☒ ☒

Tall, Attractive Russian Lady—37, one child, seeks intelligent white man, 40-50, or serious relationship. Photo. 7311 ☒

Summer Weather—Causes this pretty blond woman (62, 5'3") to plant lots of flowers, turn on some dance music, entertain her friends outdoors, dream of traveling to distant places, and yearn for romance. Where is the kindhearted man with a cool head and a gracious manner, who will share all of my seasons? 7239 ☒

Gorgeous Male Lawyer/Nutritionist—4, uncommonly unpretentious, honorable, honest, chivalrous, virtuous, sincere, intelligent, fun, passionate, with fabulous, instastic, sexy, supreme, superb, unsurpassed looks! Seeks sincere female. Icklish feet crucial! Photo! 7251 ☒

retty, Smart, Sweet—Sincere heart of old. Seeks same in attractive, caring, professional Jewish man, 46-56. 7397 ☒

ood-Looking—Taxi business owner/entrepreneur, 33. Jewish male, nice guy, down-to-earth, athletic, energetic. Seeks in Jewish female, 20-30, with traditional lues, to live happily ever after. 7317 ☒ ☒

lond Bombshell Awaits Fuse Lighter—ery attractive, petite, blue-eyed, bright itrepreneur seeks slim, nonsmoking, arm, witty, arrived Jewish male, 48-58. Note/recent photo, please. 7327 ☒

ama Mia Magnifica—You'll love me. u: 50-65, tall, cultured. 7347 ☒ ☒

ceptional!—Fortyish, tall, slim female eks man of substance for meaningful ationship. 7392 ☒ ☒

ay Male, 29—Warm, fit, secure. Like ing out and staying home, Chet Baker d Johnnie Walker Black, Star Wars and ust. Seek HIV-negative man, 29-36, long-term relationship. Note/photo/one. 7283 ☒

all To Arms (Mine)—Gorgeous, xom blond attorney, 36, 5'8", 135, sires accomplished professional man h integrity, spirit, personality and a se of humor, for friendship, true love d lasting relationship. Catholic/rstian, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 7295 ☒

Tall Blond Tennis Player—Very attractive Christian female, 5'10", 39, 138 lbs, seeks single, successful, marriage-minded male with passion for tennis. Photo appreciated/phone. 7280 ☒ ☒

The Divine Ms. "M"—Of Park Avenue wants to meet the man who can appreciate the finer things in life, like hot dog stands, sleeping late, cuddling to videos, music, holding hands, a lot of laughter. I am a tall (5'9"), leggy, very successful blond, looking for a man to wrap my arms around. I am zany and fun and cannot cook! So, if you are 39-early 50s, tall, handsome and fun...write me a note (include a photo), and let's have some takeout! 7302 ☒

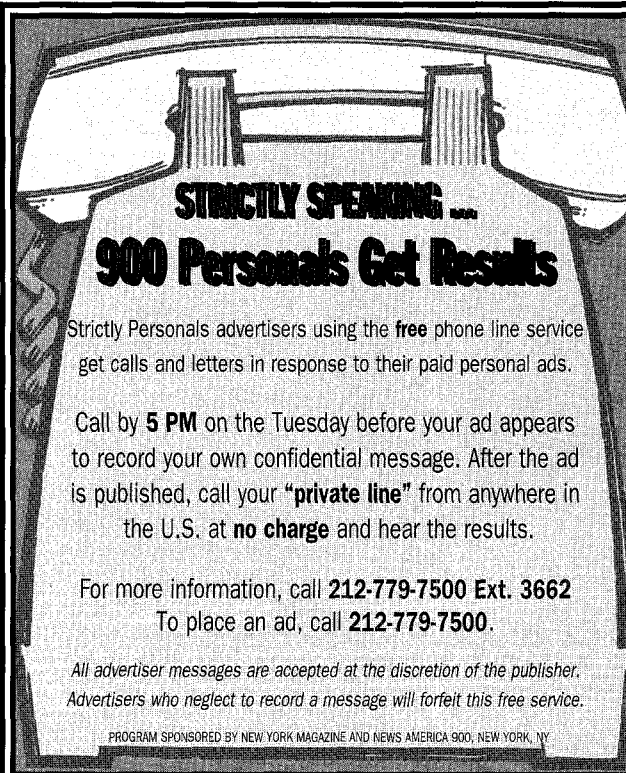
We Make A Difference—5'4", 125 lbs, 38, attractive brunette. Explored culture and sports. Dedicated in career and current ANP education. Seeking gentleman companion, enjoys his work/research, ambitious about life. 7259 ☒

Lively And Smart—Pretty, petite, articulate, warm, cultured, thoughtful, funny, down-to-earth, romantic, athletic, interested professional woman, 38. Enjoys good conversation, books, music, cooking, NYC, the outdoors. Eager to meet accomplished, intelligent, attractive, solid, caring, high-energy man with strong interests and values, who seeks a partner for love and life. Note/photo. 7224 ☒ ☒

Sweet Smile—Sexy professional female with zest for life seeks nonreligious Jewish male, MD/DDS, over 45. 7326 ☒

60 Or Over?—Does your quest for life end there? I'm a redheaded female, trim and good-looking, looking forward to making new friends, learning new skills and having fun enjoying the world around me. If you are extra special, write to: 7345 ☒

Handsome, Honest, Successful—Single white male, 30 (NJ), seeks caring, sincere, petite, divorced/single white female, for friendship and loving relationship. Note/photo. POB 7211, N. Arlington, NJ 07031



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Easygoing Journalist—Indian, 32, seeks witty, fit, adventurous, nice guy. 7342 ☒

Latina Beauty Sought—By Jewish professional, handsome, 39, 6'2", sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, loyal, with a heart of gold. Note/photo. 7292 ☒

29, Blond Jewish Chick—I am wonderful, beautiful and must be met. When we do meet, it will basically be history. 7301 ☒

Attractive Asian Lady Sought—By handsome, white pastry chef, for friendship, possibly more. If you believe romance is the dessert of life, respond. Photo/photo/note, appreciated. 7354 ☒

Sultry Brunette—Shapely, early 40s, smart, funny, seeks tall, good-looking, stand-up guy, 35-55, for companionship, good times. Recent photo/letter. 7386 ☒ ☒

Seeking L.L. Bean Woman In Heels—Down-to-earth, easygoing male, 34, successful professional who enjoys skiing, golf, travel, casual times. Seeking athletic, affectionate, intelligent female for committed relationship. Photo please. 7370 ☒ ☒

Beautiful Blond Widow—47, big brown eyes, sweet disposition, shapely size 6, great legs, 5'3", world traveler, gourmet cook, financially stable, schooled in international affairs, buying home in Westchester. Seeks gentleman, 55 plus, businessman, professional, retired, world traveler, international person preferred, who enjoys intelligent discussions, classical music, NY Times crossword, WW history, golf, is fun-loving, romantic and a bit mischievous. 7264 ☒ ☒

Special Lady—45, professional, petite, pretty, slender. Ready to meet her mate. If you're 50 plus, secure, passionate and enjoy laughing and hugging, I'm yours. Note/photo/phone. I'll reply to all. 7364 ☒

Jersey Gal—Upscale, 50, attractive, witty, looking for great guy. 7226 ☒ ☒

Sexy Old Irish Artist—(70) seeks lovely old suburban lady for friend, model, perhaps more. Photo please. 7352 ☒

Special Woman—Looking for special man. He's intelligent, adventuresome, warm and worldly, who has a great sense of humor, loves kids and family. I'm an attractive, 38-year-old, emotionally and financially secure world traveler, who enjoys skiing, biking and golf. My life is well-balanced between being a mom of an adorable little boy and a highly successful executive. Finding a great guy to partner with would make my life complete. Photo/note. 7358 ☒

Summer Fling Don't Mean A Thing—A loving, stimulating relationship on the other hand... I'm an active, attractive, professional, single white male, 36, passionate about exploring ideas and places, loyal to friends and principles, and possessed by an eclectic sense of humor. If you're a bright, pretty, affectionate, single white female, 29-36, who (almost) knows what she wants and who she is, let's get together and see what happens. 7284 ☒ ☒

Joyful Male Journalist—52, 5'8", slim, fit, good-looking Upper West Sider, loves kids and dogs - seeks slim, pretty woman to love for life. Photo. 7349 ☒ ☒

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Gay Woman—Seeks attractive, genuine, smart, passionate, pretty, fit, fun, feminine only female. I'm all the above, 37, petite, athletic and evolved. Note/photo. 7289 ☒

Deliciously, Slightly Wicked—Truly beautiful, fascinating lady, affectionate, with a quick wit, seeks handsome male, 50-58, to share love of music, books, cozy evenings, laughter. Short bio/phone. Recent photo a must. 7316 ☒

Be Our Boss's Birthday Present—He's in his 30s, high-powered exec with movie-star looks, fashion savvy, city and country homes and two lovable dogs. The only thing missing is a handsome, slightly "preppy", straight-seeming gentleman to share it - fellow Gemini or fiery Sagittarius perhaps? Witty note/photo a must. 7247 ☒

Sailor—Male, 60, seeks a first mate, not a first passenger. 7286 ☒

Be Here Now—Bright, successful investor, 38, handsome (6', 170), empathic, funny, seeks athletic, relaxed, well-spoken woman for friendship/relationship. My interests: healthy living, travel, music and dance (opera to disco). Photo. 7325 ☒

Healthy, Handsome, Gay—Preppy, professional and creative, white Jewish male, 39, seeks same to eventually share long-term life relationship. I enjoy music, movies, country drives...and care deeply about honesty, trust, commitment, family and friends. Please send letter and photo, or call. 7261 ☒ ☎

Attractive, Divorced Male, 55—Hard-working, bright, sense of humor, sensual, athletic. Seeks pretty lady with kind heart, for fun, romance, future. Photo. 7335 ☒

Substance And Looks—Attractive, athletic, warm professional lady, 36, white, Catholic, diverse interests, seeks fun-loving and genuine man with character, for sincere commitment. Note/photo/phone. 7273 ☒ ☎

Great-Looking—And personality too! Tall, slim, successful Jewish professional, 25 years old, health-conscious, bright, fun. Loves animals, working out, travel, cooking, dining out, the beach and smiling. Seeks tall, handsome, 25-30, Jewish professional male with personality to match. Photo, please. 7279 ☒ ☎

Warm, Worldly, Smart And Sexy—40, blond, athletic, Jewish. Interested in ideas, nature, connection and soul. Seeking sincere, educated, successful, fun professional man, 36-46, for life of love and laughter. 7368 ☒ ☎

Stunning—Vivacious, 40s blond, cover girl face, aerobicized body, classy, refined, warm and funny, multilingual, with highly successful career. Loves tennis, the beach, the arts, sports and travel. Seeks upbeat, dynamic, attractive man...a leader in his field, 45-55. Recent photo. 7300 ☒ ☎

Sensuous, Sincere, Sophisticated—Very attractive former model with MA degree, 5'7", slender, blue-eyed blond (and bright, too), with good sense of humor. Witty and warm, successful Jewish career woman with eclectic interests, mid 50s, seeks professional gentleman of quality, for friendship and more. 7243 ☒

Blond, Blue-Eyed, Intelligent Woman—116 lbs, 5'2", 55. An ideal life for me would be learning golf, sharing healthy food, dancing up a storm, enjoying music, nature, NYC, long weekend trips. A cozy weeknight would be TV, glass of wine, New York Times. 7294 ☒ ☎

Fireplace With A View—Di look-alike, compassionate, passionate woman. 5'7", 50, slender, blond, light blues. Enjoys Jewish traditions, travel, art, Lincoln Center, theater, weekend getaways, a healthy life style. Please be rich in spirit, mind and kindness, 52-62. 7266 ☒ ☎

Menschette Or Loves Key Lime Pie—Me: 41, Jewish journalist/lawyer; very athletic, good shape, handsome, blah, blah; loves books, movie, news and very interesting people; with cats, NYC, wants to get married and have kids. You: Jewish, smart, well-educated, highly literate, exciting profession, athletic, slim, strong sense of adventure, easygoing, under 40. Write/call. 7367 ☒ ☎

Caring, Attractive—Professional woman, 44, who enjoys traveling, movies, fine food and good conversation, seeks successful, warm, sincere Jewish male for serious and fun times. Note/photo, please. 7278 ☒

If You're Extremely Successful—Tall, classy, 40-58, financially set and emotionally available, then your soul mate is a gorgeous, 5'9", elegant, upbeat, bright, accomplished, warm, feminine blond with radiant smile and great body, who desires to share future with you. 7282 ☒ ☎

Stylish Japanese Woman—Early 40s, NYC arts professional seeks man with good looks, tastes and interests, for caring relationship. 7253 ☒

The British Are Coming—Breathtaking blond, 33, seeks beguiling British beau for love and laughter. 7297 ☒ ☎

Bicoastal—Headhunter searching for best friend, lover, soul mate to share unique lifestyle in NYC and Malibu Beach. Attractive, humorous, worldly, Jewish, non-smoker, 50ish (looks 40ish), affluent, with eclectic interests in musical theater/opera, fine wine/food, golf, arts. Seeks very attractive, petite, sensuous, creative, companionable lady. Note/photo. 7383 ☒ ☎

Accomplished, Athletic PhD—White male seeks to share fine things in life with slender/petite professional lady, up to 55, of high quality and any race. 7276 ☒

Beautiful P.R. President—(34). Enjoys the glitter of NYC and quiet escapes. If you are athletic, Christian, handsome, kind and entrepreneurial (32-44), this may be a way for us to meet! Photo/note. 7234 ☒

Male Communicator—Looking for 50s Wasp. CPW/north Westchester. 7391 ☒

Waspy NYC Investment Banker—30, former professional athlete, handsome as a devil and very sincere, loves the arts, looking for a very intelligent and very attractive female, 25-32. Note/photo. 7323 ☒

Mission Impossible??—Successful female, Jewish, executive, late 30s, fit, tall, smart, appealing, caring, fun, with good sense of humor, seeks male counterpart, 39-49. Short note okay. 7256 ☒

Look No Further—Attractive, fun, Jewish professional with a heart of gold seeks a professional male, 35-45, who is intelligent, cute, honest and available, to be my best friend and life partner. Let's meet! Photo/phone appreciated. 7314 ☒ ☎

Thoughtful Widow—60, healthy attractive, artistic (but artless), published writer, from political/medical/music background, would welcome knowing a gentleman with good manners, integrity, independence, a kindly disposition and a good-humored, glass-is-more-than-half full philosophy. I love sports, movies, people and wit. Photo appreciated but not demanded. I'm very young-looking but so are lots of people. Character more important. 7263 ☒

I'm A "Catch"—Finally ready to settle down. Attractive, funny, 29, 5'9", size 6 Catholic, Ivy MBA (Wall Street). I seek taller, warm, witty, respectable, brilliant man, successful (MBA/MD/ID), Christian, attractive, 30s. If you want kids, lots of hugs and to be loved by just one special woman, send photo/note. 7375 ☒

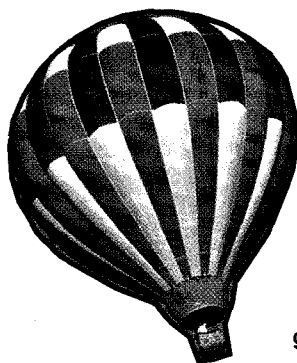
Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seek very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 3:42, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 7321 ☒ ☎

Attractive Chinese Female—25, college grad, intelligent, sincere, caring, see well-educated, honest, 27-40, white Asian male, marriage-minded, for building a warm and loving home. Recent photo. 7356 ☒

Single White Female—Old-fashioned hard-of-hearing, pretty, petite, speaks beautifully. Seeks handsome, companionate, 35-45; marriage-minded, kic Photo a must. 7272 ☒

Very Pretty Blond—Ladylike Southern belle, 40, 5'7", 118 lbs, leggy, athletic semi-cerebral social creature seeks refined, sincere, traditional 50ish man. 7366 ☒

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Lively, Witty, Slender Blond—Seeking equally lively man, 50-60, to make life even more fun...to ski, dance and eat pot roast with. Note/photo/phone. 7246 ☒

Jazz Pianist—30, 5'3", 115, attractive brunette, seeks 28-38 nonsmoker, intelligent, tall and handsome. Only those with a great sense of humor, car, and who love jazz, need apply. Note/photo. 7357 ☒

Young, Retired Professional—Jewish, easygoing, kind, seeks tall Jersey lady, 40ish, who either body-builds or is into martial arts or very strong. 7241 ☒ ☐

Short, Dark And Handsome—Professional Latin guy, 39, 5'5", fit, with solid athletic build, enjoys fun sports and city living (plays, flicks, dining out, Central Park, etc.). Seeks fit, commitment-comfortable lady (28-40) with similar interests. Artistic a plus. Taller okay. Photo. 7236 ☒

Need Nectar Not Nag!—73", 175, 51, trim, Catholic, nonsmoker, German-raised, Conservative, UN interpreter; play/write/sing folk-country, designed own Mountain home; will be loving Lancelot for young (-35?), slender, good-looking, traditional, one-man lady unapologetic about wanting to make a castle cozy, build a family and please her Knight. 7395 ☒ ☐

Tired Of Riding Solo?—If you know one end of a horse from the other, are at east 5'10" and over 35, I am looking for a partner for hunter paces or polo...and life. I am a 5'9", mid-30s, reddish-blond and very attractive investment banker, who wants to ride into the new year with a new partner. 7268 ☒

Gay, White, 42—Feminine and financially secure, seeks a stable, genuine and passionate female who is ready to commit to a relationship. Let's see if we can connect! Note/photo/phone. 7353 ☒

Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 49, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 7285 ☒

Single White Female, 32—Brainy beauty broker with a great sense of humor, and a lover of dogs (I have two). Eclectic tastes - too many to mention. Seeks smart, athletic man to help walk my dogs and...? Recent photo/note a must. 7320 ☒

Exotic, Green-Eyed Cuban Female—30, well-educated, sexy, smart, spiritual, accomplished, accustomed to the best of everything - quiet dinners, good conversation, beach, books, art and culture - seeks soul mate. Photo/note. 7232 ☒

You: Asian-American Woman—Talented, educated, multicultural, 27-35. Meet blue-eyed European man, 6', 37, US-educated (PhD), handsome, honest, sensitive, original, playful, mature. Enjoys life, friends and family, foreign film, foods and travel, country drives, music and more. I'm not into the bar or club scene - but if you write, I will respond. 7328 ☒

Seeks Belafonte Facsimile—Life goal. Extremely attractive LI professional, some fame/fortune, hazel-eyed redhead, pretty skin tone (no freckles), full lips/figure, knows how to treat her man. Seeks Belafonte politics, humanity, idealism, intellect, complexion, absolute beauty. Prefer West Indian Afro-American, 50 plus. Letter/photo exchanged. "Here's to us!" 7260 ☒

Successful Businessman—European background, semi-retired, late 50s, tall, good-looking, single, generous, nonsmoker, residing NYC/Europe. Enjoys movies, theater, dining out, world travel. Seeks caring, tall, pretty, nonsmoking woman under 50, for friendship and more. Note/photo/recent photo, please. 7329 ☒

Asian Medical Professional—36, 5'4", very pretty, slim, fun-loving, kindhearted and down-to-earth, seeks single white male, 32-42, Catholic, professional - successful, good-looking, never married, sincere, self-confident, with sense of humor and good family values - for permanent relationship. Photo a must/note. 7371 ☒

Fetching Female Architect—Attractive, slender, diverse interests. Seeks financially secure, successful, accomplished, Jewish professional man, 40-55. Photo. 7389 ☒

Good-Looking, Exciting, Witty—Traditional (non-Orthodox) Jewish entrepreneur (48) - loves music, dancing, nature, sunsets, museums, theater and travel...and believes he can see a woman's soul through her eyes. Seeks bright, warm, sensuous, exuberant Jewish woman, 38-48, nonsmoker, with sense of humor, who's capable of nurturing and being nurtured. Note/photo. 7275 ☒

Just Imagine Meeting—MD/surgeon specialist, 37, handsome Jewish male, 5'11", charismatic smile, tennis/arts/film enthusiast. The missing link - meeting a warm, spirited, positive, upbeat, athletic, thin, attractive woman, 20s-30s, to share life. Bio/photo/phone. 7373 ☒

Can You Make Me Laugh?—Are you a healthy gentleman, 65-72, who's young at heart, who's good-natured, funny, tall, and drives? I'm a really attractive, slim Jewish widow who likes sports, theater, long drives and enjoys life. Write: Photo, please. 7237 ☒

CEO, Tall, Athletic, Late 40s—Very successful, very romantic, generous, health conscious, likes fine dining, international travel and theater. Seeks very beautiful, exotic, slim, sophisticated, affectionate and passionate woman, 25-37, for exclusive engagement. I'll pamper you if you spoil me. Recent photo, please. 7363 ☒ ☐

Attractive, Green-Eyed MD—Interests include classical music, books, cycling, exploration in Manhattan and abroad. 5'7", 128, young 40s, happy, single mother. Seeks educated, accomplished professional man in 40s, to share concerts, dining, nature, family. Substantial note and photo. 7309 ☒

It's So Sad To Be Alone In Summer...—Do you feel like eating outdoors, walking in Central Park, going to cultural events and just generally enjoying the lovely season in the company of a lively, humorous, feminine, 45, European? You don't have to look like Paul Newman. I'm happy if you have a lot of humor, love conversations and all things beautiful in life, and also a few hugs from time to time! And, hopefully we might even make it into winter?? If you have read this ad until here, chances are that you're interested... So if you're a single gentleman, 40-55, why don't you drop me a line telling me about yourself? 7378 ☒

Adventurous Sailor—Handsome surgeon. 38-year-old white male with a warm, beautiful soul, seeking natural, sexy, fit, easygoing, professional female soul mate/friend for good times and more. Let's go for a sail in NY Harbor!! Phone/photo. 7369 ☒

Handsome MD—Runner, divorced, 43, 5'8", seeks a professional, preferably Roman Catholic woman with Italian ancestry to be my soul mate. I am honest, faithful and enjoy sports, music and dancing. You are 25-35, and are trim, clever, playful, with a sense of adventure in the personal realm. Nonsmoker/note/photo/phone. 7341 ☒ ☐

Caring And Creative Male—Psychotherapist, 55, seeks adventurous and empathic, single white female professional, for companionship or commitment. Note and photo appreciated. 7265 ☒

Gay White Male—50 plus, successful in my profession, ex-pat, traveled a lot, urbane, informal. Emotionally here: warm and caring. Strong in spirit. Intellectually alert; widely read and thoughtful. Pleasant looking, 5'4", 138 lbs, cropped hair, blue eyes. I have two cute dogs. I love nature. Interests galore; love to learn. In search of a best friend who delights and thrills me. Someone who loves what he does and wants to enrich his life with a partner. Someone who enjoys giving as well as receiving. Someone who's intelligent and caring. Please write and tell me about yourself. A photo would be great. 7274 ☒

Successful, Handsome, Athletic—Humorous, 5'8", 34, Jewish professional with traditional values, seeks slim, caring, attractive, honest Jewish female for a lifetime of love, happiness and adventure. Photo. 7351 ☒

Brooding Celtic Lady—Seeks sunny, solid man. I am 42, a journalist, dark hair, green eyes. Please be slim, dark-eyed, smart, very good at what you do, hard-working and, of course, modest. 7374 ☒

Teri Hatcher Look-Alike—Seeks true super man. In return for your genuine chivalry, good nature, smarts, tall/dark/handsome looks and champion bearing, you'll find your match - a woman who will melt in your arms and challenge your soul. If you're 32-42, live in Manhattan and fit the bill, I'm the one. Are you? Note/photo. 7312 ☒

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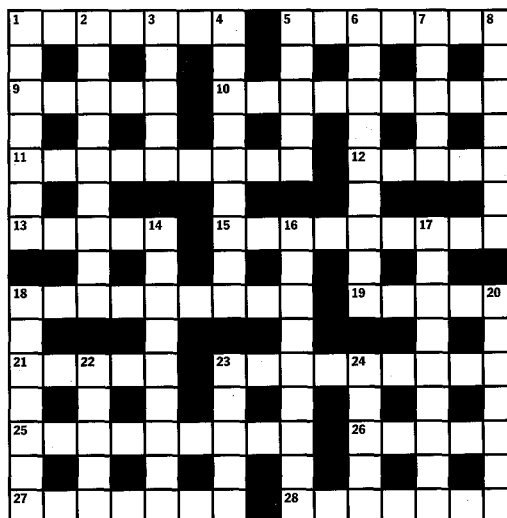
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 The person who thinks he's put on. (7)
- 5 Record deposit. (3,4)
- 9 The abstemious man imbibes little, so is sound as a bird. (5)
- 10 Shopkeeper settling rent—mad as can be. (9)
- 11 Cultivation? (9)
- 12 Not in any doubt about German capital flow. (5)
- 13 The team accepting money may well go downhill fast! (5)
- 15 Refer to a page with audacious article in. (9)
- 18 One taking a look around needs spectacles always. (9)
- 19 Chide a little fellow if he's coldish. (5)
- 21 A trainee preceding a member causes apprehension. (5)
- 23 Give voice about prime suspect smirking. (9)
- 25 Getting dressed. (9)
- 26 Duck going to waste—fancy! (5)
- 27 English reader, a choosy individual. (7)
- 28 Joints offering personal protection. (7)



DOWN

- 1 A head holding exercise will ensure fitness. (7)
- 2 Sheep and hares maybe on a heath. (9)
- 3 Dull child, but game. (5)
- 4 To restrict the drink makes good sense. (9)
- 5 Left in the bag, which is careless. (5)
- 6 Shedding tears about certain precious possessions. (9)
- 7 The ear-shell some poor mermaid lost. (5)
- 8 A girl filled with enthusiasm for cotton fabric. (7)
- 14 Where food is provided ties men at work. (9)
- 16 A limiting factor when father set about breaking mare. (9)
- 17 An Australian, one with spirit, interrupting a bore. (9)
- 18 Established way of procedure in the main. (3-4)
- 20 Turn aside to poke about some craft. (7)
- 22 Operative against cutting a rest. (5)
- 23 Control the beast! (5)
- 24 The day before is about all right to call up. (5)

'Mrs. Malaprop's Travel Log': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 The Katzenjammers, for example
- 5 Elevator inventor
- 9 Second Grimm word
- 13 Certain runner
- 18 Shanty
- 19 City on the Brazos
- 20 Fiddling emperor
- 21 Senseless
- 22 Cairo: what Mrs. Malaprop did
- 25 A votre —!
- 26 Fineness unit for hosiery
- 27 Ingest
- 28 Listen here
- 30 Two-time loser to D.D.E.
- 31 New Orleans: what Mrs. M. saw
- 38 Carnivore's food
- 39 Part of Q.E.D.
- 40 Zoo swinger
- 41 New Testament book
- 45 Desilu surname
- 47 Peruvian Indian
- 49 Like a bucket of song
- 53 Debatable
- 54 Algiers: where Mrs. M. went
- 57 Edinburgh refusal
- 58 Fussily decorated
- 60 Either Chaney
- 61 Heebie-jeebies
- 63 Mack's weapon
- 64 To no — (of no benefit)
- 67 Open or pigeon
- 69 Lampreys
- 70 Seville: whom Mrs. M. saw in a nightclub
- 74 Lawyer's undertaking
- 77 Starring role
- 78 Group of nine voices
- 79 Beaver's relative
- 83 Supervise
- 85 Gaelic god of the deep
- 86 Resembling a growl
- 87 Cup edge
- 88 Athens: what Mrs. M. saw at the cinema
- 94 Chaucer specialty
- 95 Good-bye, Jacques
- 97 Skier's hope
- 98 Kin of a Stradivarius
- 99 Spuds' buds
- 100 S.M.U.'s competitor

DOWN

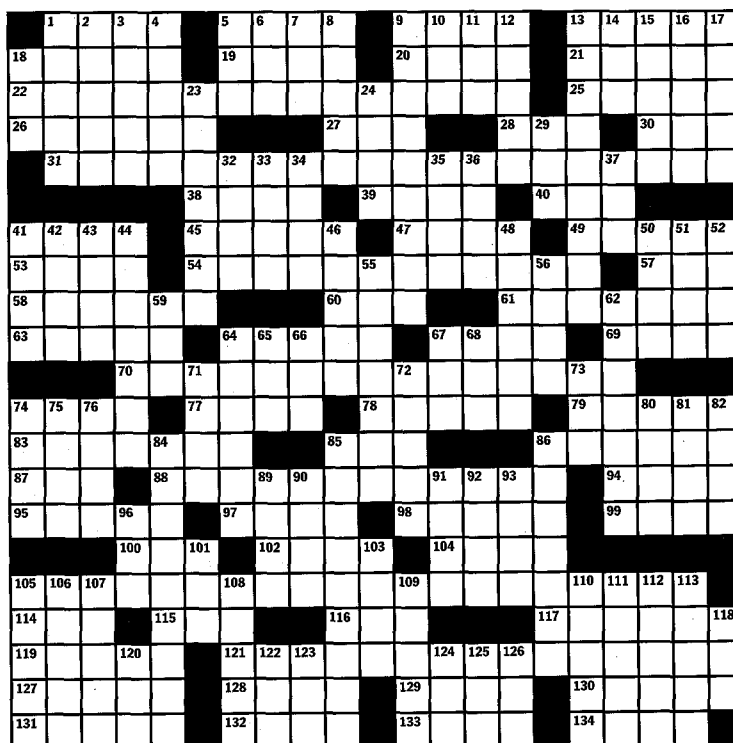
- 102 Longings
- 104 "Whose Life — Anyway?"
- 105 Rome: where Mrs. M. saw art
- 114 Sault Sainte Marie Canals
- 115 Live-in animal
- 116 —Magnon
- 117 European peninsula
- 119 Addis —
- 121 Madrid: what Mrs. M. saw in a pet shop
- 127 Standish's rival
- 128 Together, in music
- 129 Forenoon, to Keats
- 130 Sag
- 131 Some body lumps
- 132 Wimp
- 133 Las Vegas machine
- 134 Corner shapes

DOWN

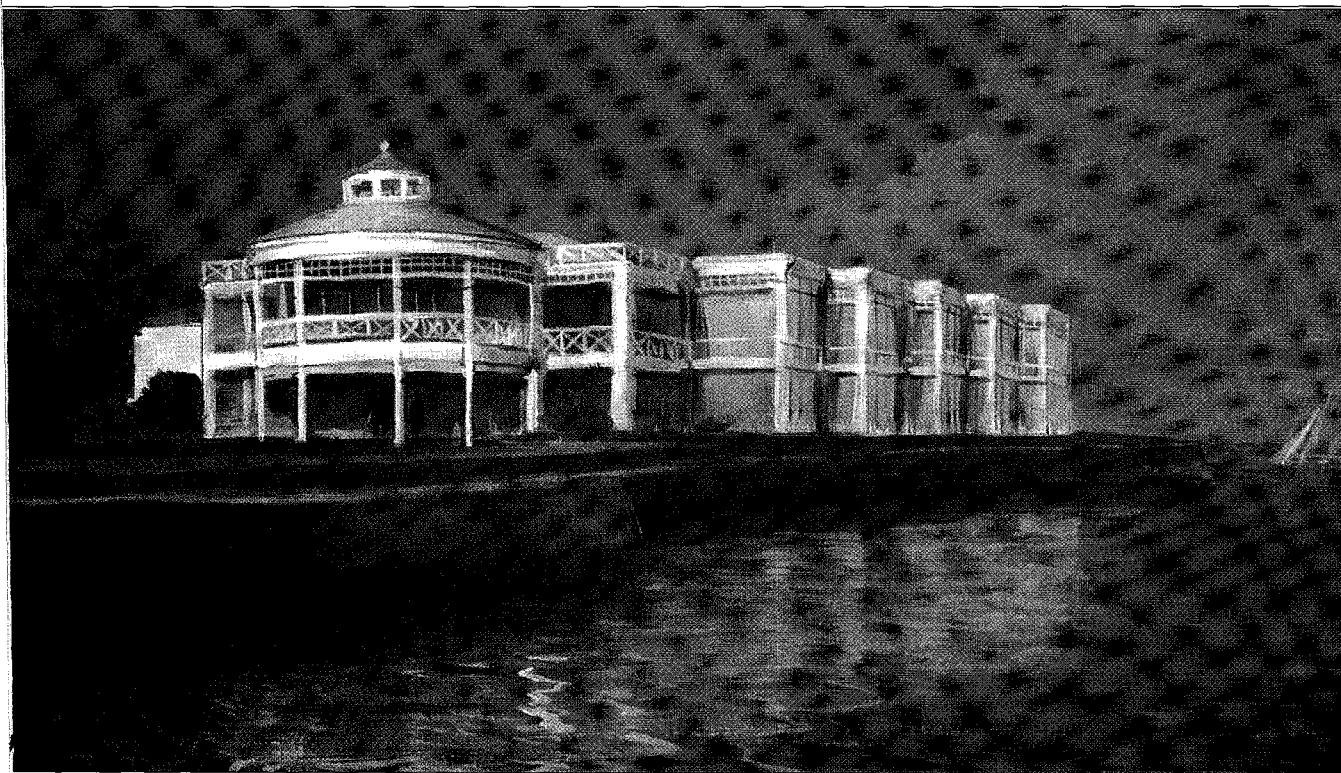
- 1 "M*A*S*H" locale
- 2 Lend! and Boesky
- 3 Red-ink entry
- 4 Outdoing in wiliness
- 5 Be obligated to
- 6 Government's bite
- 7 Polar abundance
- 8 More miffed
- 9 Emerson's religious denomination
- 10 Foot: Lat.
- 11 Mine output
- 12 Nuzzled
- 13 Give a wrong account
- 14 All — day's work
- 15 One of the Hawaiian Islands
- 16 Script directive
- 17 Baseball's Pee Wee
- 18 Possessed

- 23 Consume by fire
- 24 Chaplin prop
- 29 Orthodoxists' org.
- 32 Aviation prefix
- 33 19th-C. German philosopher
- 34 Peary's Greenland base
- 35 "The way to a — heart . . ."
- 36 Imprint on glass
- 37 The bounding main
- 41 Berserk
- 42 Iowa product
- 43 Literature Nobel
- 44 Morrison
- 46 Person on the employee roster
- 48 Woody Allen movie, 1983
- 49 Humble
- 50 Place for Sonny Boy

- 51 Member of the peerage
- 52 Famed
- 53 "Untouchable"
- 55 Rank for Sanders
- 56 Assistant
- 59 — Aviv
- 62 Having left a will
- 64 Mideast bigwigs: var.
- 65 By way of
- 66 Plus
- 67 Become sun-bronzed
- 68 Half a pair
- 71 Oscar-winner Guinness
- 72 Andrea — (doomed ship)
- 73 Reagan son
- 74 "Last of the Mohicans" heroine
- 75 Really eager
- 76 Round before the final
- 80 Cafeteria tote
- 81 Femme's magazine
- 82 Bread buys
- 84 Stove ware
- 85 Décolleté
- 86 British saint
- 89 Cameo gemstone
- 90 Sonneteer
- 91 Clobbered, old-style
- 92 Partner of Crosby, Stills, and Young
- 93 Pertaining to 28-Across
- 96 Ordinal-number ending
- 101 Put into service
- 103 Parched
- 105 Author Asimov
- 106 In an aristocratic way
- 107 Frogs' acquaintances
- 108 "Now — Be Told"
- 109 Average standards
- 110 Dwell
- 111 Oyster's largesse
- 112 Memorable Flynn
- 113 Posh swimming pools
- 118 Nile viper
- 120 Casino transaction
- 122 "To a Skylark," e.g.
- 123 SPCA pickup
- 124 Impresario Hurok
- 125 Paid athlete
- 126 Intruder in the grass



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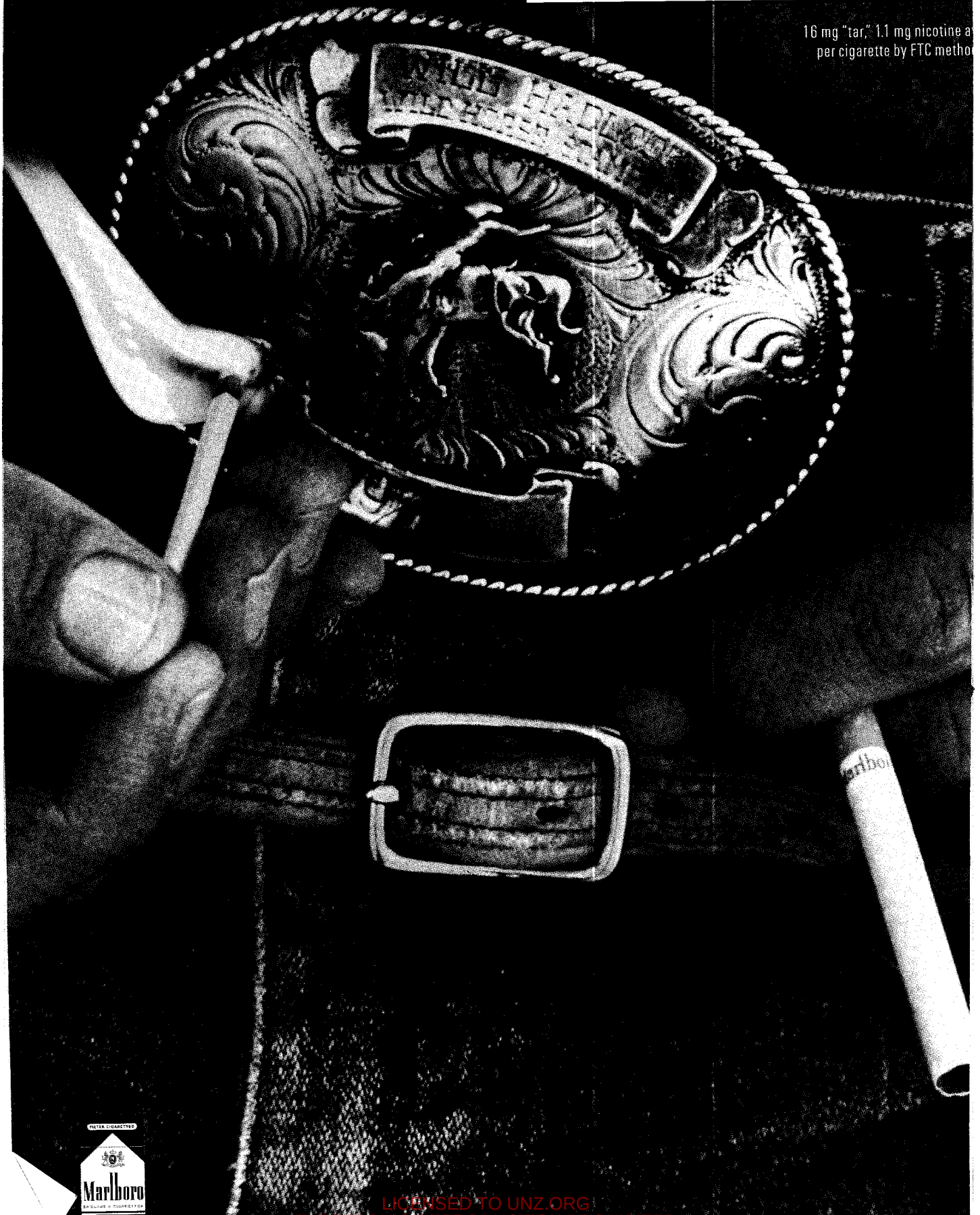
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